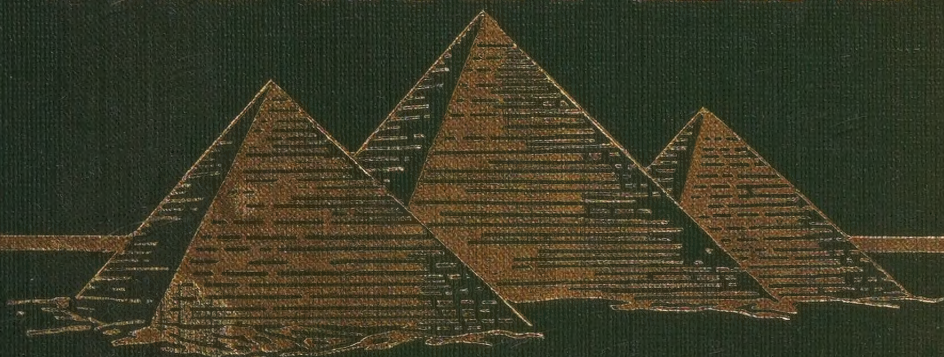


SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



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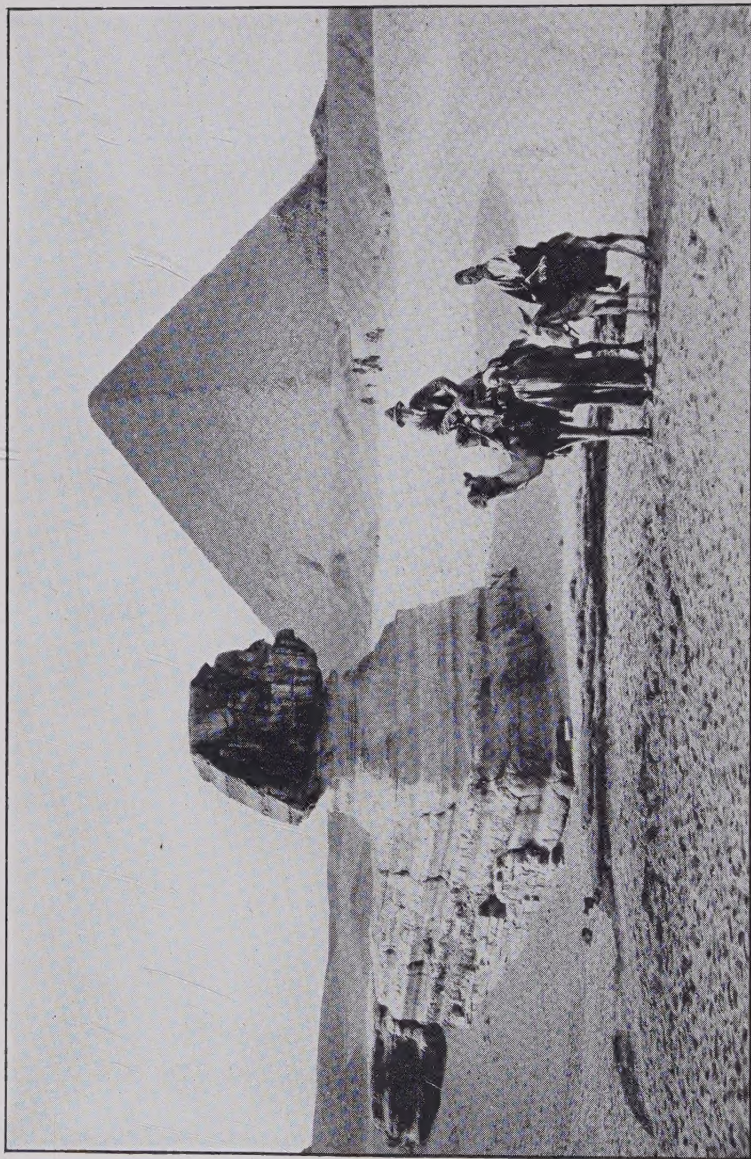
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THE BEST WAY TO BEGIN THE TOUR OF CAIRO IS TO GO OUT ON CAMELBACK
TO THE SPHINX AND PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH

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NEWMAN TRAVELTALKS

SEEING EGYPT
AND
THE HOLY LAND

By

E. M. NEWMAN

Author of "Seeing Italy," "Seeing Russia," etc.

OVER 300 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS



FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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1928

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INTRODUCTION

IN this volume I have tried to convey my impressions and relate my experiences during several journeys through Egypt and the Holy Land. These trips, varied as they were interesting, were made by train, river steamer and *dababiyeh* or house-boat. While the latter is a desirable and leisurely way to "see Egypt," I would not recommend it for the average traveler. Its cost is excessive, so that such a trip might appeal only to one who has no need to think of the question of expense.

The regular river boats on the Nile afford excellent accommodations and call at all the more important places. If one is in a hurry the train may be used with comfort for a rapid journey from Cairo to Luxor and Karnak.

I have purposely avoided too much historical detail. This is intended as an illustrated travel story, not as an archeological treatise or a cumbersome review of eleven thousand years of Egyptian civilization. Those who seek data of that description can find it without difficulty in numerous books.

If in these pages I have suggested what should be seen, and have indicated where to go and what to include in either a short or a comprehensive tour through Egypt and the Holy Land, I have fulfilled the purpose of the book.

The Holy Land is best toured to-day by motor-car, but if this manner of travel is beyond one's means, the journey may be made satisfactorily by train. Jerusalem and its vicinity can be covered in a few days, but several weeks are necessary even for a brief visit to the many other places of his-

INTRODUCTION

toric and religious interest in Palestine and Syria. I would advise tourists not to go to the Holy Land in July or August unless they enjoy extreme heat. Spring and Autumn are best. Winter is usually cold, and there may be snow. December, January and February are ideal months for Egypt, but if necessary go at any time of the year rather than miss "Seeing Egypt and the Holy Land."

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	V
I. WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT	I
II. AMAZING CAIRO	23
III. MOSQUES AND BAZARS	53
IV. UP THE STORIED NILE	81
V. FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN	113
VI. SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE	149
VII. INTO ARABIA'S DESERT	177
VIII. AMETHYST PETRA	213
IX. DAMASCUS AND LEBANON	251
X. FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT SINAI	275
XI. NORTH FROM NAZARETH	303
XII. THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM	327
XIII. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN	347
INDEX	387

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Best Way to Begin the Tour	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Five Times a Day the Pious Moslem Prays	xx
Harbor of Alexandria	2
Becalmed on the Nile	3
A Mohammedan Cemetery in Egypt	4
Using Every Stitch of Canvas	6
Carrying Water for Household Use	7
Pompey's Pillar	8
Mehemet Ali Place, Alexandria	9
Plowing with a Camel Team in Egypt	10
An Arab Maiden in Cairo	11
Only an Egyptian Barber at Work	12
Cairo Boasts a Handsome Railroad Station	13
Interior of the Railway Station	13
Where They Still Thresh Wheat with Oxen	14
In Cairo's Colorful Streets	16
Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo	18
Ancient-Looking Sailboats on the Nile	22
Continental-Savoy Hotel, Cairo	24
In Front of Shepherd's Hotel	25
In the Modern Business Section of Cairo	26
Lemonade Merchant Ready for Business	27
Sifting Chaff from Grain, Egyptian Fashion	28
A Busy Nook in the Native Quarter, Cairo	28
A Procession in the Mouski	29
Busy Folk in Cairo's Native Quarter	30
Egyptian Children	31
Dancing Girls and Orchestra	32
One of Cairo's Many Minarets	33
Cairo Viewed from the Citadel	34
"Business as Usual" in the Native Quarter	36
A Prosperous Looking Mohammedan Cemetery	37

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Going to Market in Cairo	38
Cairo Boasts Some Fine Modern Architecture	39
Typical Village on the Nile	40
Egyptian School-boys at Work	41
Barkoukiyeh Mosque, Cairo	42
How Ladies Go Shopping at Esna	43
A Mud-House Village on the Nile	44
Going to the Pyramids	45
Reading Your Fortune in the Sand	46
Love Me, Love My Goat	47
Shadow of the Great Pyramid	48
At the Mosque of El Banat	52
A Dry-Goods Bazar in Cairo	54
A Bookseller's Shop	55
Ready for a Joy-Ride in Egypt	56
Dictating a Love-Letter	57
Mosque of El Mouayad, Cairo	58
Tombs of the Caliphs	60
Entering El-Azhar without Shoes	61
Mosque of Sultan Hasen	62
Interior of Sultan Hasen Mosque	63
A Holy Man at the Door of the Mosque	64
In the Courtyard of the Great Mosque, Cairo	65
View of Cairo from Mokattam Hill	66
A Lone Worshiper in the Citadel Mosque	67
An Egyptian and His Two Wives	68
Interior View, Mosque of El Mouayad	69
Pharaoh's Garden, Near Cairo	70
View from a Mosque Window	71
Museum of Egyptian Antiquities	72
Ancient Obelisk at Heliopolis	73
Egyptian Water Carriers	74
Virgin Mary's Tree near Cairo	75
Imposing Ruins of Ancient Thebes	80
The Dahabiyeh "Seti," a Nile Houseboat	82
Dragoman and Houseboat Captain	83
Mr. Newman and Mr. Bell on the Deck	84
Heavily Laden Nile Boats on a Sandbar	85

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Natives Working a Shadoof for Irrigation	86
An Indifferent Camel and Its Thirsty Driver	87
Prayer Time in the Desert	88
Water Buffaloes Along the Nile	90
Cleopatra and Ptolemy XVI	92
Temple of Dendera Seen from the Nile	93
Inner Court, Temple of Dendera	93
A Temple Unearthed at Dendera	95
A Mummied Mother and Child	96
Farmyard at Luxor	97
Native Market on the Site of Vanished Thebes	98
Joy of Living at Luxor	99
Columns of the Temple at Luxor	100
Great Hall of Columns, Temple of Karnak	101
Colossal Statues at Karnak	102
Seated Statue with Lion's Face	103
Statues at the Entrance to a Ruined Temple	104
Obelisks of Karnak Reflected in the Sacred Lake	106
Great Scarab Carved on Stone at Karnak	107
Excavators at the Temple of Karnak	112
At the Steering Wheel of the Dahabiyeh	114
Donkeys Enjoying a Shelter Built by American Ladies	115
When the "Seti" Runs Aground	116
Granite Statues Before the Rameseum	117
Egypt's Idea of a Holy Man	118
An Arabian-Egyptian Cemetery near Assiut	119
Traffic in the Public Square at Assiut	120
Doing Business in the Vegetable Market at Esna	121
A Boy Water Carrier	122
Lemonade Vendor at Minieh	123
Amenophis II, Once a Proud King of Egypt	124
Bishareen Boys at Assuan	125
A Bishareen Belle at Her Front Door	126
Bishareen Children and Their Billy Goat	127
Graceful as a Swallow	128
View of Assuan	129
Rowing Out to the Submerged Temple of Philæ	130
All that Can Be Seen of the Doomed Temple	131

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
A Side Street in Assuan	132
Water Carriers Filling Their Goatskin Bags	133
Unloading Grain Boats in Assuan	134
Stone Boat in the Sanctuary Temple at Edfu	135
Science and Superstition Strangely Mingled	136
Happy Boys in Upper Egypt	137
Temple of Kom Ombo	138
An Egyptian Mud Village and Its Shade Trees	139
Market Place in Beliana, Egypt	140
Island of Rhoda, Where Moses Was Found in the Rushes	142
A Camel Registering Disapproval of the Camera	143
Parts of Tiberias Look as Old as They Are	148
Port Said, Entrance to Suez Canal	150
A Donkey Mother Taking Refreshment	151
A Weaver and His Loom	152
Acre Seen from the Water Front	153
Street in the Business Section of Acre	154
Cannon Used by Sir Sidney Smith	155
A Mosque at Acre	156
Sea of Galilee as It Looks To-day	158
Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee	160
Monastery on Mount Carmel	163
Tiberias Pursues Its Daily Tasks	165
Rocky Water Front of Tiberias	166
Tiberias Is Inclined to Wade Out	168
Ruined Synagog at Capernaum	169
In a Courtyard at Tiberias	170
Coming from a Catholic Church at Nazareth	171
View of Nazareth	172
A Druse and His Beasts of Burden	173
On the Beach Route to Acre	174
A Quiet Court in Tiberias	176
Station on the Mecca Railway	178
Pausing for Refreshments	179
Wives and Luggage Waiting for their Owner	180
Where Camels are "Parked" on Reaching Mecca	181
Moslem Pilgrims Pause to Eat and Pray	182
Mecca, the Holy City of the Mohammedans	184

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Pilgrim Camp on the Outskirts of Mecca	185
Pilgrim Throngs at the Holy Kaaba	186
An Arab Café at Meal Time	188
Getting an Early Start in the Holy Land	189
Carrying the Day's Supply of Drinking Water	190
A Peace Conference in the Desert	191
A Jewish Farm Colony	192
Not Worrying over the Water Problem	193
A Pastry Shop in Business Hours	194
Women at a Halting Place in the Desert	195
Where Pigeons Are the Favorite Barnyard Fowls	196
Camping on the Way to Petra	198
Where the Ark of the Covenant Once Rested	199
Riding Pick-a-Back to Acre	200
At a Well in Acre	201
Stopping to Chat with a Greek Priest	202
A Boy of Petra	203
Abbas Effendi, Solid Citizen of Tiberias	204
Advertising in the Arabian Desert	205
Where the Nahr Barada Flows	206
Thinking It Over	207
The "Sik," the Entrance to Petra	212
The Acropolis, Petra	214
The Khazneh or Treasury	216
At the Entrance to the "Sik"	218
The Place of Sacrifice	219
Entrance to the Temple of the Urn	220
Wretched Inhabitants of Petra	222
Ancient Theater at Petra	224
Children of the Forgotten City	225
Two Little Maids of Petra	226
Mr. Newman in Arab Costume	227
Stepped Tombs in the Cliff at Petra	228
A Convent Carved from a Cliff	230
Three Kids	232
Rock Scenery on the Way to Ed Deir	233
A Three-Storied Tomb	234
Network Decoration on a Tomb in Petra	235

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Petra's Primitive Flour Mill	236
Looking Down into Petra's Great Rock Bowl	238
Door to the Author's Dark Room	241
Ruins of a Roman Temple at Petra	242
Obelisk on the Summit at Petra	244
Hill of Tombs Behind the Acropolis	245
Home of the Author at Petra	246
In the Omniades Mosque at Damascus	250
Business Section of Damascus	252
Interior of a High-Class Café	253
Damascus Prefers its Narghiles in the Open Air	254
A Road Sprinkler Near Damascus	256
At a Drinking Fountain	257
In a Private House at Damascus	258
Not Leather, but Apricots	259
Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek	260
Picturesque Glimpse of Baalbek	261
Massive Building Stone in the Baalbek Quarry	262
Carving on the Temple of Bacchus	264
Temple of Bacchus Viewed from Above	265
Side View, Temple of Bacchus	266
Interior of the Basilica at Baalbek	267
Baalbek's Modern Hotel	268
All that Remains of the Temple at Sebastiyeh	269
An Ancient Hill Town in Syria	270
Next!	271
Picking Grapes at Tel Aviv	274
Well at the House of Simon the Tanner	276
In the Mountains of Judea	277
Typical Home in Tel Aviv	278
Tel Aviv Seen from the Water Tower	279
Civic Pride Is Apparent in Every Street	280
Tel Aviv, Where Every Inhabitant is a Jew	282
An Attractive House and Garden	282
Yarn on a Distaff	283
Synagog at Rishon l'Zion	284
Where Rishon l'Zion Makes Its Wine	284
Children of Rishon l'Zion	285

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Tomb of Rachel, Near Hebron	286
Public Garden in Rishon l'Zion	286
Modern Shepherds in the Holy Land	287
A Palm Grove in Rishon l'Zion	288
Street in the Same Jewish Colony	290
Grave of Jacob in the Mosque of Machpelah	292
Hebron Has Its Cool Arcades	293
Hebron Viewed from a Hillside	294
Pools of Solomon	294
High Priest at Hebron	295
Where Joseph of Arimathea Lived	296
Ramleh	296
The Sinai Desert	298
Mary's Fountain at Nazareth	302
Plain of Esdraelon	304
Monument to a Benefactor of Jaffa	305
Nazareth as It Looks To-day	306
A Woman of Nazareth, Modern Version	308
Founding a New Zionist Colony	309
A Blind Beggar	310
Desolation on the Site of Samaria	311
All that Is Left of Samaria's Great Theater	312
Oxen Threshing, Unmuzzled	314
Plowing with a Tractor in a Jewish Colony	315
A Village in the Kedron Valley	316
Smoking the Narghile	318
Harvest Time in Palestine	320
British Military Camp Near Nazareth	320
An Upper-Class Moslem	321
Mount Nebo, Where Moses Once Stood	322
In Cana, Where Jesus Turned Water into Wine	322
Aged Monks in the Monastery of Mar Saba	326
A Peaceful Vista on the River Jordan	328
Floating in the Dead Sea	330
A Boatride on the Jordan	331
Highway in the Hill Region of the Holy Land	332
Carving Mother-of-Pearl in Bethlehem	333
Church of the Tomb of the Virgin Mary	334

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Visiting the Tomb of the Virgin	336
Around a Fruit Stall in Bethlehem	337
Midday Rest at a Wayside Well	338
New Jewish Colony of Zimmarin	339
Where Zimmarin Makes Its Wine	340
Synagog of Zimmarin	341
Women Winnowing Wheat	342
The Strange Convent of Mar Saba	343
A Bethlehem Belle	344
Pool of Siloam, Jerusalem	346
British Tommies at the Jaffa Gate	348
The Tower of David, Jerusalem	349
Old-Timers in the City of David	350
Mount of Olives, Jerusalem	351
Some of Palestine's Young Hopefuls	352
Life in a Back Street	353
At the Door of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher	354
Dome of the Chain, Jerusalem	356
A Busy Lemonade Seller	357
Orphans under American Care	358
Children of Jerusalem	360
A Double-Deck Shop	361
Shoveling Snow in Jerusalem	362
Along the "Via Dolorosa"	363
Interior of the Mosque of Omar	364
Dome of the Mosque of Omar	365
Off for the Valley of Jehosaphat	366
Where Mohammed Will Sit in Judgment	367
Sikh Guards in Jerusalem	368
The Wailing Wall	369
At the Damascus Gate	370
Tenements Built by Sir Moses Montefiore	371
Entering Jerusalem Through the Damascus Gate	372
Class in Embroidery, American Colony	374
Members of the American Colony, Jerusalem	375
Outside Jerusalem's Walls	376
Jewish Girls Learning Handicraft Work	376
Jewish Tailors at their Place of Business	377

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Aksa Mosque and the Well of El Kas	378
One of Jerusalem's Modern Hotels	379
Tomb of Zachariah	380
South Wall of the Holy City	381
Mountaineer Guards from India	382
Bazalel, the New Art School at Jerusalem	382
New Government Offices of Palestine	384
German Orthodox Church on Mount Zion	384
Hebrew University on the Mount of Olives	385

I WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT



FIVE TIMES A DAY THE PIOUS MOSLEM KNEELS AND PRAYS
WITH HIS FACE TOWARD MECCA

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

I

WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT

THE people of western nations approach the Near East by the waters of the Mediterranean. Many of the eminent historians of the world consider it the great return, the home-going. Out there somewhere, what is known as western civilization had its foundation and early development. How that culture spread to the other countries, it is not within the province of this book to suggest; sufficient to recall that as we approach these ancient shores, we are coming back to the cradle of our history, religion and art. Enough to stir the anticipation and enthusiasm of all of us, irrespective of creed or nationality, whether we consider ourselves pilgrims, students, or tourists traveling only for pleasure and the sensations of the moment. There is much ahead of us for everyone's enjoyment.

As the big ship skirts along the coastline approaching Alexandria, we contemplate the vastness and mystery of the Dark Continent beyond the crests of palms and the seemingly limitless sands of the Sahara. Snow-white villages and towns are visible in the canyons along the coast. A structure of stone on a peninsula or jutting precipice stirs the imagination. Every foot of these shores has had its melodramatic moment in history.

From the deck of the steamer, we take an interest in each

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

curve of the coastline. The mystery of Africa and Egypt has a peculiar fascination, and we watch for the approach to Alexandria, where we shall first put foot on shore. Perhaps we expect it to come slowly to view, as when we sail northward on the Adriatic and see Venice, which appears to be floating on the waves. If so, we are likely to be disappointed. "There it is, off there in the distance," some one says, and through the mists we discern minarets and towers—buildings of a fantastic design—as soft-colored as pastel. We realize that we have come close to the mysterious East, which is to enchant us and hold us in its spell; and then, almost before we are aware of it, we have swung inside the outer breakwater, the propeller has stopped turning, the officials have come aboard—dark-skinned men of the land of Cleopatra—and we have arrived.



HARBOR OF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, ONE OF THE LARGEST
IN THE WORLD

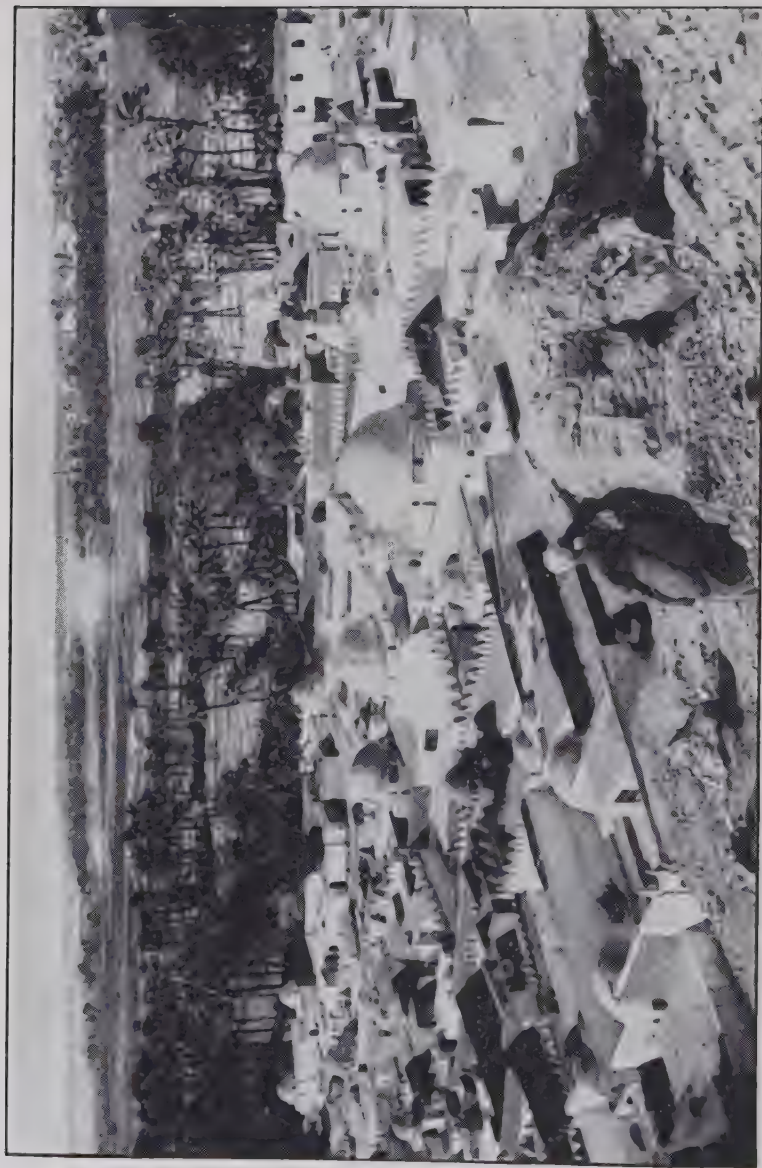
WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT

The usual customs examinations follow. Men in uniform are curious concerning our cameras and other "western" inventions, even a typewriter causing much questioning and perhaps a fee that will be surrendered when we leave the country. Other seemingly unnecessary red tape also takes time, but otherwise causes no annoyance. It is our first initiation in the land where time counts for nothing. What is not done to-day may be done to-morrow. An hour is like ten minutes at home, a day like an hour. There is nothing in the mental equipment of the East that suggests hurry. As well for us to realize it now as we stand upon the quay at Alexandria.



WHAT THEY DO ON THE NILE
WHEN THE WIND FAILS

Altho the city has every appearance of being up to date, and altho it is essentially "modern" when its years are compared to those of the Egyptian cities that lie inland, it is well for us to recall that what is new in this ancient country was founded by Alexander the Great in 332 B. C., and that his founding of Alexandria is a significant proof of the far-seeing vision and wisdom of the conqueror. He desired to build a great seaport city that would facilitate communication between the land of the Pharaohs and his projected Greek empire. The apparently more favorable harbors were likely to become choked with Nile mud, so he selected the ancient village of Rhakotis (probably inhabited only by



A CITY OF THE DEAD—A MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY IN EGYPT

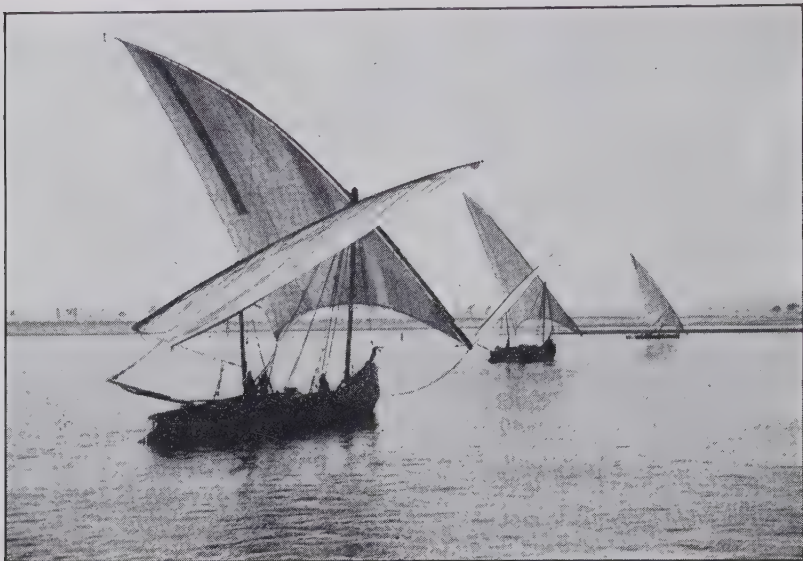
fishermen) and decreed that it should become a great city and bear his name. It prospered famously—probably exceeding his ambitious dream—and soon became the favorite resort of artists, orators, scholars, mathematicians and physicians.

After the death of Alexander and during the reign of the Ptolemies, the peace of the city was disturbed; but it continued to expand and to prosper. It became the great center of the world's commerce, just as it was considered the chief seat of Greek learning. Julius Cæsar entered the city in triumph, but was conquered by the charms of Cleopatra. It was Marc Antony who became fatally enamored of the Egyptian Queen and spent years with her—a romance that has appealed to the imagination of all ages. Augustus enlarged the city, but the Greek element continued to predominate, altho a Jewish community was making its influence felt before the beginning of the Christian era.

Ancient Alexandria possessed the famous lighthouse, known as the Pharos, which gave its name to all lighthouses, and which was considered a wonder of the antique world.

There was a famous Necropolis, or City of the Dead; a Museum, where famous students from other countries came to study and live; a magnificent theater and hippodrome, which enabled the spectators not only to see the arena, but to have a panoramic view of the coastline and the sea; a celebrated temple of Isis; and the library, which is thought to have contained close to a million scrolls when it was burned in Cæsar's time—one of the greatest cultural losses that the world ever has suffered. It is believed that the Serapeum was surpassed in grandeur by only one contemporary building—the Roman Capitol. Christianity was introduced into Alexandria at an early period, the tradition

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



ALMOST BECALMED ON THE NILE

being that it was first preached here by St. Mark, whose bones were removed to Venice in 828 A. D. Notable persecutions followed, and finally, in the fourth century, paganism received its death blow—followed by the usual zeal of the new faith, which resulted in the destruction of “heathen” temples and monuments.

The material prosperity of the city then began to decrease, and continued to do so with the passing of the centuries, until Alexandria, which had boasted a population of half a million inhabitants in ancient times, retained only about five thousand at the beginning of the nineteenth century. This decay was arrested by Mehemet Ali, who began the construction of the Mahnudiye Canal in 1819, which again connected the city with the Nile.

We engage an automobile, if a dragoman is not in waiting for us, and immediately plunge into the human maelstrom.

WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT

The first characteristic of Near East people to be noted may be the noise. Where other people speak in an ordinary or conversational tone, the Egyptians scream. They seem to be excited about something, altho nothing has happened of greater consequence than the arrival of a steamboat. And this is of hourly occurrence in Alexandria's great harbor, a berth for the shipping of the world. Then the costumes: The Egyptian man seems to be dressed in bright garments resembling the American idea of the Mother Hubbard. Most of them wear Turkey-red leather slippers, and the tarboosh or "fez" takes the place of the European or American hat. The Mohammedan women are thickly veiled, and, with their flowing garments, at first seem to be animated black balloons.

Immediately we hear the street cries. We are entreated to purchase this, that and everything that we do not want. The lemonade vendors in their picturesque costumes, carrying great urns, trays and goblets, seem to know that we shall not enjoy ourselves unless we begin our Egyptian journey by drinking the stuff they offer for sale; and they offer it by clanging brass cymbals and shouting in a sing-song manner at the tops of their voices. Guides, dragomans and porters seem sud-



CARRYING WATER FOR
HOUSEHOLD USE

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



POMPEY'S PILLAR, ALEXANDRIA

denly to become aware of our helplessness and insist upon being of service. Money-changers delay us and attempt to extort an unfair commission. Post-card salesmen seem to feel that this will be our last opportunity to purchase their wares. Not one card, nor a few, but whole sets of them, picturing Egypt from the Delta of the Nile to the Soudan. In case we are arriving in Egypt for the first time, we shall be fortunate, indeed, if we have

engaged a courier in advance, through one of the authorized agencies in Europe or America. It is all so strange—money, language, the very mode of thought. The courier is not an expensive luxury, and he will meet us at the ship, relieve us of many petty annoyances, and assist us in accustoming ourselves to the new surroundings.

Alexandria has several first-class hotels that provide ample accommodation during our visit; but we are unlikely to remain here long, thus demanding slight hospitality. From the tourist's point of view, it is not a city of sights; rather, it is a point of arrival and departure. If we arrive in the morning, it will be possible to exhaust its principal excursions in time for the afternoon train to Cairo, and it is unnecessary to remain longer. Whatever is of interest here, is duplicated or vastly improved upon in the capital city.

Alexandria, altho a commercial center of vast importance,

WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT

and one with a tremendously interesting history, unfortunately has few monuments of its ancient glory remaining. Until comparatively recent times, visitors were interested in two granite obelisks, known as Cleopatra's Needles, that had been brought from Heliopolis during the reign of the Roman Emperor Augustus and set up before a Temple of Cæsar; but one was taken to London, where it stands on the Thames Embankment, and the other to New York. The inscriptions indicate that both were made during the reign of Thothmes III about 1550 B. C., and that Rameses II, who lived about 250 years later, added lines recording his titles and honors.

Thus, with the exception of a tomb of the Roman period, practically our only excursion to a point of great historical interest will be to what is known as Pompey's Pillar, a fine shaft of Assuan granite about seventy feet high, which



IN MEHEMET ALI PLACE, ALEXANDRIA

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

remains just where it was placed by a Roman Prefect in honor of Diocletian about the year 302 A. D. There are many fragments of hewn stone around the Pillar, which are thought to be from the ancient Serapeum.

There are several pleasant automobile drives in Alexandria and its suburbs. I would recommend visiting: the business section, which centers on the Square of Mehemet Ali; the



PLOWING WITH A CAMEL TEAM IN EGYPT

parks and the zoo, where there is a particularly fine collection of simians, and the palace, where the King spends some of the hottest weeks in summer. It seems strange to think of a "King" of Egypt, as one instinctively thinks of the ruler as a Pharaoh, or at least a Khedive. But the Pharaohs belonged to the days when Egypt ruled the known world and was the center of the world's learning and culture. Compared to their power, that of a mere King seems little more



AN ARAB MAIDEN IN CAIRO

than impotence. Still, Egypt prefers present conditions to the Khedival days, for there is independence, and the King has some powers that were not possessed by the Khedive in the period before the World War.

Train service in Egypt is much like that in Europe. Comfortable coaches, first-rate attendants, and many small favors for which we are thankful. Iced drinks, hot tea, cakes and biscuits—in case one does not care to go to the dining-car. Fans, fly-switches, and porters who seem to be forever brushing the dust from one's shoes, hats and clothing. We have reached the land of luxury and comfort, and soon accustom ourselves to it, probably coming to expect—and to receive—service such as we never had at home. Every service is paid for, but a small coin is sufficient. It is well to provide ourselves with these at the hands of the first money-changer we meet.

We take the train at Alexandria for Cairo, a distance of about 130 miles. It is our first opportunity to observe the Egyptian landscape closely. Trains of camels moving along the horizon in silhouette. Mud-villages that from a distance resemble European castles. Groves of palms. Irrigation ditches. Oxen, water buffalos, donkeys—veiled women at

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

the stations and men wearing exceedingly picturesque costumes. We are in the huge Nile Delta, whose soil, owing to the water, has been fertile for thousands of years altho subjected to intensive cultivation, and is now a vast truck-and flower-garden.

Poor, apparently quite miserable peasants, called *fellabeen*, work here beneath the sub-tropical sun from dawn to sunset,



NO, NOT A DENTIST—ONLY AN EGYPTIAN
BARBER AT WORK

pausing only at noon, when the extreme heat drives them to shelters of palm leaves, which are in the corners of most of the small fields. They are the descendants of the proud race that ruled the world under the Pharaohs. Probably pure Egyptian blood flows in their veins, as it does in many of the desert tribes; for the racial stock of the country people is more unmixed than that of the city folk, who have come

WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT



CAIRO BOASTS A HANDSOME RAILROAD STATION



IN THE RAILWAY STATION AT CAIRO



WHERE THEY STILL THRESH WHEAT WITH OXEN AS IN THE DAYS OF MOSES

into closer contact with Egypt's conquerors. Perhaps it would be fitting to describe them as Arab-Egyptians. They form the bulk of the population of Egypt, and we shall encounter them everywhere throughout the country. They are the descendants of Arab tribes, who settled in Egypt and married the indigenous people; thus they are supposed to resemble the ancient Egyptians.

The women usually paint their eyelids and the skin beneath the eyes with kohl, which is made from the smoke-black of an aromatic resin or from almond shells. They stain the nails of the fingers with henna, which gives them a reddish-orange color. They also tattoo the face in blue, pricking the skin with a cluster of seven needles, after which indigo is applied. The women work much harder than the men, because they keep the house, prepare meals, take charge of the children, make the fuel—composed of dried cattle dung and chopped straw—sometimes weave the cloth, and usually work in the fields.

The fellaheen should not be confused with the Copts, of whom there are perhaps something like one million in Egypt. They also are direct descendants of ancient Egypt, but are Christians. They are engaged in many of the trades and are famous in history for having embraced Christianity with much zeal, following the preaching of St. Mark at Alexandria. They formed a part of the church until the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, laid down the tenet that Jesus had a double nature, human and divine. The Coptic language is no longer spoken. Even the priests speak Arabic, altho the Bible was translated into Coptic as early as the third century.

The head of the Coptic church is the Patriarch of Alexandria, doubtless in recognition of the fact that St. Mark made Ananias the Patriarch of Alexandria in 64 A. D. The



IN CAIRO'S COLORFUL STREETS—AN AMAZING VARIETY OF COSTUMES AND RACES

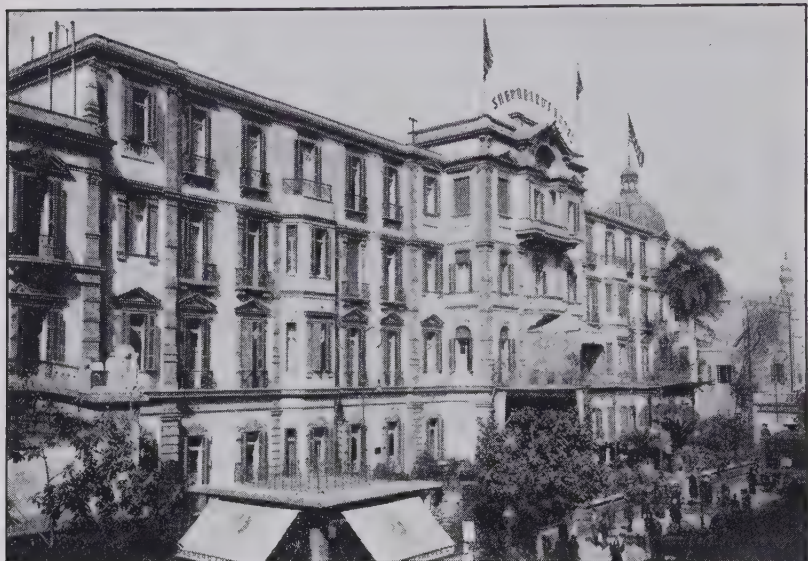
WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT

Patriarch at that time was called *Baba* or *Papa*. He is usually chosen, nowadays, from the monks of the monastery of St. Anthony, in the desert on the shore of the Red Sea. He must be unmarried and is supposed to live a life of strict austerity. There are twelve bishops, and altho it is not necessary for them to be monks, their lives must be strictly guarded. Copts attach a great importance to baptism, believing that the unbaptized will be blind in the future world. The children are bright and often are preferred for government services as clerks. Like the Mohammedans, the Copts pray several times a day. They are not permitted to marry outside the faith, and after marriage the bride does not leave her own home until after the birth of her first child.

About forty miles east of Alexandria is Rosetta, once a flourishing seaport, but now of interest to us only because here was discovered the celebrated trilingual Rosetta Stone in 1799, a block of basalt, which has carved upon it a decree dated B. C. 196. The texts, in hieroglyphic, demotic and Greek characters, gave scholars the lost key to the hieroglyphics and enabled them to decipher the inscriptions on all the ancient monuments of Egypt. The Rosetta Stone is now a prized possession of the British Museum.

We pause a few moments at the station of Tanta, which is situated between the Rosetta and the Damietta arms of the Nile. The town is well known for several reasons, one of which is its fairs, and another its fame as the former home of the Mohammedan saint, Al-Badawi. The fairs are in honor of the saint; they last eight days, three times a year. Al-Badawi, popularly known as The Veiled One, was born at Fez in Morocco; but he spent many years at Tanta and died there. He avoided all intercourse with men, lived on a

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



SHEPHERD'S HOTEL, CAIRO, SOMETHING OF A LANDMARK
ON ITS OWN ACCOUNT

roof, and spent his days gazing at the sky, so that his eyes became red. He shrouded his face behind two veils when he was seen by others; and it is reported that when one rash pilgrim demanded to see his face, the pilgrim looked, quickly sickened and died. The saint never removed his clothes when bathing, and wore them until they fell from his body. His fame grew, and the pious came from long distances on his birthday to do him honor. He died in 1276. The American Mission Hospital was opened here in 1904 and has been of great service to women and children.

We pass along to the junction of Benha, popularly known as Benha of the Honey, which is close to the mounds that mark the site of the ancient city of Athribis. This city is said to have been the home of Mukawkis, the Copt, who sent a jar of honey to Mohammed the Prophet, and who betrayed

WE ARRIVE IN EGYPT

the fortress of Babylon to the Arabs. In ancient times, a temple to Hathor, the Goddess of Love, stood here, and in early Christian times there was a beautiful church that enshrined a figure of the Virgin, inlaid with precious stones.

It is not long now before we see evidences that we are approaching a city. And what an unusual city—a City of the Arabian Nights!

Cairo is one of the amazing metropolitan communities of the earth. The train runs across the Nile on a modern bridge. From the car-windows we observe the strange boat-life on the ancient river. We have glimpses of minarets, towers, buildings brightly colored, waving palms, weird groups of people. We hear shouting in a strange language, not one syllable of which we understand. The train stops. We have arrived in one of the most fascinating cities of the



A BUSY CORNER IN CAIRO, WITH TWO VEILED MOSLEM
WOMEN IN THE FOREGROUND

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

earth, and an automobile is speeding us to a luxurious hotel, where we are to see East meet West, despite Kipling's prediction to the contrary, and where we shall have attendance such as we never encountered in a public hostelry of Europe or America. Naturally, we go to Shepherd's Hotel, one of the most famous in the world; or if it is in season and there are no accommodations there, we find shelter beneath some other palatial roof of the neighborhood. Here, perhaps more than in any other spot, we may sit upon the broad terrace and watch the world go by—and not just a portion of it, as at the Café de la Paix in Paris, which claims a similar distinction.

II AMAZING CAIRO



MOST PICTURESQUE OF ALL THE SIGHTS ON THE NILE—
IT'S BUSY, ANCIENT-LOOKING SAILBOATS

II

AMAZING CAIRO

TO one who arrives in Cairo for the first time, I would suggest no definite program for the first day or two. Drive about the streets, walk short distances, or spend most of the time upon the hotel terrace, and altho elsewhere you would not call such a procedure sight-seeing, when the time comes to retire at night you will concede that you have seen more *sights* than ever before in the same length of time.

Pedestrians seem to be on their way to a costume ball, and one might believe that eight out of ten persons observed had visited the shop of a costumer who specialized in unusual get-ups and weird combinations of color, with a thought of the grotesque and bizarre as well as of the artistic or appropriate. I once heard an American volunteer to wager that he could put red slippers on his bare feet, go into the streets of Cairo wearing nothing else but an old-fashioned cotton night-shirt, and attract no attention from passers-by. Perhaps he would have won. At least, nobody was willing to gamble.

Observe the street-crowd from the hotel terrace, and see weird, spectacular and elegant costumes upon people of all complexions from the blond Anglo-Saxon to the ebony-hued Abyssinian. There are gentlemen and ladies of Cairo, sheiks and men of great wealth and influence from the desert, Bedouins, Arabs of high and low degree, veiled women in

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

huge balloon-like black coats, Hindus, Persians and Greeks, all in their own national costumes; a strange medley of uniforms worn by military officials; men and women in magnificent French limousines with chauffeurs and footmen, men on white asses, ladies in litters on camels, long trains of dromedaries, smart families in carriages going to festivals or calling, with *seis* in resplendent gold jackets running before the horses; Japanese, Chinese, tourists from all lands; religious devotees, whose particular cult is marked by a turban or the color of a robe; Nubians with Caucasian features, skins as black as tar, and straight hair; Turks, Moroccans and Algerians. The enumeration might go on and on. A never-ending procession from the ends of the world, with a preponderance of natives.

A snake-charmer comes and squats on the curb, where the guests of the hotel may see him and fling him a coin. He



CONTINENTAL-SAVOY, ONE OF CAIRO'S LARGE HOTELS

plays upon a flute-like instrument and the wicker top of the basket opens by a force from beneath. Soon two cobras, deadly serpents, raise themselves upright and sway their hooded heads in imitation of the player, evidently delighted by his music. He stops playing and they drop back to their blankets, as the lid of the basket falls into place and shuts out the light. Scientists, I believe, have repudiated the notion or tradition—whatever it is—that it is possible for a human being actually to “charm snakes.” We can attract



IN FRONT OF SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL

their attention, fascinate them, or perhaps cause them to perform certain antics that make them appear to be under a spell of some kind; but the idea of hypnotism or control is not seriously recognized. It always has seemed to me, however, that this opinion is held by persons who have not sat upon the terrace at Shepherd's or the Continental-Savoy and watched a native fakir with his serpents. Some of these exhibitions are almost uncanny in their persuasive qualities; one who sees them feels certain that the snakes are absolutely under the control of the will of the man with the flute.

Then magicians come and make coins or other small objects disappear from the palms of their hands; or they put hot coals on their tongues, while you listen to them sizzle; or



IN THE MODERN BUSINESS SECTION OF CAIRO

the performer manipulates playing-cards in an interesting manner and then jabs the blade of a dagger or sword down his throat. Once I spoofed a young "sword-swallower" and told him that he was deceiving us by using a "trick" knife—one which, at the touch of a hidden spring, slid back into the bone handle, making it appear that the blade was in his throat. He seemed to be much confused and abashed, and reaching out, took my walking-stick, placed the knife beside it, measured the length of the blade—about eight inches—and then plunged the cane down his throat, just to prove that "I would not deceive you for the world," as our American magicians say.

Perhaps the next entertainer to come along has a trained baboon. The amusing animal jerks off its master's hat and holds it out for a coin, turns somersaults, stands on one foot, dances or lies down and plays "dead."

AMAZING CAIRO

These are the smaller sights, however, and the entrepreneurs watch for slack moments when observers are not otherwise interested. Cairo seems to be a city of eternal parades. Love for the spectacular is evident in all Eastern peoples; but apparently there are more variations in the displays here than elsewhere, owing to the large number of races and religions represented by the population. Of chief interest, perhaps, are the Moslem ceremonial parades, one of which seems to come to view with the passing of each hour. It may be the parade escorting a bride to her new home, a wedding procession, a funeral, a parade escorting a returned pilgrim to his home, one in honor of a child about to be circumcized, or the celebration of a feast or fast day in the Mohammedan calendar.

The Arab, altho naturally dramatic, does not take much interest in the theater, which practically does not exist from the western point of view; but he delights in the theater out of doors—in the procession or parade. Some of the exhibitions are exceedingly expensive, including, as they do, many camels covered with velvet blankets and sparkling with pieces of mirror, bagpipe players,



A LEMONADE MERCHANT READY
FOR BUSINESS

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



SIFTING THE CHAFF FROM THE GRAIN, EGYPTIAN FASHION



A BUSY NOOK IN THE NATIVE QUARTER, CAIRO

AMAZING CAIRO

standard and flagbearers, palanquins of old wood inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl, numerous white asses, jugglers and even jesters to amuse the crowds along the curb. Many of the merry-makers in the parades are hired coolies, just as many of the mourners in the funeral processions are pro-



A PROCESSION IN THE MOUSKI, CAIRO

fessional weepers and have no relationship whatever with the family of the deceased.

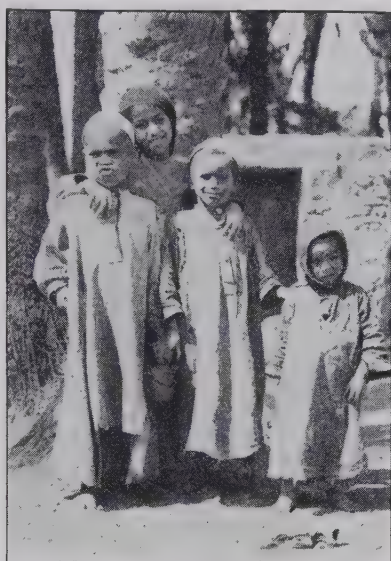
One of the most picturesque figures in the street is the lemonade seller, who wears a fantastic costume, spangled and embroidered. The urn in which he carries the lemonade may be a beautiful piece of hammered brass, surmounted by a brilliant dome of the same material, and to the borders and corners are attached flashing prisms or pendants, while his



EVERYBODY INTENT ON HIS OWN AFFAIRS—IN CAIRO'S
NATIVE QUARTER

AMAZING CAIRO

brass cups look like royal goblets on a tray that has a frame and often is an artistic curiosity worth inspection. The jingling of the apparatus and the gaudy outfit are a characteristic bit of Egypt that no traveler will forget. And the lemonade man is a figure of vast importance in a thirsty land. The stranger may well be careful about drinking what is offered in the utensils of street vendors, but many a tourist has been unable to withstand the temptation of at least one



EGYPTIAN CHILDREN TRYING TO
LOOK PLEASANT

cup of the cool beverage when at a distance from the hotel and overcome by the desire for something to drink.

A carriage passes and we learn upon inquiry that the occupants, dressed in what is popularly known as "Constantinople style," are former Khedival princesses with faces so thinly veiled that the features are accentuated and not hidden by the white or pale pink tulle that is looped from ear to ear beneath the eyes. Before the carriage run the ornamental *sais*, who wear fantastic costumes and keep pace with the horses. Large automobiles have occupants similarly dressed. Tourists sometimes are heard to murmur that Cairo has become "modern"; but the stranger in the streets or even on the hotel terrace has no just reason for a complaint of this kind. It has not been "contaminated" by the West—at least not enough to affect its personality—as Shanghai, Hong

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Kong, Nagasaki and other cities of the Far East have been. Doubtless there is much of the new, an adaptation of the comforts and luxuries of Europe; but Cairo has a distinct individuality that does not change with the introduction of a few western notions or fads. It remains *the* Oriental metropolis this side of Suez.



DANCING GIRLS AND ORCHESTRA READY
FOR BUSINESS

The religious law in Cairo favors plural wives, and altho Christian missionaries have attempted to exhort the people to more "moral" ways of living, there were scant results until the fashions changed. That sounded the death-knell of polygamy. "Egyptians have given up plural wives to purchase motor cars," a prominent man of Cairo told me. "Per-

haps it is more expensive, but it is fashionable to-day to have an Egyptian wife and a French mistress, or several of the latter. King Fuad set the example by having only one wife. This ruler, who might have had a hundred wives or two hundred, has been much in Europe and knows the world. He realized that the one-wife example would have a tremendous effect. When he was married, the only available Moslem princesses of royal blood were at Constantinople, on account of the war; and as these were

out of the question for political reasons, he married the daughter of a prominent citizen of Cairo. His example is being followed by the young *effendis* of the capital city, who make the fashions.

Feminism, which is supposed to be a product of western civilization, has reared its head. Woman is already taking her place in Egypt as elsewhere in the world, which is as remarkable as any revolution or conquest that has swept over this land of the Pharaohs in thousands of years. Women actually attend the theaters with their husbands—and sit with them—which was quite unthinkable when I was there ten years ago. They wear slight veils of white gauze when they enter the playhouse, but they unhook them and let them fall when the lights are turned down—more and more



ONE OF CAIRO'S MANY MINARETS
From the balcony the Muezzin calls the faithful to prayer five times daily



MOSQUES AND MINARETS OF CAIRO VIEWED FROM THE CITADEL.

"forgetting" to raise them again when the lights come up for the entr'actes.

An interesting explanation of this reform was given to me by a well-informed observer of twenty years' experience in Cairo. He said that "cant" or "morality" had nothing whatever to do with it. The harem had become too expensive a luxury. Marriage under the old régime was often merely a matter of form. The boy was married to some one about his own age, as arranged by the parents. Probably he never had seen his girl-wife before the ceremony, and it was unlikely that anything like affection would develop between them, even with the passing of the years. It was not expected that there would be any romance. In three or four years, the husband married again and established the first wife and family in a household. The first wife knew that her day was over; and she knew that the second wife's day would be over in about the same length of time. When the second wife passed into disfavor, she likewise was installed with her separate household—to make way for the third, fourth and fifth. A rich man often took as many as ten or fifteen "obligations" of this kind. "Wife No. 1," however, remained as something of a boss and dictator for the other "families."

Ecclesiastical law still permits of easy divorce. The husband says: "I divorce you," after which follows a period of six months. If he is of the same mind at the end of this time, another period of six months passes, and the divorce is final. But in Moslem countries the father is responsible for the upbringing of the children.

An Egyptian girl hitherto has expected no romance in marriage. The sum and substance of her highest aim has been to bear children for the lord and master who honored

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

her by making her his wife. Egyptian women have clung to high moral standards, but the men have made no pretense of doing so. And it is said that many of the women have had a much happier home life than might have been suspected under the circumstances. The dropping of the veil, the abolition of the harem, and the privilege of accompanying their husbands in public places constitute a mightier reform—one of more far-reaching consequences—than the granting of the vote to women of the western world.

There is a certain protecting peace upon the hotel terraces, where one views the never-ending street parade and glances across the thoroughfare to the tropical park known as the Ezbekieh Gardens. Salesmen are not permitted upon the terraces, but as soon as the hotel guest places his foot upon the sidewalk he is likely to think that everyone in Cairo has



"BUSINESS AS USUAL" IN CAIRO'S NATIVE QUARTER



A PROSPEROUS LOOKING MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY

something to sell—also that every salesman is convinced that all tourists require what he offers. To a certain extent, however, this is a mistaken idea; visitors are not the only logical prey of these merchants. Egyptians like to make their purchases in public, and do not resent the intrusion of hawkers as they sit at the café tables in the street. The Westerner also becomes accustomed to the system in time, learning that it avails nothing to become angry or even annoyed.

First of all are the guides, who volunteer their services, and who insist upon showing their credentials. They suggest short tours for the day or for the evening, or long tours into the desert far beyond the city. When a guest leaves the hotel, he is literally swooped down upon by these individuals, who have been more or less invisible or indistinguishable in the street crowds. Then the salesmen. They show what they have for sale and talk glibly. Telling them that one is

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

not purchasing anything is merely a waste of energy and has no effect. They continue to keep step with the pedestrian as he attempts to make his escape. Perhaps they reason that, being natives, they are in a position to know more about a visitor's requirements than he can be expected to know himself; at least, that is a courteous excuse for the existence of what often seems to be a pestiferous crew. Inside of one hour I have had eloquent salesmen implore me to purchase: a snake, a stuffed crocodile, fake amber, rhinoceros-hide canes, postcards, photographs, combs and hair-brushes, tooth-brushes, strings of beads, fruit, nuts, roasted fish, whips, lace, shawls, air balloons, ostrich feathers, fly-switches, coat-hangers and scarabs.

The scarabs always interest foreigners, who find them convenient souvenirs to carry home; thus there is a thriving trade in the imitations that closely resemble the genuine



GOING TO MARKET IN CAIRO

AMAZING CAIRO



CAIRO CAN BOAST SOME FINE MODERN ARCHITECTURE

article. Old men or young men, who find it profitable to pretend that they must transact business in such a manner as not to attract the police, speak softly, and untie the corners of a dirty linen rag, in the center of which they disclose twenty or thirty of the small stone beetles, which they say they found in a tomb "up the river," and which they were successful in getting away with, altho the excavations were closely watched by the officials. If you ask how much the scarabs are worth, they name a figure twenty times as great as the sum they are willing to take. They are offering you such a bargain, they explain, because they have reason to believe they are under suspicion of the authorities, and therefore must dispose of the loot without delay. Their stories are romantic and often appeal to the new arrival, who does not know that these articles are fabricated fakes and that the merchant may replenish his stock

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



A TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE ON THE NILE

at any time of day by visiting the distributing agencies, where these things are put out wholesale.

The proper way to purchase scarabs is to go to a reputable dealer in antiques, pay a higher price, but be reasonably certain that they are genuine. In a general way, scarabs may be divided into three classes: funereal, found on mummies and probably kept in stock by the ancient undertakers, with blank spaces for the names of the deceased; ornamental, probably worn as jewelry, as homage to the Creator of the world; and historical, which bear the record of important events. They are images of beetles carved from granite, basalt, jasper, amethyst, lapis-lazuli, glass and carnelian.

There is no better way to begin the tour of Cairo than by going to the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Gizeh, approached in various ways from the capital city: by private automobile, by tram or motor-bus. This will be our first plunge into

antique Egypt, also it will be one of the important sights of a lifetime. In other lands the old passes and gives way to the new. Temples and palaces decay and return to dust. The people themselves take on new ways and forget the old. But it is not so in Egypt, not even in the environs of this fascinating metropolis. The tram-bell sounds and the automobile horn honks loudly on the Nile bridge for the camels of a long caravan to make way for us to pass. The disdainful animals raise their heads and drop their lower lips. They are not frightened, for they have been in the city before, just as they have traveled to the far reaches of the burning desert. They seem to resent our intrusion.

All along the route, the fellaheen are busy cultivating every square foot of the soil. Fine melons, something like the casaba in America, gleam like golden globes in the brilliant sunshine among the patches of green leaves. Water buffalo



EGYPTIAN SCHOOLBOYS HAVE ONLY RUDE BENCHES TO SIT ON



PASSING BARKOUKIYEH
MOSQUE, CAIRO

are disporting themselves in all the pools fed by canals from the great river. Boys are splashing with them in the muddy water, which has about the consistency of maple sirup—and about the same color. Veiled women, with huge loads on their heads, are plodding along the road. Men are plowing with a sharp stick drawn by two oxen or water buffalo, as they are represented as doing upon the ancient carved monuments—perhaps in the days of Moses. Shadoof boys

are singing as they lift goatskin buckets of water from the canals for the irrigation ditches. Camels are pulling the sakieh wheels that raise water, and others, blindfolded, are going about in a circle, threshing grain with their cushioned feet. And we pass in a motor car! It is the ever-present picture of the old and the new meeting in Egypt.

Much the same condition of things must have existed here when those mushroom growths, which we know as ancient Greece and ancient Rome, were attracting the attention of the “progressives.” And now we are about to see a face that has looked serenely upon these changes of dynasties, as one might observe the swift flight of a bird or the fall of a petal from a flower.

As we dismount from the vehicle that brings us to Gizeh, it is likely that most of us will have the novel experience of

riding a camel for the first time. While we may not care to repeat the experience, it is advisable to mount one of the swaying ships of the desert, as a somewhat tiresome tour is before us, if the weather is hot and the sun bright. Groups of camels with their drivers are awaiting the arrival of visitors at all times, and are reliable. If one travels without a guide or dragoman, it is well to bargain for rates; a small gratuity is customary upon return. The camels kneel and we climb "aboard," and immediately start along the winding, sandy trail that leads to the Sphinx and the bases of the major Pyramids in that twenty-five mile stretch along the western bank of the Nile.

To me the Sphinx is one of the most impressive things in the world, and altho I have seen it many times it never loses its fascination. There it sits, serene and majestic, the marvelous god of the morning sun, brooding over Egypt.



HOW THE LADIES GO SHOPPING AT ESNA

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Its age cannot be ascertained nor approximated. Each new discovery plunges it back farther into the mists of time. It was there when Chephren built his pyramid, and probably dates from the pre-Dynastic period. Thothmes IV, fifteen centuries before the Christian era began, cleared away the sand from it, and left a record of his work. Maspero, the eminent Egyptologist, told me that he considered it the oldest surviving work of human hands. It has witnessed the rise of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, as it has observed the later centuries. And its eternally enigmatic smile remains the same. Presumably, it was covered with enamels, brilliant paint and gold; but to-day there are only faint traces of the coloring, principally noticeable in the rouge on the cheeks.

The armies of ancient and modern times have battered against the features of the Sphinx and mocked it. It is commonly reported that Bonaparte permitted his soldiers to



A MUD-HOUSE VILLAGE AND THE BOATS THAT SUPPLY ITS LIVELIHOOD

shoot at its nose. The Moslems had pelted it with rocks, and in their search for hidden treasure had caused many mutilations to the majestic figure. Fanatical Christians hacked at it, because of their zeal in destroying what they considered "idols." It is likely that the nations feared its power as the great god that watched over and protected Egypt. Perhaps they attempted to level it to the sands. And when they failed to do so by artificial means, the winds assisted them and



GOING TO THE PYRAMIDS

the desert sought to cover it: several times the latter has been fairly successful. But to-day, there is the ancient question of its smile or sneer. The same question has been asked in recent times concerning the expression on the face of Leonardo's "Gioconda." It is interesting to note that this inquiry regarding the painting in the Louvre at Paris is merely the repetition of one that was made in the days when the patriarchs of Palestine were visiting Egypt for grain, because there was famine in their own land. Maspero told me that the Sphinx may have been considered an antique at the time of Abraham's celebrated visit to the land of the Pharaohs. The Temple of the Sphinx is a fine specimen of the simple but substantial buildings of the Egyptians during the ancient empire.

The largest and principal Pyramid was built by Cheops, a

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

king of the Fourth Dynasty, about 3,000 years before the Christian era. Scientists reckon that it contains about 85,000,000 cubic feet of stone, which makes it the world's premier monument. Like the others, it was a royal tomb and contains various chambers and a shaft descending to them, which was sealed and doubtless for a long time was lost to the knowledge of man. The second Pyramid is that of Chephren and was built about 2900 B. C.



READING THE TOURIST'S FORTUNE IN THE SAND

The third is of Mycerinus and was built some thirty years later.

In this neighborhood we are certain to encounter the desert sand-diviner, who is an interesting personage to the native, as to the visitor. One places a coin in the sand and he draws cabalistic signs around it with his finger, while with the other hand he grasps sand, which slowly filters between his fingers. As it strikes the earth, he tells "past, present and future" and is likely to startle by the almost uncanny manner in which he reveals the life and character of the one

AMAZING CAIRO

who has placed the coin in the sand. I have known these sprinklers of sand to tell travelers how many persons were accustomed to sit with them at table when they were at home, whether they were married or single, even the exact nature of their daily occupations, sometimes their exact ages, and they are credited with having spelled out correctly the letters of names which they could not pronounce.

Once when I was at the Pyramids years ago, a sand-diviner was unusually insistent, even after I had told him that I did not care to listen to his "nonsense." Finally, he told my guide that he had a "message" for me—one that was imperative, so I gave in, knelt in the sand and placed the coin as directed. He mumbled something that I assumed would be the familiar "you will marry a beautiful blonde" or "large sums of money are coming to you" of the western fortune-teller. Instead, I was much surprised, when the guide interpreted: "He say that you have business affair in your country with two persons—do not trust either of them, because they are not your friends." And altho I had not given a thought to the matter during weeks of travel, I quickly recalled that there was a sum of money involved in a business transaction which I had left for solution and decision to two business associates. This "warning" of the sand-diviner in



LOVE ME, LOVE MY GOAT

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



LOOKING AT THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID
IN THE LATE AFTERNOON

the Libyan desert brought it to my attention, so that I made inquiry and found that the two were manipulating the transaction for their own purposes and not for my benefit.

It has been said that every foot of Egyptian soil has its ancient story to reveal, and the excavations of the last few years confirm the belief that the time never will come when the glorious past shall cease to become plainer and plainer to the investigators of the future. This is brought to mind as we pass the open shaft in the rock that marks the recently discovered tomb of the mother of Cheops, builder of the Great Pyramid. The shaft is five thousand years old, and the specialists tell us that it is the only tomb of an important Queen left undisturbed for so long a time. This unusual resting place of a monarch was brought to light by an American expedition and in several ways was of greater

importance than the discovery of Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb at Thebes, which for some reason appealed more strongly to the imagination of the world.

When Cheops' mother was Queen, Egypt had about five million inhabitants and was at the beginning of its art. Her husband, Sneferu, was an important King, and her son was the greatest of the pyramid builders. Cheops arranged the burial-place of his mother in the shadow of his own great tomb. To lie undisturbed after death was the great object of the ancient Egyptians. At the bottom of the shaft, which appears to be only a well hewn in the rock, are chambers, and in one of them is the alabaster sarcophagus that holds the royal remains. It was discovered in 1925, and because the name of her husband could be seen in the inscription, scholars believed at first that it was Sneferu's tomb; but it was later discovered to be that of "the mother of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt," quite certainly the most important woman in the world during her lifetime. Thus, this discovery had far greater sentimental as well as scientific value than the uncovering of the tomb of the boy King at Thebes; but perhaps it came as an anti-climax. "Just another old tomb," the world seemed to say, indicating that general curiosity in Egyptian archeological finds had been satisfied by the enormous newspaper and magazine exploitation of the Tut-ankh-Amen find, which was remarkable enough for the mental digestion of a generation.

In this vast burial ground, we constantly pass over sand or ancient pavement that conceals mysteries of the day when civilization was young upon the earth. On earlier occasions, when I have visited the Sphinx and Pyramids, the camels upon which I was seated passed directly over this tomb of Cheops' mother; and it is likely that to-day we are passing

over the "finds" of the future. The secrets of the past are gradually becoming unveiled to the investigators, but the field is so vast that it is entirely possible that it may never become exhausted.

It would be futile to attempt to suggest any length of time for the visit to this locality, and my advice is to stay as long as possible and to return as frequently as convenient. It is one of the most alluring spots of the earth's surface, and if one remains long in Cairo it never fails to offer attractive compensation for the brief excursion. The Mena House, a fine hotel, is in the shadow of the Sphinx and the Pyramids. It is pleasant to spend a night here, permitting a view by moonlight and another at dawn; and there is a beautiful tropical garden that provides cooling shade around the noonday. My suggestion is to come out here again and again, if time permits. Each visit will offer a new impression and a new thrill. The serene majesty of the Sphinx is enhanced by frequent observations—also the enigma of its origin and significance.

III MOSQUES AND BAZARS



EAST AND WEST JOSTLE EACH OTHER, ARCHITECTURALLY,
AROUND THE MOSQUE OF EL BENAT

III

MOSQUES AND BAZARS

A GOOD way to begin our sight-seeing in Cairo itself will be to go into the streets of the native bazars, for here we shall meet the people as they are in their every-day life and see them intimately. The shops in the native quarters are little more than large wardrobes, and every inch of space seems to be put to some use; even the space beneath stairways leading to some of the mosques is devoted to the sale of books, beads, or some other business purpose. The ten leading bazars are: dealers in silk, cotton, Tunisian and Algerian articles; tent-makers, scent-makers, the silversmiths and goldsmiths; sellers of Sudanese articles, sellers of brass, and shoemakers and Turkish merchants. Perhaps nowhere else on earth are we received so cordially, the invitations to enter sometimes becoming exhortations and entreaties. The transaction of business seems to be not only a vocation but a pleasure to these men behind the counters—or behind what correspond to counters in an Oriental bazar. Bargaining and chattering over the value of what they offer for sale seems to give them more satisfaction than any other recreation—because it *is* a recreation much of the time, and absolutely futile so far as the sale of their merchandise is concerned. One concludes that they are the greatest talkers on earth.

“Come in and look—no charge!” shout the turbaned merchants as we pause to observe these spectacular shop-keepers and their clerks, squatting in the center of their cup-

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

boards, surrounded by their stocks. "Come in and see beautiful rugs, jewelry, perfume and brass. It is not necessary to buy, and it will be a pleasure to show you what we have in stock. Beautiful things for lady, beautiful things for gentleman, and beautiful for little child!"

It seems a wonder that they neglect to mention the aunts and cousins at home, designating exactly what they would like as souvenirs of Cairo! Oh, these Oriental merchants are clever—perhaps the shrewdest on earth! They can convince the buyer of splendid bargains, after he has caused them to reduce their prices about twenty-five per cent—satisfied that he also is a clever trader—whereas the prices actually paid often turn a profit to the dealer of fifty per cent. A dragoon prefers to lead the way to the expensive shops, where exorbitant prices are asked, and the owners of these shops are supposed to pay a commission to the guides for each pur-



A DRY-GOODS BAZAR IN CAIRO

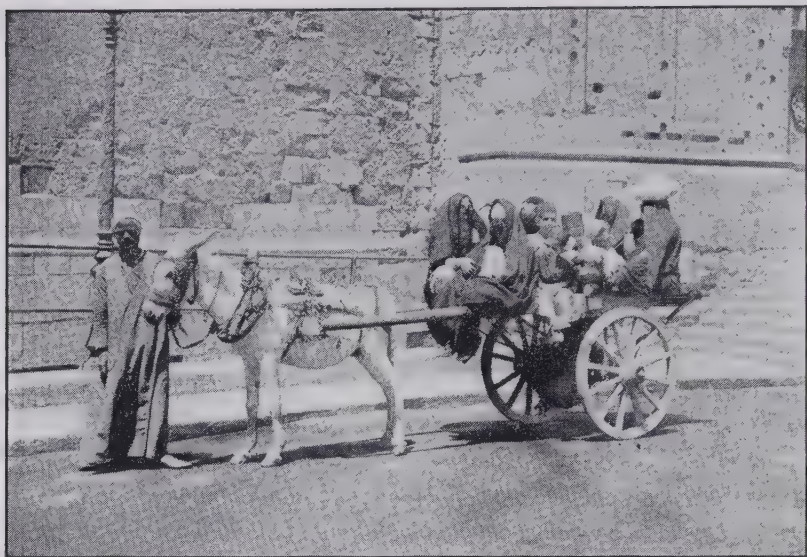
MOSQUES AND BAZARS



A BOOKSELLER'S SHOP BY THE MOSQUE OF EL GHOURI

chase made by such customers. It is better, however, to slip away from the guide on an excursion to the bazars, and to wander about at will, paying particular attention to the tiny shops that would not be visited otherwise. One may come upon some fine bargains even in the second-hand shops; Persian shawls and embroideries, rare brass lamps and weapons.

Hereabouts we encounter several types and interesting sights not to be found in the section of the city where the hotels are located or where foreigners live. For example, there are the two-wheeled carts which transport women and children at the rate of about one cent per passenger, and which men are not permitted to patronize. Here also we find the professional letter-writers, squatting by the curb and carrying on their work. Many of the Egyptian people can neither read nor write, so the letter-writer and reader is



EGYPTIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN READY FOR A JOY RIDE

a necessity and carries on a flourishing business. A place of horrors is the native barbershop. Even a glance at the victim undergoing the tortures of being shaved should be enough, one would think, to frighten away all prospective customers; but as the barber receives only two cents for a shave, one should not expect him to be a skilled surgeon.

In visiting the mosques, we shall do well to make a careful selection, as there are said to be 264 of them in Cairo, and some are of far greater interest than others. The Christian—or infidel, as he is viewed by his Moslem brother—is permitted to enter all but about three of the mosques in Cairo; in each case he has to pay a fee that amounts to about ten cents, and must remove his shoes or cover them with sandals, which are tied over the shoes by attendants at the entrance.

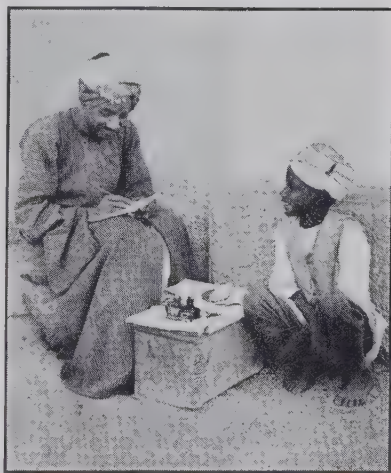
In its primitive form, the mosque is only a space walled in

MOSQUES AND BAZARS

from the desert, a portico affording shelter from the sun. In the course of time, however, this structure has developed into magnificent specimens of architecture, almost as interesting to the visitor as the buildings of the Pharaohs. Most of them have matting "spread around" the floor of the sacred enclosure, where worshipers turn toward Mecca and pray; but the finer structures of Cairo, while without decorations or ornaments such as the pictures or statues to be found in Christian churches, frequently display beautiful Turkish rugs and carpets, splendid tiles and ornamental metal work that merit a close inspection.

In their desire to remove "idols" from places of worship and to avoid every appearance of what they consider idolatry, the Moslems permit no "images" or suggestion of the human form within the confines of their mosques. They consider these places of worship chaste and pure, altho the western visitor is likely to hold a different opinion after he has visited some of them and observed the behavior of worshipers.

Let us begin our journey to the mosques by visiting first the oldest building of the kind in Egypt, the Mosque of Amr, which also will take us on a pleasant excursion to Old Cairo, otherwise known as Fustat, the capital of the Caliphs. This city was built on the ancient Roman fortress and received its name from the *tent* used



DICTATING A LOVE LETTER,
EGYPTIAN STYLE



THE MOSQUE OF EL MOUAYYAD ADORNS ONE OF CAIRO'S
BUSY THOROUGHFARES

when the Caliph's general was making the siege. Here we shall find an unspoiled patch of Oriental life, surrounding several mosques and churches. It brings us again to the banks of the Nile, and across the river the Pyramids at Gizeh seem not far away. In fact, before we visit other scenes, let us leave the automobile or carriage, go aboard a small ferry, and let an old man row us across to the romantic island of Rhoda, where tradition has it that Moses was discovered floating in his ark of bulrushes when the daughter of Pharaoh was bathing in the river. There is nothing whatever to prove this report, but the mounds along the river bank indicate that the royal family may have had their dwellings in this locality, and it has appealed to the imagination of recent generations to assume that the princess would have bathed at this romantic shore.

Arrived on the island, we walk through the trees and shrubs of an ancient garden that flourishes luxuriantly in the brown mud of the river. At the end of the garden is the celebrated Nilometer that registers the depth of the water in the river—an important matter to the Egyptians, whose prosperity or famine depends upon the water that flows down from the south and moistens the fields upon which rain seldom falls. There is a difference of about twenty-five feet between the highest rise and the lowest fall of the river at Cairo. The first Nilometer at Rhoda is said to have been built by order of the Caliph Suleiman at the beginning of the eighth century. Some of the inscriptions on the present structure give thanks for the waters sent from heaven in years long past. In fact, the inscriptions and pictorial records on many of the monuments suggest the ancient belief that the Nile, source of Egypt's prosperity, obtained its life-giving waters direct from the gods—in that mysteri-



TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS, CAIRO
Entrance to one of the most interesting cemeteries in the world

MOSQUES AND BAZARS

ous region of interior Africa, concerning which little or nothing was known. When the ancient gods were pleased, there was a Nile flood, consequently a fine harvest; when they were angry, they must be appeased (even with human sacrifice) before the high waters would come again.

The Mosque of Amr cannot be called beautiful: it is a big,



ALL WHO ENTER AL-AZHAR, THE MOSLEM SEAT OF
LEARNING, MUST REMOVE THEIR SHOES
AT THE DOOR

dusty quadrangle, surrounded by antique columns. Its foundations were laid in A. D. 643. The land was given by the conquerors of the fortress. The building contains 366 pillars, and in the northeast corner is the tomb of Abdullah, the son of Amr.

We visit the Coptic church of Mar Mina, built in honor of Saint Menas, who is said to have suffered martyrdom at

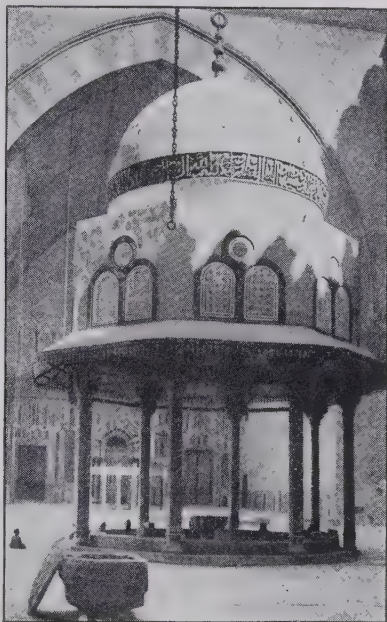


MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASEN, BUILT OF STONE TAKEN
FROM THE PYRAMIDS

Alexandria. It contains some interesting pictures and an ancient candelabrum in the shape of winged dragons, with seventeen sockets for lighted tapers. The church of Abu Sargah is very old and contains a gallery, where it is likely the women sat during service in the older days. The pulpit is made of rose-wood, inlaid with designs of ebony and ivory, and there is an unusually fine ebony screen that shows delicate carvings of religious subjects. The attendant takes us into the crypt and shows us the identical chamber where,

tradition has it, the Virgin and her Son remained in hiding after their flight to Egypt. Beside this church, until recently, stood the Jewish synagog, which formerly was a Coptic church dedicated to St. Michael. It was said to contain a copy of the Law written by Ezra. The building collapsed in 1888. To the south of Abu Sargah is the church dedicated to the Virgin, and known as El Mualakah, or the Hanging Church of Babylon, because it is built high up into one of the Roman gateways of the ancient fortress. The pulpit is of ebony and ivory, and a wooden casket contains the bones of four saints.

The number of mosques that we visit depends upon the time at our disposal in Cairo and our interest in them. One



INTERIOR OF SULTAN HASAN
MOSQUE

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

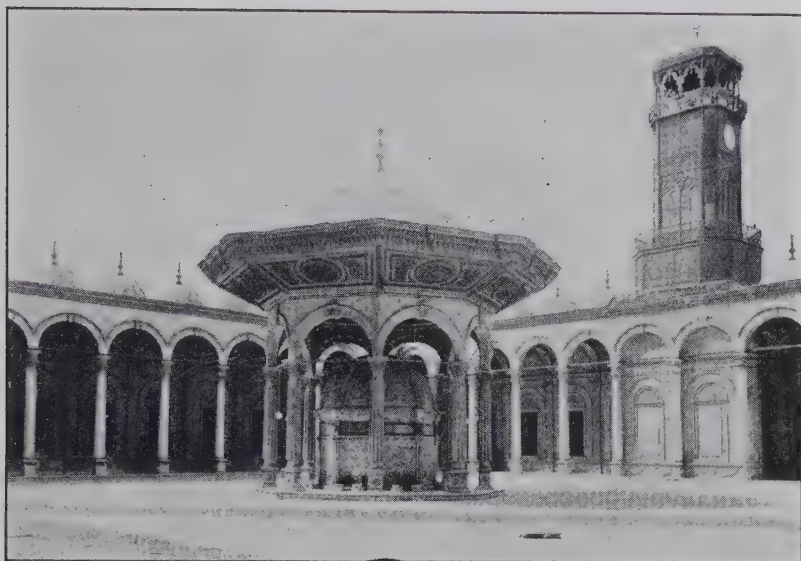
is much like the others; but there are a few of outstanding interest, either historically or architecturally. For example, one should be certain to visit the Mosque of Al-Azhar, which dates from the tenth century, and which is the principal seat of learning of the Mohammedan world. Usually, there are from seven to nine thousand students at this university, which has none of the appearance of a western institution of the same kind. The mosque has six gates, and one of these, the Gate of the Barbers, is the chief entrance.

The last time I was here (and it was much the same on several previous visits) large sandals were tied over my shoes as soon as I left the automobile. Loitering old men or boys gladly perform this service for a small fee. Upon entering, I passed under the thick arches of the gate and almost



HOLY MAN AT THE DOOR OF
CITADEL MOSQUE, CAIRO

immediately came into the vast court, the ceiling of which is supported by 380 pillars of various kinds of stone, some of which have the appearance of being very old. The air was filled with a humming sound, not unlike that of bees or of "static" on the radio. Scattered over the vast enclosure were groups of men and boys. Teachers sat in the middle of the groups, and pupils were circled around them, some squatting, others flat on their stomachs, and still others on their backs. They were "re-



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AT CAIRO

citing"—that is, they were repeating passages from the Koran, which is the principal subject taught. Some of the boys were fast asleep; but this brought no rebuke from the instructors, and fellow-pupils paid no attention to them, but continued to intone the "lessons" of the day, sometimes slightly swaying their heads and bodies. Here were representatives of the entire Moslem world—young fellows with ebony complexions and long, kinky hair, from the African interior; Arabs, Turks, and boys whose faces betrayed their Asiatic origin. The foreign "infidel," who enters here, will meet with no signs of hostility; but there will be no evidence of cordiality. On the contrary, visitors are ignored by teachers and pupils alike, and should conduct themselves accordingly, making no audible comments and not engaging in conversation. It is a school, tho, from the western point of view, the occupants of the place conduct themselves in



CAIRO'S CITADEL AND ONE OF THE CITY'S FINEST MOSQUES,
SEEN FROM MOKATTAM HILL

an undignified manner; but to the Moslem, Al-Azhar is a holy spot and the visitor should not forget that this is so.

The Mosque of Sultan Hasan, built of stone taken from the Pyramids at Gizeh, across the river, is close to the Citadel and usually is considered the finest in Cairo. The legend persists that when it was completed, in the fourteenth century, the architect's hands were cut off to prevent him from duplicating the work elsewhere. A similar legend exists in regard to many beautiful buildings in various parts of the world. Sometimes it undergoes a slight variation and we hear of other tortures, such as blinding or even death itself, which is not particularly encouraging to architects to realize their dreams in stone. The mosque contains Hasan's tomb. In the court are two fountains, which formerly were used, one by the Egyptians and the other by the Turks.

The Moslem considers prayer the key to Paradise, and the pious Mohammedan prays at least five times a day: between daybreak and sunrise; in the early afternoon; in the afternoon before sunset; after sunset; and before what is termed the first watch of the night, which is before retiring. Mohammed; the Prophet, is said to have declared that "the



A LONE WORSHIPER IN THE CITADEL MOSQUE

practise of religion is founded on cleanliness," so before prayer, a Moslem washes his hands, mouth, nostrils, face and arms three times, and then the upper part of the head, the beard, ears, neck and feet, each once. Sometimes this ceremonial cleansing seems theoretical rather than practical, and when in the desert, where there is no water, sand is used and the worshiper merely goes through the motions of bathing. It is for the ablutions before prayer, however, that all mosques are equipped with fountains, and these have been



HIS TWO WIVES ARE DANCERS
AND WEAR NO VEILS

the inspiration for many beautiful works of art.

The Mosque of Al-Hasanen, named for Hasan and Husen, the sons of Ali, who married the daughter of the Prophet, is said to contain the head of Husen, who was slain in 680 A. D. The head was preserved at Damascus until it was brought to Cairo, and it is held in great veneration.

Practically all the mosques of Cairo are interesting; but instead of undertaking to see

a large number of them, it is preferable to visit a few when you find yourself in their neighborhood. They are scattered through all parts of the city, and the call of the Muezzin from the balcony of a minaret may be heard everywhere, summoning believers to prayer, much as bells announce the hours for worship in Christian churches.

One of our most interesting excursions in Cairo will be the drive to the Citadel, the beautiful heights that overlook the city and the desert. Here we look out upon the winding Nile, leading to the mysterious interior of Africa; the Pyramids, scattered along the west bank for many miles, and the tombs of the Mamelukes and Caliphs—one of the most interesting cemeteries in the world. The Citadel itself is a mighty fortress constructed by Saladin in the twelfth century and frequently restored and embellished by later conquerors or monarchs. The stone for the gigantic structure atop the

hill was taken from the Pyramids at Gizeh, which have been a quarry of dressed stone for so many of the structures of comparatively modern times.

As we enter, we pass through the celebrated gate known as the Bab-el-Azub, and we should pause long enough to recall the sensational event that transpired here—one that has gone through the pages of history and caused all generations to marvel. This is the gate that suddenly was closed upon the Mamelukes and accomplished their destruction. They were invited to a grand reception at the Citadel by Mehemet Ali and responded to a man. It was the understanding that after the banquet they would be permitted to parade through the city. As they were about to leave, however, the gate was closed and 460 of them were slaughtered. There is a legend that only one man escaped, and that he drove his horse over the wall bordering the precipice and galloped off



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF EL MOUAYAD, CAIRO

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

to Syria. Guides, who are well aware of the visitor's interest in such stories, point to the "exact spot" from which he plunged over the wall. The main facts of the story are accepted as authentic by most of the serious historians, who concede that all the Mamelukes were killed during a single day or night at the Citadel; and many of them are inclined to accept the tradition that one escaped on his horse, altho nothing was heard from him later.

The magnificent Mosque of Mehemet Ali seems to be a huge structure of alabaster. Architects and artists have criticized it for being too ornate and flashy; but it will be of great interest to the visitor, with its lamps hung on hoops, its Turkey carpet instead of mats, and the "holy men" that are likely to be encountered around the entrance, waiting for contributions from all who enter.

This "holy" fraternity will be quite incomprehensible to the Westerner, who visits the East for the first time. One



PHARAOH'S GARDEN, NEAR CAIRO

who does not understand the Moslem temperament might be inclined to consider these men impostors; but the Mohammedans gladly respond to their incessant appeals for alms, and some of them doubtless acquire small fortunes by dressing in rags, sitting in one spot for years, or continuously chanting that "there is no God but Allah." Even neglecting the body and allowing it to become filthy is held by them

to be a pious act, and one may see Moslems endeavoring to touch men who are known to have remained unwashed during a period of twenty or thirty years, at least, and placing coins in their outstretched palms. Some years ago a man gained a reputation throughout Egypt because he sat for over twenty years beneath a certain palm tree and prayed. Others look straight at the sun from dawn until sunset. Still others, popularly called "barking dervishes," repeat the word "Hu," meaning He,



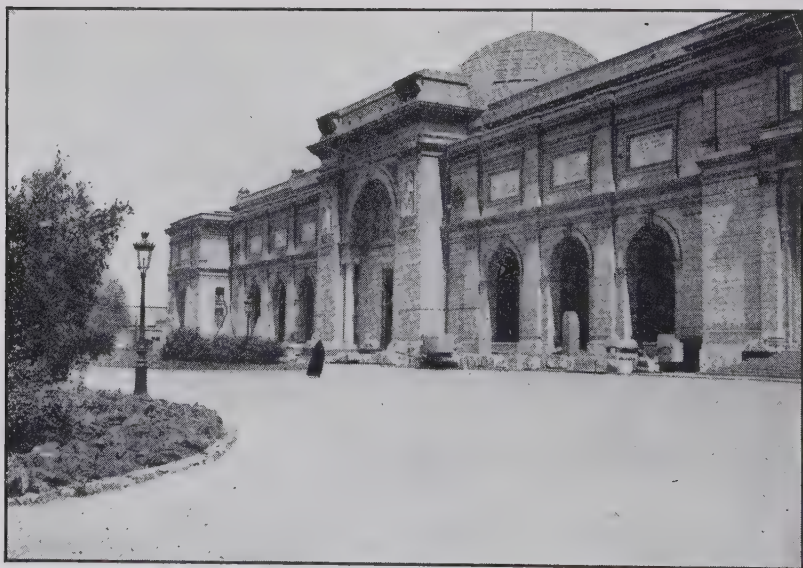
VIEW FROM A MOSQUE WINDOW

or God, continuously for months and years. Some have crept to the birthplace or tombs of Moslem saints, or literally dragged their bodies, lying flat on their stomachs, over long stretches of desert, coming back to the cities to become objects of devotion.

Strangest of all the dervishes I have seen at Cairo are the dancers or whirlers. The people seem to consider them as monks or priests, altho I was told that they live in their own homes with their wives and children and take part in the religious orgy only on Friday afternoons. They assemble in an auditorium provided with what we should call a dancing floor. As they arrive, they put on what appear to be voluminous white skirts that hang from the armpits. Musicians—flute and cymbal players—begin what seems to be Persian or

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Turkish music, and the dervishes begin to whirl slowly and move in a huge circle around the room. The music increases in tempo and volume, and the dancers accelerate their steps until they are literally spinning, and their white garments fly into the air like animated umbrellas. If one of the devotees shows an inclination to slacken speed, there is a *deacon* to slap him upon the shoulder and remind him of his task, and he starts whirling more rapidly. This continues for what seems an incredible length of time. The dancers pant and groan the name of Allah. Some of them have staring eyes, and their mouths are wide open. Still they keep up the mad whirling, until they fall from exhaustion. When I witnessed the spectacle, one whirling dervish fell to the floor and emitted a gurgling sound, while white foam came from his mouth. He seemed an object of particular



MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, WHERE THE TREASURES
FROM TUT-ANKH-AMEN'S TOMB ARE PRESERVED

reverence, and members of the congregation approached and touched him for his "blessing." I saw a mother hold out her infant so that it leaned against the man's body, presumably for the good fortune that it would acquire as a result of the contact.

Another of the most interesting excursions in Cairo is that to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, and at least half a day should be spent there by all visitors to the capital city. If no journey is to be made "up the river," here is the place to visit ancient Egypt and to see the contents of one of the most interesting storehouses on earth. What we know of the ancient Egyptians has been learned from their tombs, and the contents of the best of them have been preserved here. One could spend many profitable days in this museum, viewing the mummies, the monuments, jewelry, statues and intimate objects that reveal the daily life of a people whose culture in the early days of the world's civilization has been a marvel of all centuries following. There are many objects here that are not duplicated in other museums of the world. Particular attention should be paid to the mummies of Seti I and Rameses II, two of Egypt's greatest kings, wonderfully preserved. A hall is devoted to the vast treasure recently



ANCIENT OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS
DESCRIBED BY HERODOTUS



EGYPTIAN WATER CARRIERS

discovered in the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, the boy King, who died at one of the periods of Egypt's greatest wealth and influence.

The mummy of Tut-ankh-Amen is still in its tomb, far up the Nile in the desolate Valley of the Kings; but the superb collection of artistic articles found with his body is now the most popular attraction of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. Nine out of every ten tourists, we are told, ask first for

the room containing the treasure of King Tut, and when they gaze upon those golden objects they are not disappointed. So precious are these mortuary relics of 3,000 years ago that the guards allow only twenty-five visitors in the room at one time. As a correspondent recently wrote, one's first overwhelming impression is of gold. Tut-ankh-Amen's death mask is of solid gold. The inner coffin is heavy with gold, and the outer coffin is a glittering, gold incrustated frame. Four little bright-eyed wooden goddesses, painted in gold from top to toe, seem to dominate the room. Ornaments and implements everywhere are of gold. You seem to have strayed into Golconda. And this is only one much-advertised room in the museum.

The carving and artistry revealed in many of these objects of remote antiquity are amazing when considered from any viewpoint. Owing to the climatic conditions and

MOSQUES AND BAZARS

their long burial in a dry rock-hewn tomb, many of them seem to be in the exact condition and colors of that day when they left their maker's hands. Everyone should see the amazing collection of ancient jewelry, the enamel, gold work, papyri, war chariots, chests, and the paintings from tomb-walls that reveal the religious beliefs of the people and their ideas in regard to the future life. It always should be recalled that the ancient Egyptians believed in the life after death. All the ornate tomb decorations, the funereal furniture and the ceremonies of burial had this end in view. Many of the articles were placed with the mummy, either to contribute to the comfort of the deceased, or to assure a recognition of the importance of his position during the worldly existence. This collection covers a period reaching back to at least 6500 B. C., and is rich in objects of all epochs up to the end of Roman rule in the country.



A GNARLED SYCAMORE NEAR CAIRO, UNDER WHICH THE
VIRGIN MARY IS SAID TO HAVE RESTED

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

The Arab Museum also repays a visit. It is in Saracenic style and contains a fine collection of Oriental tiles, as well as some ancient copies of the Koran that were executed for Egyptian and Persian rulers.

Not far from the Citadel, we shall find much to interest us in the splendid Tombs of the Mamelukes and Caliphs. This group of buildings, stretching from Cairo to the eastern desert, has been called one of the most remarkable cemeteries on earth. It will be impracticable to visit many of the tombs, so it is best to see at leisure the typical one of Kait Bey, which has splendid decorations and an exterior that reminds us of a castle in Europe.

While out here, we are likely to witness a Moslem funeral, which may be as spectacular as any of the wedding or other ceremonial parades that we have seen in the city. The body is borne on a bier by friends of the deceased—at least, in theory. The bier is shaped like a coffin, with a horn at one end, all covered with a shawl. The women are allowed to follow in the procession, and usually there are many hired mourners, who prove to be highly emotional along the route to the grave. One hears a chanted dirge, and there may be camels bearing loaves of bread for distribution to the poor. Except for the presence of the cross, Coptic funerals are likely to be much like those of the Moslems. In elaborate funeral processions, six blind men are engaged to walk slowly and chant: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God!" At the grave, a prayer is read, beseeching the mercy of God, and the body is deposited in a brick-lined grave, which is sufficiently high to permit the body to sit upright when it is being examined by the angels Munkar and Nakir. On a headstone are inscribed the name of the deceased, the dates of birth and death, and a passage from the Koran.

We may enjoy an automobile ride out to Heliopolis, which has become a fashionable suburb for the residences of wealthy Cairo merchants. Our main interest will not be in these fine homes, perhaps; but Heliopolis has had a wonderful history that we should recall when we see the place, altho there is practically nothing to remind us of its ancient glory. The university of Egypt was here until the Ptolomies transferred its teachers to Alexandria; it was something like the celebrated monasteries of Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries, which diffused culture and learning throughout Europe. Heliopolis was the seat of knowledge of the ancient world, and celebrated scholars from all countries visited it. Pythagoras and Plato came here for study and consultation with the priests. Probably it was a celebrated city even in Joseph's day, for when the Pharaoh sought to honor Joseph, he gave him the daughter of the High Priest of On as his wife. Strabo records that he visited the city in the reign of Augustus. So far as Egypt is concerned, however, it died young, and the ancient obelisk is about the only authentic souvenir of its past that remains. This was one of a pair that stood in front of a temple of Usertesen I, and was standing when Herodotus visited the city. For a long time there was a tree here that was held in great veneration, the legend being that the Virgin stopped in its shade during the flight from Palestine, and here washed the clothing of the infant Jesus. The tree blew down during a windstorm in the last century and has not been replaced, altho it was said to be the second or third sycamore that had enjoyed the distinction of being the *identical* tree of the legend.

IV UP THE STORIED NILE



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW THUS HAVE PLAYED ON THE RUINS
OF ANCIENT THEBES FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS

IV

UP THE STORIED NILE

WE travel up the Nile with the ease and luxury of a summer afternoon on the veranda in a rocking-chair heaped with pillows. We are waited upon by a troupe of servants, whose only thought seems to be our comfort. The *dababiyeh*, upon which we are to live for one month, is something finer than a house-boat and more luxurious than the usual steamship. We are attended by a crew of about twenty men and boys, some of whom seem to have only slightly more labor than we do, as we sit on the spacious decks and go floating back into six thousand years of history. It is rather amusing to consider the assignment of these men to their various duties. When it was observed that I had considerable writing to do—at least that I usually had a notebook and pencil when sitting on deck—a big black boy took his place not far away and had instructions to fan me, when I desired to be fanned, or to brush away the flies that might bother me. Several others had equally strenuous duties to perform.

Our captain is a tall, ebony-hued gentleman from Nubia, who is known as the Reis, and whose word is law. He squats upon a large box near the bow and points a long, black, bony finger to indicate to his men the course to be taken by the boat, for treacherous sands are lurking beneath the surface of the water. This pompous and important individual, we are told, receives a salary of seventy-five cents a day for his

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

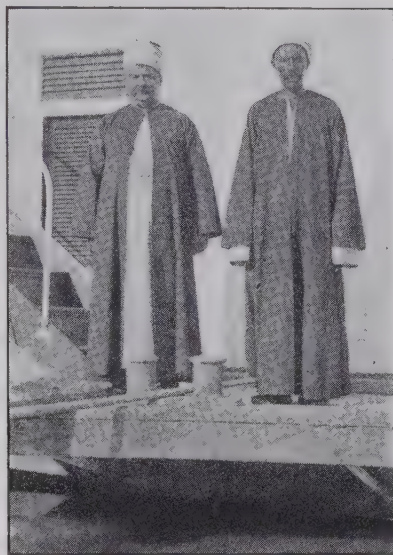
labor and knowledge of the river; and later we learn that with this amount of money he supports a household with four wives.

Never was there a happier crew than ours. Everything they do is to the accompaniment of a weird chant, calling upon Allah and the prophets to aid them in their work. Perhaps this custom of chanting dates back to a period before the beginning of recorded history; certainly the crew would not think of attempting any kind of work without the assistance of their song, which is as important as their muscles or the brain that controls them. Their singing is the last thing we hear at night; and in the morning, from behind the white mosquito net where we sleep, we hear them, and looking through the white veil which separates us, see a slowly moving line of black figures pulling up the stakes and making ready for our departure.



THE DAHABIYEH "SETI," IN WHICH WE ARE TO VOYAGE UP THE NILE

We have electric lights, ice; turkeys and apples from Smyrna; oranges and figs from Damascus; milk from England; butter from Denmark; cheese from France and Holland; several kinds of bottled waters from German spas; and various kinds of canned fruit from California. Our dining room is cooled by electric fans, lighted on three sides by large windows during the day, and by electric light at night. From these windows, as from the open deck, we



DRAGOMAN AND HOUSEBOAT
CAPTAIN

survey the constantly changing scene of the Nile panorama and obtain a fine impression of the country and its interesting inhabitants far away from the cities and towns. Every meal is a sumptuous banquet, arranged for us by our dragoman, made tempting by our chef and his assistant, and served by capable and well trained waiters. On the spacious deck of the steamer, there are big wicker couches with innumerable cushions, Turkish rugs, and fly-switchers. In addition, we have a well-stocked library and flowers scattered about promiscuously. Thus equipped, we are ready for a journey up the Nile, which knows no schedule and is to be regulated to please ourselves. Here is luxury and comfort of a sort that is unknown in the Near East; but it is quite the customary thing for Europeans and Americans who can afford it and occasions no surprise here. For the tourist who has

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

never done it before, it is a pleasing experience, and one long to be remembered. The climate in Egypt is enervating during a greater part of the year, and one welcomes what might be considered extravagant comforts when they contribute to a saving of physical energy.

We float along the ancient river in the daytime, and the bow of the *dahabiyeh* is run to the banks when we indicate that we would like an excursion ashore; then, at sunset, we moor for the night and come into closer contact with the native life of the country than would be possible if we traveled by train. The trains are well equipped, however, and none should miss even a quick trip from Cairo to Luxor, which affords at least a glimpse of some of the most massive and eloquent ruins of the ancient land. But the ruins of Thebes are only a part of the joys that await one who travels by boat. It is better to approach them as the ancients



MR. NEWMAN AND MR. ARCHIE BELL ON THE DAHABIYEH'S DECK



HEAVILY LADEN NILE BOATS AGROUND ON A SANDBAR

did, and to view from the water the remains of the civilization that flourished so many centuries ago along this life-giving stream, which is still as important to-day as it was when mankind was first adapting himself to the earth.

If time at Cairo permits, it is an interesting excursion from the capital city to the other pyramids that dot the western bank of the Nile for many miles, and to the site of ancient Memphis, where there is comparatively little remaining to speak of its ancient grandeur. A few souvenirs of the glorious past, however, make the visit worth while: for example, the colossal statue of Rameses II, which was rescued recently from the Nile mud, and which probably stood in front of the Temple of Ptah. It is made of one huge block of limestone and measures about forty-two feet in height. In its vicinity we may visit many interesting tombs of the ancient Empire



NATIVES WORKING A SHADOOF
FOR IRRIGATION

and the mausoleums of Apis, the sacred bull worshiped by the Egyptians. According to Herodotus, this early object of worship was "the calf of a cow incapable of conceiving another offspring" and the result of a bolt of lightning—corresponding to a more modern belief in the *immaculate* conception found in the creeds, for example, of Buddhism and Christianity. The oldest sarcophagus here dates from about 1450 B. C., and what

is known as the New Gallery alone contains sixty-four vaults. The native tablets on the tombs of the bulls record the name of the King who was contemporary with the object of veneration.

Before we begin to explore the ruins along the banks of the river, however, we are fascinated by the life of the present-day Egyptians, who form the population in the mud-villages. We find that the most primitive methods make up the album of life. Water is still taken from the Nile, as it has been for thousands of years, by countless *shadoofs* and *sakiyehs*, and the village girl with her jar. The *sakiyeh* consists of an endless chain of earthen jars connected with an upright wheel, which is turned by a camel, a bullock, a water buffalo or a donkey. The *shadoof* is operated by the brown-skinned natives, who lift the water from one level to another in a bucket of goat-skin, which is balanced on a long pole

by a heavy ball of mud. The water is dumped into a trench at a higher level, and another man by the same process lifts it still higher, until the top of the bank is reached and a narrow stream flows over the parched fields. One pities these shadoof-boys as they toil from dawn until sunset in the parching sun; but apparently the sympathy is wasted. They are a happy lot, singing at their work; and sometimes long after the sun has disappeared in the west, one hears the distant singing of the boys returning from their labor. It is a melancholy chant or dirge; but, as usual, the dragoman has assured me that they are singing about love—which they have never known, but which they hope will be experienced later in life. He makes the inquiry, which we are to hear repeated so frequently: "What besides love counts for anything?"



THE CAMEL, HAVING HAD ITS DRINK FOR THE WEEK,
IS NOT INTERESTED



PRAYER TIME IN THE DESERT AT THE TOMB OF THE SHEIK

In the evening the draped figures of numberless women approach the river bank and fill their heavy jugs, which they raise laboriously to their heads, then skip up the banks and disappear in the darkness of the night.

Carrying water for household purposes is said by Egyptians to be women's work; but in the early morning, thousands of men come to the Nile with pig-skins and goat-skins to be filled with water and used for sprinkling streets or for commercial purposes. A skin filled with water is very heavy, yet mere boys are employed for this kind of labor, which is poorly paid for, the men earning about fifty cents a day, the boys rarely more than twenty cents. Doubtless, this is one of the oldest occupations of mankind that survive in their ancient form. It is likely that men were carrying water from the Nile in the skins of animals in pre-historic times, leaning far forward as they climbed the banks, on account of the heavy burden, as they do to-day—bringing drink to the thirsty, who were attempting to adapt themselves to conditions in the valley now believed by many to have been the "cradle" of the human race.

If we have visited Memphis during our sojourn at Cairo, it is likely that our first landfall will be the small city of Minieh, which boasts about thirty thousand inhabitants. Our *dababiyeh* is moored to the bank just before sunset, and the people seem to be unaware of our arrival; but there is considerable curiosity concerning us the next morning, when the news has circulated around the town that strangers have spent the night at what might be called the water-gate and are still visible to all who care to see them—visitors who have pale, white skins, and who wear peculiar hats, gloves, shoes and clothing! And, among them, women so shameless as to make no attempt to conceal their faces from the public

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

view! This latter scandal was much more shocking to the natives in the older day than it is now.

Minieh rarely is visited by tourists. When darkness falls, the sounds of the city cease and all is quiet—all but the plaintive lay of a piper, who is somewhere on the bank of the river, not far off; and his playing sounds not unlike the love-song of Larvi of Beni-Mora in "The Garden of Allah." It is drowsy and monotonous, and invokes sleep; and with the strains of the weird music in our ears, we are lulled to sleep. In the morning, we are awakened by the curious chanting of the crew, who want to let us know that a new day has begun and that donkeys are awaiting us for a tour of the streets of Minieh. Climbing up the river bank, we are soon in streets thronged with strange-looking men, donkeys and camels. We are attracted by the bazars or shops, many of which have the general appearance of structures of mud—others smeared

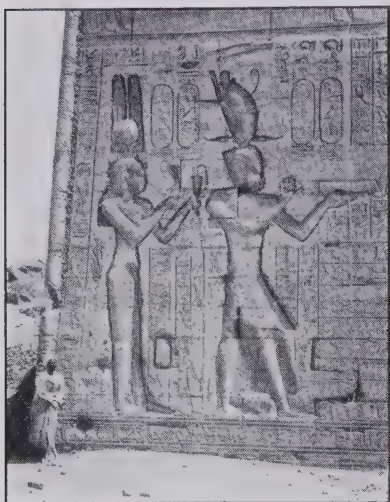


WATER BUFFALOES IN A MUD VILLAGE ALONG THE NILE

with brilliant colors or crude paintings, which attempt to depict the events in the Mecca pilgrimage—all grouped about a central quadrangle like the plaza of a Spanish city, the center of life and the loitering-place for the inhabitants. When we attempt to make a purchase, we are offered an article for one dollar; it would be dear at fifty cents, the dragoon tells us. Following the Oriental custom, therefore, we bargain with the shopkeeper, and finally pay fifty per cent more than a native would be charged for the same thing.

The townspeople exhibit what ought to be called local pride and also a desire to entertain us. We are asked to take stools in the public square, and the crowd gathers around us as a young magician is presented. Doubtless his friends and acquaintances have seen him perform the same tricks scores of times; but they appear to be enthusiastic, and naturally want to observe the effect of his entertainment upon strangers. And it is easy to become interested, for the boy is a marvel in his particular line, and with very primitive accessories, some of which probably are of his own manufacture, he succeeds in mystifying us.

On the occasion when I first saw this performance, the young magician took a small rabbit from his canvas bag, placed it on the palm of his hand, and slowly squeezed it with the palm of the other hand—and the rabbit disappeared! Remember that we were watching him closely, that he was in the street, not on a stage, and that he wore no clothing but a loin-cloth, making it impossible to hide the animal about his person. We applauded and rewarded him with a few small coins. This pleased the others, and we soon knew a primitive effort at hospitality that was unexpected. Merchants offered us cool drinks of red sirup and lemonade; fan-makers and rug merchants displayed their wares, and swore by their an-



CLEOPATRA AND PTOLEMY XVI

cestors that they would gladly accept half of their value, if we cared to make purchases. We spent a pleasant day in this fashion, and the bank of the river swarmed with people when we went aboard the *dahabiyeh* for the night.

Before daylight the next morning, the house-boat is again on its way up the Nile, and when we come on deck, shortly after six, we appear with radiant faces expecting

to settle down on our wicker couches to look at the ever-changing banks of the river; but instead of gliding upstream at the rate of eight miles an hour, as we anticipated, we are stranded high and dry on a sand-bar, and everyone, including our bedroom boys, dining-room stewards and even the dragoman, is armed with a pole, trying to push the boat off the mud-bank. A long delay is certain, so we go ashore and visit a typical mud village.

While the cities of Egypt were the wonders of the ancient world and their architecture has not been excelled, it is likely that even in that day of splendor the bulk of the inhabitants lived in houses made from blocks of sun-baked mud, which probably was the chief building material when limestone or granite was not used. The descendants of those builders of pyramids, palaces and temples still live in huts of cane and straw, smeared with Nile mud. We recall the noble lineage of these people; to-day they seem the poorest of the poor.

UP THE STORIED NILE



TEMPLE OF DENDERA VIEWED FROM THE SHORE OF THE NILE



INNER COURT OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERA



RUINED GATEWAY, ONCE A PART OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERA

Their principal article of food is lentils, and we marvel how they live at all. Surely they cannot be as mild and meek as they seem, for their perserverance through the ages indicates that they possess resistance and courage, otherwise these dwellers in the mud villages would have passed away long ago.

The dragoman tells us that the town, where we await the successful crossing of the sandbar by the *dababiyeh*, is called El Mazata, and that dancing girls reside here. Desert dancing girls! Not the crude and vulgar imitators, who dwell in the cities and who twist and wriggle in the cheap cafés at night, while western tourists toss them coins and go away believing that they have seen what the novelists tell us delights the hearts of the weary members of caravans at night, when they rest from the day's journey beneath a parching sun. We visit the local Sheik, and after a lengthy argument convince

him that we are not English government officers come to arrest the dancers.

Experience has taught us that the magic word in Arabic, which removes all obstacles, is *baksheesh*, which translated into English denotes a gift. This was the universal language that we spoke to him, and he accepted our coins with a grunt



TEMPLE UNEARTHED BY EXCAVATORS AT DENDERA

of satisfaction; but we still had to satisfy a young man whose two wives, aged ten and twelve years, respectively, were the dancing girls of the village. For each wife \$1.50 was demanded by the husband, and this having been paid over to him and carefully counted, an open space was chosen. After the Sheik and the husband had been paid, the girls seemed to be of the opinion that they also should receive something. We were of the same opinion, but did not say so to them. The "admission" fee was already rather high, and we brought

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

this to the attention of the Sheik, who, strangely enough, was of the same opinion and evidently said as much, altho we were not particularly impressed by the manner in which he showed his authority.

It seemed that he was almost as weary of the negotiations as we were, and when the girls started for their mud hut—probably prompted by their husband—thus indicating that they declined to dance unless we made them a personal gift (which likewise, no doubt, would have been taken by the husband), the Sheik ran to them, grasped them rudely by the wrists, and fairly flung them into what was a sort of arena, because by this time the villagers had formed a circle to witness the dance for which we had paid.



A MUMMIED MOTHER AND CHILD OF ANCIENT EGYPT
The Egyptian authorities, we are told, intend to stop the exposure of such pathetic remains to the gaze of tourists



A FARMYARD AT LUXOR, WITH PIGEON HOUSES IN THE BACKGROUND

The Sheik gave the signal for the husband to start the music. He did so, and the girls wriggled and twisted in the manner made familiar to Americans through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, and imitated by all "Oriental" dancers on theatrical stages of the land since that time. The performance consisted of muscular gyrations that rattled the beads and spangles with which their costumes were adorned; it was not exactly our idea of a dance, but apparently it was the genuine article, appreciated and applauded by the villagers, even the irate young Sheik demonstrating his satisfaction by nods of approval, something as a connoisseur of wine would sit, glass in hand, and remark "that's good."

We stop at the city of Assiut, one of the regular points of interest for all up-the-river travelers, the chief magnet being what is known as the Hill of the Wolves, which lies

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

west of the town itself. Assiut is a typical Egyptian city, with its highly colored buildings, narrow, crowded streets, and minarets and towers. The Greeks called it Eycopolis or "Wolf City," probably because the jackal-headed Anubis was worshiped here. It has had a remarkable history, but the local records, unfortunately, have been destroyed; they were written in hieroglyphics on the stone walls, and many of these walls were destroyed years ago for the purpose of procuring the limestone for building purposes in the new city.

We mount donkeys and ride up the hill to where it appears that mummies are being mined. It is a gruesome sight; but it is illuminating, for we have not believed that so many Egyptian mummies existed in the world. The work of exhuming them is performed by prisoners, thirty or forty of whom we observe working at the entrance of one gigantic



NATIVE MARKET AT LUXOR, ON THE SITE OF VANISHED THEBES

tomb. The mummies are piled high, like cord-wood, around the entrance, and the men are toiling like ants or bees, constantly making the piles higher. It is certain that the tombs in this vicinity have been plundered for centuries, yet the supply seems inexhaustible; and after we have visited Assiut we are in a better condition to accept the estimate of the archeologists that more than seven hundred million bodies

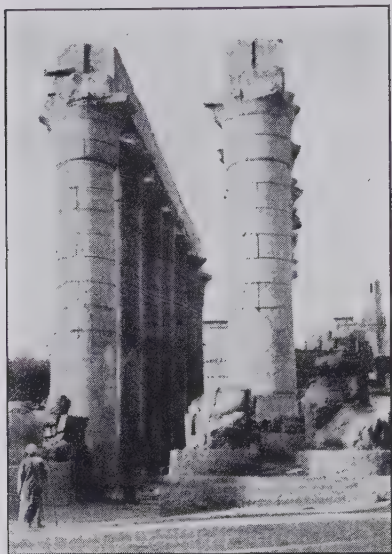


THE JOY OF LIVING AT LUXOR

were mummified in Egypt during the four to five thousand years in which the practise was followed.

There is a barrage across the Nile at this point, which regulates the flow of water by canal to a vast district of Middle Egypt, about two hundred miles inland.

Our next important stop along the river has brought us to the site of the great Temple at Dendera, which is likewise one of the best-preserved relics of its kind in the country. It stands upon a mound of brown earth, and only a few years ago was completely covered by debris and rubbish that had



COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE
AT LUXOR

accumulated throughout the ages. In fact, when the modern explorers began to uncover it, a mud village had been built directly over the temple roof. The débris has been removed, under the direction of experts, and the majestic building is as beautiful to-day as it was in that far-away time when the goddess Hathor was worshiped here with elaborate ceremonial and stately processions of priests and devotees.

Entering the main portal, we pass to several great halls, lighted by apertures in the wall. Here were performed the mysterious rites, of which we know comparatively nothing. We carry candles, and even in the gloom discern wonderful sculptures and paintings on the walls. The figures gesticulate to one another, dumbly motioning what they cannot say.

We enter the dark sanctuary, which the inscriptions call "the hidden secret chambers," and by the light of tapers see the "holy of holies," to which even the King was admitted only once a year—the celebration of the festival of the New Year. Here were kept the sacred boats, and the images of the gods and the reliefs on the walls indicate the rites required of the monarch at the time of his annual visit, as well as the character of his sacrifice. Stairways lead to the roof of the temple, and we like to think of the processions that have moved toward the light, particularly during the festi-



HALL OF COLUMNS IN THE GREAT TEMPLE AT KARNAK

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

val. The decorations along the way show Hathor and her associate gods taking part in the festivity.

From the roof we obtain a fine panoramic view of the Nile Valley, of the serpentine waterway that we have followed, and that is to take us into Upper Egypt. A walk around the temple is made particularly interesting by the large "portraits" of Cleopatra and her son, Cæsarion, whose father was Julius Cæsar. The faces are conventional sculptures, no attempt having been made, apparently, to reproduce a resemblance to the royal features.

Poor Hathor, the Goddess of Love! She, to whom this temple was dedicated, has had her day and is worshiped no more! She seems to nod and smile in the paintings, but her vogue has passed. No longer can she fascinate men. She has found—if she did not always know—that mankind is fickle; even beautiful gifts, monuments like this temple, are pledged



AT KARNAK, ON THE SITE OF WHAT WAS ONCE THE WORLD'S
MOST WONDERFUL CITY

as a symbol of eternal devotion, but to-day they seem to have been only flattery for the purpose of enticing favors. The strangers came, and as they called her by new names, such as Venus and Aphrodite, her own people seemed to forget. They passed on to other gods. Perhaps Hathor would have preferred to remain covered from the world; perhaps not, for she still smiles, intoxicates and entices, and so the excavators are apparently catering to her whim.



SEATED STATUE WITH LION'S FACE

Camels passing back and forth with loads of débris indicate that the excavators have not yet finished their task. Perhaps further discoveries will be made which will add greater luster to the glory of the goddess.

As we penetrate farther into Upper Egypt, we become more and more interested in the agriculture of the country. In Roman times, wheat was the great export crop; to-day, cotton and sugar take its place. Little or no machinery is used by the fellaheen. They still prefer a stick instead of a plow, and employ camels, bullocks and water buffalo instead of horses. These laborers in the fields are very poor, but as in America, Egypt has its gentlemen farmers, rich men who own large tracts of land, but who live in the cities. We are invited to be the guests of the Egyptian owner of what is said to be the largest farm of its kind in the country. At the



STATUES AT THE ENTRANCE TO A RUINED TEMPLE, KARNAK

farm of the Bey Elammary, we are astonished to see an enormous tract of land, irrigated by deep ditches, with fields of ripening grain, and with a large building set among palms. It is the property of our host, who politely asks us to enter a grove of date palms and sit on one of six or seven big sofas, over which Turkish rugs have been spread. The farm is like an open-air circus. Among the menagerie in the fields are camels, water-buffalos, bullocks, and donkeys, and at times the sky seems darkened by the flutter of thousands of pigeons.

At the time of my visit, the proprietor of this vast estate, tho a very prosperous farmer, could not have been called a progressive. There was system and order everywhere, showing that a master-mind directed all important affairs; but my host was not favorable to labor-saving devices of any kind. Rather, it appeared, he favored the patriarchal idea, and the old Egyptian methods and modes of life were good enough. The threshing, as in all Egypt, was done in the most primitive fashion, the same to-day as when Moses was in the land. The household consisted of a family of forty, besides at least fifty servants, and in the fields were more than six hundred laborers who made up the inhabitants of a village that bore the old gentleman's name. He had built a mosque and probably attempted to direct the spiritual lives of his men, at least by example. The dragoman told me that Elammary was "very good man, who prays almost all time, even when he is selling wheat or animals."

We arrive at the modern city of Luxor, situated over four hundred miles by river from Cairo, and quickly realize that spread out before us are the ruins of what doubtless was the most wonderful city of the ancient world. Here stood Thebes, extending to both sides of the river, and on the west

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

bank alone covering a vast plain upon which the city of Paris could be set down. Diodorus has written that Thebes was the most ancient city in Egypt, having been founded by Menes, the first King. Probably this is not correct; however, it was one of the oldest, and throughout the centuries, the rulers—whole dynasties—sought to enrich and embellish the metropolis. The fame of Thebes had reached Athens in Homer's time, and its hundred gates and twenty thousand chariots of war are mentioned in the "Iliad."

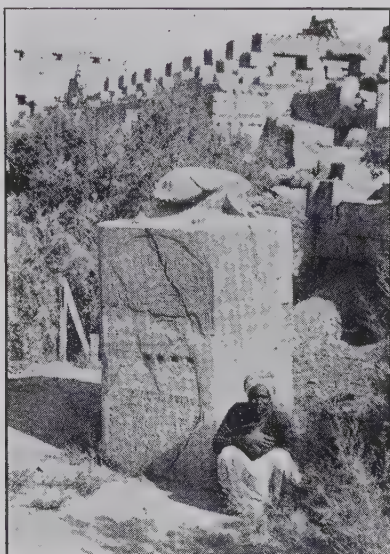
Because our *dababiyeh* is moored to the east bank of the river, it will be convenient to visit the Temple of Luxor first. Within the last fifty years, this magnificent structure was rescued from the rubbish and Nile mud that threatened to cover it; an embankment was built between it and the river, and it should remain as it is for centuries. It was built about



OBELISKS OF KARNAK REFLECTED IN THE SACRED LAKE

1450 B. C., and at the time may have been considered the most beautiful temple in Egypt. The obelisk, hewn out of fine Assuan granite, is one of a pair that stood before the pylon of the temple. And in front of the obelisks were six colossal statues of Rameses II, four standing and two seated.

Now we pass along what always has seemed to me to be the most majestic avenue on earth, a fitting approach to the buildings at Karnak, certainly the most wonderful of any in Egypt. This avenue is eighty feet wide and over six thousand feet long, each side ornamented with rows of colossal sphinxes. At one time, doubtless, the number of these huge stone carvings was five hundred; but many have been completely destroyed. Passing along this avenue, we arrive at the magnificent temple of Amen at Karnak, and enter the celebrated Hall of Columns. This great hall will be photographed in my brain as long as I have memory. Standing among those mighty columns, which radiate in avenues extending in every direction, we barely can realize that six men standing with extended arms, finger-tip to finger-tip, could exactly span any one of these gigantic pillars. No building can compare with it; the Pyramids are more stupendous, the Colosseum covers more ground, the Parthenon is more beautiful; yet in nobility of conception, in vastness of detail, in



GREAT SCARAB CARVED ON A
STONE AT KARNAK

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

majesty of the highest order, the Hall of Columns exceeds them all. The capitals, each carved in the semblance of a full-grown lotus, glow with undying colors, colors that are still fresh, tho laid on by hands that have been dust for three thousand years.

The dragoman suggests that we visit the "secret lake," and then adds that because of the heat it is an "impleasant day." His English, altho expressive, is at times mystifying, and it suddenly dawns on us that what he wants us to see is not a "secret lake" but a *sacred* lake, around which the funeral processions of ancient Egyptians marched three times before the mummified King was taken to his tomb, and where many ritualistic ceremonials were enacted at festival times. Some of them were symbolical representations of events in the lives of the gods, and the scholars now agree that costumes, gorgeous theatrical accessories, and splendid "stage management" must have made these events marvels of their kind and purpose. Whether they were observed by the people—even a certain privileged class—or reserved entirely for the priesthood and royalty, is uncertain. Perhaps, while the priests were engaging in these rites upon the sacred lake, similar but less mysterious spectacles were being enacted on the river, for the edification of the population assembled on the banks and in boats.

On the shore of the sacred or temple lake, there remains an enormous beetle or sacred scarab, carved in stone. To the Egyptians it was an emblem of good fortune, and even now the natives will not pass it without rubbing it with their foreheads and hands.

From the top of the great temple we look down upon an avenue of rams, which formerly extended to the banks of the Nile; but, as the river has receded, there is now a long

stretch of mud between the water and the beginning of the old gateway. It is a glorious experience to see these ruins on a moonlight night, to wander aimlessly among them, and in imagination to conjure the gorgeous scenes that must have been enacted within these walls. While many other Pharaohs had some share in adding to or adorning the temples dedicated to the god Ammon, we see everywhere enormous statues of Rameses the Great. He made sure that none would forget him when viewing the magnificent buildings constructed here.

Karnak cannot be summed up in a phrase or in many phrases; it cannot even be adequately described in few or many words. It is so stupendous that both pen and camera fail in an effort to do it justice; mere words are as ineffective as would be slender threads in the support of one of the massive columns.

V FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN



EXCAVATORS AT THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK

V

FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN

WE spend our days and nights upon the river, and its yellow waters are familiar as we look out from the deck at any time; but there is a new thrill each time that we board a small boat and launch out from the banks. This is particularly true as we prepare for our ride across the river from Luxor to the vast Plain of Thebes. Originally, it may have been designed as the Necropolis of the great city—which it remained—but, as the kings were buried in the western hills, temples were built for their worship. Stately memorials in stone were erected by succeeding rulers; libraries, groves in which the sacrificial animals were raised, barracks for soldiers, dwellings for the vast multitude engaged in work connected with the cemeteries—embalmers, painters, carpenters, stone-cutters, and all the artisans and artists engaged in the fabrication of mortuary articles. Then it became a vast city in itself, and the ruins, scattered over the plain, some of them miles apart, are among the most interesting and magnificent in Egypt, yet so extensive that only the specialist with much time can hope to gain more than a cursory glance at the chief structures.

Our rowers sing merrily—altho it sounds to us more like weird chanting—as we cross the stream and reach the western bank. Here there are no trams or taxis, and we mount waiting donkeys, whose drivers have anticipated our arrival.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

These so-called donkey-drivers seem more like urgers or tormentors. They trot along beside the stubborn animals and prod them with sticks, frequently striking them across the haunches with whips or small clubs, and the western visitor is annoyed by what appears to be extreme cruelty to animals, until he has come to know the Egyptian donkey; then, perhaps, he is more inclined to sympathize with the patient drivers, because a Theban donkey seems to respond only to this treatment—apparently expects it, and will move only when urged to do so in what may be considered a practical manner.

Even before we leave the boat, our eyes have been focused upon two tremendous stone figures, easily recognized as the Colossi of Memnon. They have suffered severely from time and are not to be considered for their artistic values; but they hold an almost uncanny fascination for all who see



THE CAPTAIN AND HIS "BOYS" AT THE STEERING WHEEL

FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN

them, just as they did in that far-away time when even powers of speech were attributed to them. They are said to represent Amenophis III, and they stood at the portals of a temple erected by that monarch. The temple has totally disappeared, and the fellaheen endeavor to cultivate small patches of grain close to the bases of the tremendous pedestals upon which the figures sit with hands upon their knees. The height of each figure is slightly over fifty feet, and the ped-



DONKEYS AT LUXOR ENJOYING THE SHELTER
ERECTED BY NEW YORK LADIES

estals raise them to sixty-nine feet. Presumably they were once adorned by tremendous crowns that made them much higher.

The figure to the north is the one that had the reputation of emitting a vocal sound at sunrise—a phenomenon mentioned by many ancient writers. Modern scientists have conceded that this may not have been a priestly trick, but may have been caused by the warm sunlight striking the

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

stone cooled by an Egyptian night, resulting in the breaking of sandy particles on the surface. On the bases of these statues we find that the fad (or mania) for leaving one's autograph in conspicuous places is of ancient origin. There are inscriptions in prose and verse recording the visits of ancient Greeks and of Latins from the reign of Nero to that of Hadrian. Nearly all of them record that they heard the musical sound. The Emperor Hadrian spent four days and nights here with a vast retinue, for the purpose of enjoying the phenomenon—considered the voice of the gods.

About fifteen minutes' ride from the Colossi, on the back of a hesitating donkey, brings us to the celebrated Rame-seum, which the ancient traveler and geographer, Strabo, describes as follows:

"At the entrance was a portico of vari-colored marble, in

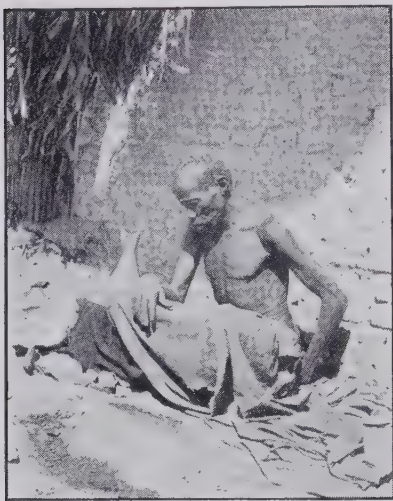


WHEN THE "SETI" RUNS AGROUND IT HAS PLENTY OF COMPANY



GRANITE STATUES BEFORE THE REMESEUM AT THEBES

length two hundred feet and in height five-and-forty cubits. Thence going forward, you come into a four-square stone gallery—every square being four hundred feet—supported by beasts instead of pillars, each animal being made of a hundred stones, sixteen cubits high, and carved after the antique manner. The roof was entirely of stone; each stone eight cubits broad, with an azure sky, bespangled with stars. Passing out of this peristylum, you enter into another portico, much like the former, but more curiously carved, and with more variety. At the entrance stand three statues, each of a single stone, the workmanship of Memnon of Sienitas. One of these, made in a sitting posture, is the greatest in all Egypt, the measure of each foot exceeding seven cubits; the statues standing, one on the right and the other on the left, are the daughter and mother. This piece is not only commendable for its greatness, but admirable for its cut and workmanship,



EGYPT'S IDEA OF A HOLY MAN

and the excellency of the stone. In so great a work there is not to be discerned the least flaw, or any other blemish."

About one-half mile from the Colossi is the magnificent Temple of Medinet Habu, in and around which a Christian village existed as early as the fifth century. Here is a splendid collection of buildings resembling a castle, the first to be reached being called the Pairlion of Rameses

III, in reality the entrance to the sacred enclosure, instead of the usual pylon of the ancient Egyptian temple. In the upper story of the "Pairlion" are numerous small halls and chambers, doubtless built for the accommodation of the King, the royal family and a numerous suite, when they came here to worship. There are evidences that the buildings, as they are seen to-day, are not so numerous as they were originally, and that outer structures were destroyed at an early date. The main building is approached through the first pylon, which shows the King before Ammon, grasping his enemies by the hair and hitting them with a club. Beyond this is an extensive colonnade, and we enter the great Hypostyle Hall, the roof of which is supported by twenty-four massive columns. So, on and on we go through veritable forests of carved stone, at length arriving at the fine temple within the temple, known as the Temple of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN

Finally it becomes mere enumeration to record the places visited, because there is a certain sameness in the architectural marvels. Buildings that cover acres of area might be similarly described; but it is impossible to visit all, or even half of them. In fact, it would take days or weeks to exhaust our interest in the structures of this locality. It will be necessary to select only a few; and naturally, these will be the ones that are most imposing, among which we must also include the Temple of Deir-el-Bahri, which was dedicated to Queen Hatasu. Nestling against the foot of a high mountain, it is of exquisite loveliness, rose-pink in color, as delicate and beautiful as was the Queen herself, if we are to believe descriptions handed down to us by contemporary sculptors. We are told, however, that she dressed as a man, and that she was represented as wearing men's clothes, a short apron and a false beard.



AN ARABIAN-EGYPTIAN CEMETERY IN THE HILLS OF ASSIUT



TRAFFIC IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE
AT ASSIUT

When we pass this temple, we are on our way across the broad plain to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. These hidden tombs have caused the world to marvel for centuries; and only recently, the interest of readers has been focused upon the magnificent resting-place of the youthful Tutankh-Amen, whose relics, furniture and treasure we have seen in the museum at Cairo. As trying as is the journey to us, it is a worse strain on the little donkeys, compelled to carry a load of

180 pounds or more. We are delighted, therefore, on arriving at the tombs, to find a shelter for the animals, thoughtfully provided by two American ladies.

Many royal processions have passed over the road we have followed, for in the surrounding mountains were buried nearly all the great monarchs of ancient Egypt, and even the temples that we have just visited on the left bank of the river were but the funerary chapels to the Tombs of the Kings. It is an acknowledged fact that no nation of the ancient world cared for its dead to the same degree as the Egyptians. It far exceeded their care for the living.

With regard to the body itself, both science and skill were called in to preserve it from destruction. Surgeon-priests were trained in the art of mummification, and that art was

FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN

brought to its highest perfection, so much so that the mummies they embalmed are still to be seen, as perfect as they were 4,000 years ago. Since then mummification has become a lost art.

There was no undue haste in the process of embalming. An Egyptian King was kept in his dwelling sixteen days, arrayed with ornaments to the thirty-fifth day, and embalmed



DOING BUSINESS IN THE VEGETABLE MARKET
AT ESNA, EGYPT

to the seventieth. Embalmed, bandaged, adorned with jewels, amulets and flowers, the mummy was at length ready to be laid in the coffin. The reason for this great care in the preservation of his body was based upon belief in the life after death. They believed that the human being consisted of several parts, of which one was the *Ka* or double, corresponding to a ghost. He appeared with the same features and



A BOY WATER CARRIER AT ESNA

in the same clothes as the living man, and like a ghost, was immaterial. He lived on this earth with his master when the latter was alive; and afterward he lived in the tomb, which was especially prepared for him as his future home. All the furniture of the deceased, the tools and various utensils, clothes, wigs, even the games and children's playthings were placed in the tomb. The food that he was accustomed to eat was prepared for the *Ka*, such as roast chicken,

cakes, bread and many other things.

From the preparations made for the *Ka*, we may picture the everyday life of the dwellers in the Nile Valley, as the life of the *Ka* was a continuation of the life on earth. This idea was carried out in the decorations on the walls of the tombs, where we see pictured the earthly life of the man, the sowing and reaping in the fields, the boating, fowling and fishing, the things with which the deceased had been most closely associated in life, or the things that had contributed to his amusement or pleasure. Thus, dancing girls and musicians frequently are represented; sometimes, even acrobats or other performers.

To the *Ka* these pictures became reality. His corn was sown and reaped, his shoes were made, his food cooked; he boated, fished, practised archery, and had good sport in the

house of eternity. The funeral formed the introduction of the soul into the underworld. Thoth, says the legend, traveled in the boat of the sun, and if you would love Egypt rightly, you too must be a traveler in that bark. The Egyptians saw the great sun-god *Ra* go down each night in the west and reappear on the opposite horizon in the morning. Of course, he must travel around in some way, and the idea of travel in their minds was usually associated with a boat, so they thought of God as journeying in his boat through the underworld during the hours of the night. During the day the Egyptian soul was in no danger, but in the night, in the twelve hours of darkness, the soul accompanied the sun on his journey in the lower world. This underworld was divided into twelve rooms, each corresponding to an hour; each doorway was guarded by two gigantic serpents, and the soul had to have the proper password for each in order to enter. The journey was beset by demons, serpents, and spirits both good and evil. Finally the sun and the soul reappear in the world of light, and the soul is conducted into the presence of Osiris. In the Tombs of the Kings, on the walls we see great serpents rear their heads as they guard the doors of the different chambers. The executioner stands with his knife ready to cut off the heads of those

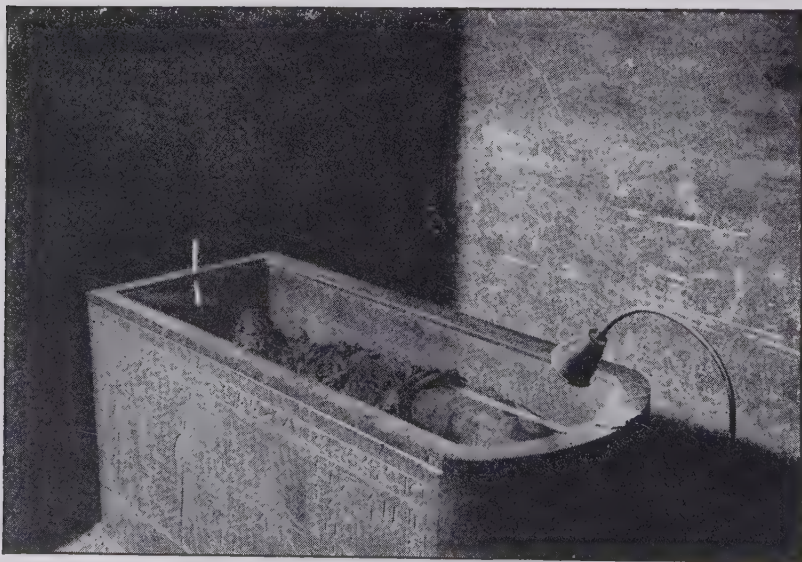


A LEMONADE VENDOR AT MINIEH

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

who offend the King of Light, and the flames are ready to devour his enemies. We see the great doors open to the sun-god and hear the songs of delight that greet his arrival.

These royal tombs are entered through large rectangular shafts cut into the solid rock of the hillsides and are the result of millions of strokes of the hammer and chisel. Each must have required the labor of an army of stone-cutters over a period of years. The huge shaft slants downward, usually with deep pits at unexpected intervals, which were bridged over when the royal corpse was being taken to its final resting-place; but the bridges were removed afterward, so as to compass the destruction of all who came later and attempted to violate the tomb. There are many of these tombs awaiting visitors; but the royal mummies and treasures have been removed from many of them. As they are



AMENOPHIS II, ONCE A PROUD KING OF EGYPT

all more or less alike, a visit to one will be enough for our purpose.

As visitors, not as Egyptologists, we descend a decorated shaft and finally arrive at a crypt containing the body of Amenophis II. The walls, painted yellow, bear citations and scenes from the book of him who is in the underworld. Here we are in the presence of a King, a powerful monarch in his day. He lived thousands of years ago, and yet we might believe from his appearance that it was not long ago that he made the



BISHAREEN BOYS AT ASSUAN

last great journey. There are positive indications of dignity about his face, the tightly-drawn lips giving his mouth an expression of reticence or caution, as tho he were hesitating before speaking. Unseen by mortals for dozens of centuries, he might have seemed fairly secure from curious eyes, which was exactly what he desired; but modern excavators are relentless and care nothing for the whims or desires of ancient Pharaohs! The chambers of Amenophis' tomb are now lighted by electric bulbs, and brilliant rays submit his features to the scrutiny of all who come. Still, the lights and the flippant conversation of thoughtless tourists do not disturb his peaceful repose. There he lies, surrounded by much of the spectacular grandeur that he knew on earth,



A BISHAREEN BELLE AT HER
FRONT DOOR

now awaiting the next life, like the millions of his contemporaries, whose bodies were mummified or permitted to crumble to dust. Perhaps the tomb, the funeral and the trappings cost a fortune that scarcely can be reckoned in dollars of the present day. Perhaps the toll was great in human lives, which were held cheaply in his time. And now there is much to fascinate the student of history—one who likes to know as much as possible about the world in which he lives. What pleases us as much as any-

thing in this royal presence, however, is the wreath or chaplet of simple flowers, probably placed upon the Pharaoh's throat and chest by one who loved him in life. The flowers have endured as well as the expensive trappings on the mummy itself.

From Luxor we glide along the river to the city of Assuan, stopping at various villages at nightfall, but also passing several important temples which we shall visit on our return journey. One of our most interesting trips ashore in Upper Egypt takes us to a village of the Bishareen, weird desert nomads, who seem to be wholly unlike the Egyptians we have observed along the route. The Sheik makes us the guest of his tribe at the suggestion of our dragoman, and as the tribes-

FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN

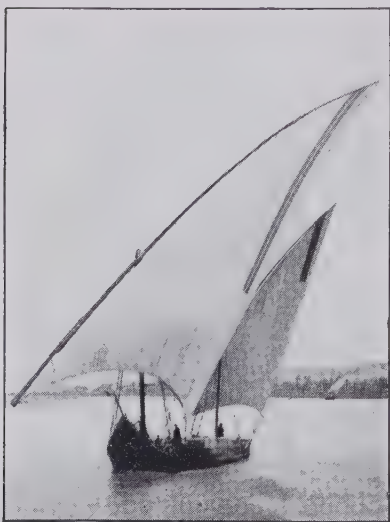
men are friendly, we desire to meet them socially—but only at a distance, so to speak; because, following their own fashion, they have smeared their long black hair with tallow and it runs over their faces and clothing, melted by the hot rays of the sun.

We see only males and small girls, and we ask the Sheik if there are no women. In reply he steps to one of the tents, raises the matting, and discloses a really beautiful Bishareen



BISHAREEN CHILDREN AND THEIR BILLY GOAT

girl. She is perhaps twenty years of age, and is sitting in her "room," which is not more than two yards square. She is tattooed and laden with cheap jewelry, but in the twinkle of her eyes she shows plainly that she is glad to indulge in an innocent flirtation with the visiting white men. It is unusual for her to be seen by one of them; unusual for her to catch more than a peep at them from a hole in the tent, or from behind some object that serves as a screen. The children move about the camp without fear. Both the boys and girls are



GRACEFUL AS A SWALLOW

anxious to be photographed, and approaching timidly, in pleasant little voices, they sing in unison.

The men have unmistakable evidences of Greek and Roman influence, a superb bearing, and altho their garments may be filthy, these hang from their shoulders in folds and curves that masters of wardrobes have sought vainly to reproduce on the stage in classical plays. Perhaps the most

distinguishing characteristic is their hair, which is never cut, and which stands out in a woolly mass from four to six inches in length. Through it we usually see a long white bone, and the more grease, the more beautiful, according to their idea. It is interesting to observe these men, who must be considered semi-savage, as they throw yards of white cotton cloth over their shoulders so that it resembles a toga, grasp a long stick of mimosa wood, and walk about the hot sands with the swagger assumed by a Fifth Avenue gentleman. Yet they rarely venture into the cities, never intermarry with other tribes, and hold only necessary trading relations with the world of streets and houses. Their home is the desert, and no other place would suit them. They travel for days across the burning sand, and bring in henna leaves, used for dyeing finger nails. It would be a mistake to assume that these people are without knowledge of the ways of the world, however, and anyone who attempts to photograph them

FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN

without first having made a bargain with the Sheik, will regret that he ever saw a Bishareen. The bargain once made, however, all goes well, and the total payment is delivered to the Sheik.

It is nearly six hundred miles from Cairo to the city of Assuan and the Assuan dam, which latter regulates the waters of the Nile for agriculture. Until 1898, the water went rushing through the granite boulders and wasted itself in Lower Egypt. The dam cost \$13,000,000 and it is said to have increased the national wealth over \$400,000,000. It is over one mile long and 120 feet high. It holds the water back at flood-time and releases it in April, May and June, when the Nile is low.

The building of this blessing to the agriculturists, however, brought protests from sentimentalists of all nations, because it required the sacrifice of one of Egypt's most remarkable



VUE OF ASSUAN, NEAR WHERE THE GREAT DAM SPANS THE NILE



ROWING THE AUTHOR OUT TO THE SUBMERGED TEMPLE OF PHILÆ

monuments—the sacred island of Philæ, which is now inundated. We approach the temples in a boat called a *felucca*, rowed by Nubian boys, who chant songs as they tug at the oars. I have heard many fine choirs, whose singing remains in memory; and this was one. These black boys sang only of gladness—about the beautiful water, sky, bees, and the joy of living. There was even one comic ditty about a man who sailed in the sky on huge wings, like a bird; but who came tumbling to earth when something went wrong with the engine. It was an improvisation that had its inspiration in the fact that an aviator flying to Khartoum was obliged to make a descent in the region to repair his steering-gear. “A nail comes out of the big bird and down drops the man,” they chanted gaily, as if delighting in their hero’s misfortune. How they sang and continued to sing! Not for one hour,

not for two or three, but for four hours, during which we made an entire circuit of the island and they pushed the bow of the *felucca* inside the sanctuaries of the ancient gods.

Perhaps amid such enchanting marvels as Philæ's Temples, it may seem absurd to recall the singing of these boys and their profane songs; but they remain an important part of the picture of desecrated Philæ. Lewd songs echoing against the walls of chambers where mighty kings prayed that Egypt might be delivered from famine and pestilence, these seem to be the last gesture in proud Philæ's humiliation.

As we turn a curve in the river, an amazing sight greets our eyes. It is as if the lights in a theater had been suddenly extinguished and the curtain rose upon a picture which one had waited long to see—Philæ, with its temple of Isis and Pharaoh's Bed, that unfinished temple so beautifully carved and constructed that it gives the impression of being a toy



ALL THAT CAN NOW BE SEEN OF THE DOOMED TEMPLE OF PHILÆ



A SIDE STREET IN ASSUAN

castle of reeds or lace, or perhaps a delicately sawed piece of sandalwood, like the ribs of an Oriental fan. The river now flows almost mockingly into the structures which were once so holy that only priests and royalty dared to step within. Now they seem to be floating, rising like lovely lotus flowers from the Nile. Probably nowhere in the world is there a temple like Philæ. There are many other wonderful temples, but where is there a bouquet of gracious buildings such as

these? Philæ is a lyric in stone, a poetical chamber without an equal. In imagination let us go back to the days before the building of the dam and see Philæ as it then appeared. Pierre Loti and others contended that the building of the dam was a desecration; perhaps it was, but food is more important than even these splendid temples, and therefore poor Philæ, proudly raising its head above the encroaching waters, is a sacrifice to the Nile.

The pillars seem straining themselves beneath the walls that they hold above the surface of the water. The Nile flood certainly is causing the sub-structure to decay. Gray moss and fungus are reaching above the water-line. One feels that these ancient stone columns will not hold much longer. They may continue to support the gorgeous stone lace, or the current may saw its way through them, and this home

FROM LUXOR TO ASSUAN

of the gods will fall, never to rise again. Here is irony! The sacred island, upon which no commoner could set foot in the older day, is destroyed to provide beans, lentils and melons for peasants!

The history of Philæ is unknown and doubtless will remain a secret. It is the belief, however, that soon after men began ascending this great river which flowed out of the unknown, they also began making this picturesque island a fortified place, or considered it the home of the gods. Slabs of sandstone bearing a date as far back as 1500 B. C. have been found here; and archeologists believe there was a temple here centuries before that. It was one of the traditional burial places of Osiris, and an oath sworn by Osiris of Philæ was inviolable to the ancient Egyptian. Christianity made progress up the river in the third century of our era; but Osiris



WATER CARRIERS FILLING THEIR GOATSKIN BAGS AT
THE WELL IN ASSUAN

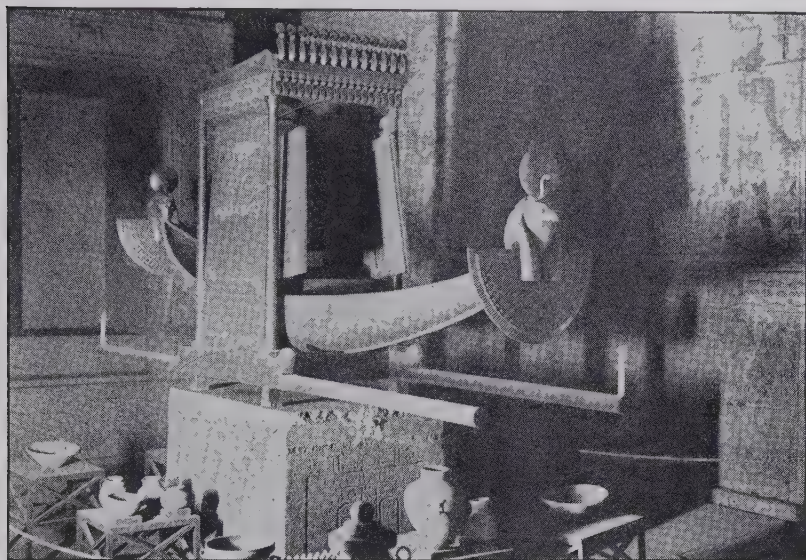
SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

worship continued at Philæ. Even when Theodosius prohibited sacrifices elsewhere, they were continued here.

The story of Osiris was so important in Egyptian history—and thus to the rest of the world—that it may be well for us to review some of its chief features while we are at Philæ, where the ceremonial of his death, mutilation and burial in various parts of Egypt was re-enacted—probably with uncanny realism. Briefly: Osiris, King of Egypt, endeavored to civilize his countrymen by encouraging them to turn from the barbarous life and become tillers of the soil. He formulated laws to govern their conduct and gave them instruction in reverence for the gods. He was married to his sister Isis, who was devoted to him. Set and his sister, also man and wife, conspired against the King, aided by Aso, a Queen of Ethiopia, who was visiting the Egyptian royal family. Set obtained the exact measurements of Osiris's body and caused



UNLOADING GRAIN BOATS AT ASSUAN, EGYPT



STONE BOAT IN THE SANCTUARY TEMPLE AT EDFU

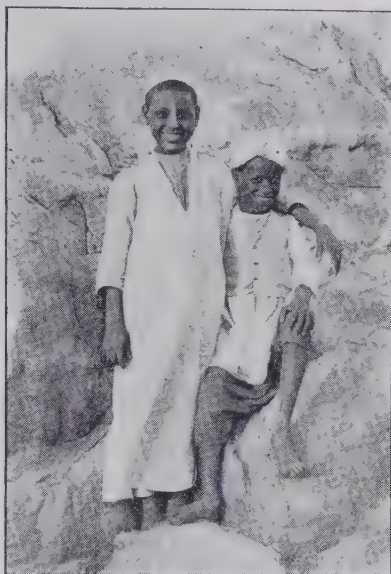
a chest to be made that would fit it. The chest was beautifully embellished and aroused the admiration of all who saw it when it was exhibited at a royal banquet. The owner said he would give it to anyone whose body would fit it, so the company passed in line and tried to lie in it. The king came last and lay down in it, whereupon the conspirators clapped down the lid, which was fastened with nails; lead was then poured over it, sealing it, so that it could be conveyed to the sea.

When news of the tragedy reached Isis, the sister-wife, she cut her hair and wept. The place of these manifestations of grief is called Coptos, city of mourning. Then began her famous wanderings throughout Egypt in search of the body. Many incidents occur, making the story exceedingly complicated, before she recovers it. Intending to visit her son Horus, she deposited the chest in a place of safety. Some



SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION STRANGELY MINGLED
The guide is pointing to surgical instruments pictured on the Temple of
Kom Ombo, which was dedicated to the worship of the crocodile

versions declare that she left the body in an ark among the bulrushes—the first known appearance of the story related in the Bible concerning Moses. Set, while out hunting by moonlight, came upon the body, and being very angry, tore it into fourteen pieces, dispersing them to various parts of the country. On hearing of this latest catastrophe, Isis again set out upon her travels, endeavoring to collect the fragments of the body. She traveled on the river in a small reed boat, and when she found a portion of her husband-brother's body she buried it, and a temple was built on the spot, which accounts for the many sepulchres of Osiris in various parts of the country.



HAPPY BOYS IN UPPER EGYPT

The sorrows of Isis were not over after she had completed these memorials, however, for Osiris returned from the other world, appeared to his son, Horus, and encouraged him in a battle of vengeance against Set. (One readily detects the antique origin of the plot used by Shakespeare in his play of "Hamlet.") There was a battle, and Set fell into the hands of the young Horus, who gave the prisoner into the custody of Isis. Instead of putting him to death, however, she gave him his liberty, an action which so incensed Horus that in a tempestuous scene with his mother (again Hamlet and Queen Gertrude) he tore from her head the ensign of royalty



TEMPLE OF KOM OMBO, WHERE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS
WORSHIPED THE CROCODILE

and in its place set a helmet in the shape of an ox's head.

This story was re-enacted as a vital part of Osiris-worship at Philæ, much as the miracle plays were given in European churches in the Middle Ages (and later), the latter re-enacting stories from the Bible. It is likely that human sacrifices were made at the Philæ shrine in the early days, and the place became an important connecting link between the Egyptians and their invaders. Native priests were delighted to find that their ancient god was worshiped by the foreigners (under another name), and the Greeks, for example, were pleased to find that their favorite god had a more ancient lineage than they had known.

Assuan, save as a winter resort, offers little of interest to the tourist. It is true that it has its bazars and market place, but in itself it is uninteresting. Between the first and second

cataracts, that is, between Assuan and Wadi Halfa, is one of the most awe-inspiring of Egyptian ruins, the temple of Abu Simbel, built by Rameses the Great. Cut out of the solid rock, it is a wonderful example of ancient Egyptian artistry. The four statues of Rameses are each sixty-six feet in height, of such prodigious size that the door, enormous in itself, seems small.

It is not strange that Rameses was known as the King of Kings; for he was in reality the greatest conqueror of antiquity, prior to the Roman and Grecian era, and to him we owe many of the wonderful temples on the Nile. It appears that Europe was unaware of the existence of this one, however, until a little more than a century ago, when Burckhardt brought the news of it, just as he informed the western world of the rock-hewn city of Petra in the Arabian desert. An expedition cleared the desert sand from the chambers,



AN EGYPTIAN MUD VILLAGE AND ITS SHADE TREES



MARKET PLACE IN BELIANA, EGYPT

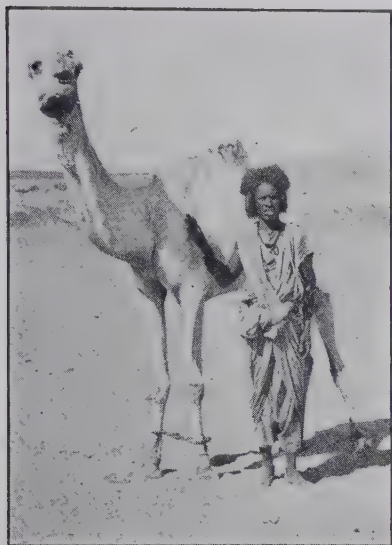
but it drifted in again, so that another expedition was dispatched to remove the débris at the time of the visit of Empress Eugénie. Later a protecting wall was built, so that Abu Simbel (Father of the Ear of Corn) will remain visible to all future generations. Visitors who arrive in the afternoon will find the sanctuary in semi-darkness, and artificial light will be necessary to view the mural decorations; but the sun at dawn lights up the entire interior, and we behold not only the great King in the rôle of the Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, in company of the gods, but see him, with many members of his family, actually worshiped as a god. Rameses as well as Ammon here compelled conquered peoples to bend the knee in adoration, and it is likely that one of the King's wives was similarly honored.

These are pleasant days in Golden Nubia; and we regret it when the bow of the *dababiyeh* is turned toward the north. We start back from the interior of Africa, but we do not believe, as did the ancients, that the cataracts are the river's source. The current sweeps us on toward the Delta, and the return trip is quicker than the journey upstream. One of these days we shall find that the boat is anchored by the wharf at Cairo, and our Nile journey will have been completed. When we think of that, we are likely to envy those tourists we have seen loitering along the river in *dababiyehs* propelled only by oars. With the aid of steam, we passed them, but are glad now that at least we reserved some of the most interesting of the Nile temples for the return trip.

One of the first of these to fascinate us is the magnificent pile of stone at Edfu, which has been called "the most perfectly preserved temple of the antique world." It was completed shortly before the beginning of the Christian era, and its stately towers, over one hundred feet in height, give it an



ISLAND OF RODA, IN THE NILE OPPOSITE CAIRO, WHERE
MOSES WAS FOUND IN THE BULRUSHES



A CAMEL REGISTERING DIS-
APPROVAL OF THE CAMERA

imposing appearance. In the city of Edfu, the crocodile worshipers were held in abhorrence, and here the spiritual seems to have been held above the material. Perhaps there is no temple in Egypt where one feels this emotion of reverence as he does when approaching the inner sanctuary dedicated to the hawk-headed Horus, son of Isis and Osiris, in reality the Apollo of the early days in Egypt. It was called Great Apollonopolis by the Greeks, altho there is reason to believe

that the temple now visible rests upon an earlier foundation where Hathor was worshiped. The paintings and carvings indicate a close connection between Horus-worship and Hathor of Denderah, as the love-goddess is seen nursing the infant, while other Hathors play musical instruments. Portraits of Kings who lived two thousand years ago show them holding their enemies by the hair, while Horus stands by as their protector. Magnificent columns have the appearance of having been completed yesterday; stairways, and light through apertures in the great walls, give one a perfect idea of the manner in which the ceremonies were conducted.

This majestic pile was covered with débris and rubbish, removed by modern excavators. At the entrance we pass a colossal falcon and then enter the vestibule. On the walls are painted and carved many astronomical representations

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

and paintings of kings offering sacrifices to the gods. Here also are Apollo and Venus, known as Horus and Hathor. Then we pass to the Holy of Holies, and with the aid of artificial light see the reliefs on the wall, illustrating the passage of Horus through the underworld. In this room is a sacred boat, upon which the eventful journey is to be made.

Across the river and not far distant is the temple of Kom Ombo, which was sacred to the crocodile. And the vaults are filled with mummies of the creatures that in their day were worshiped, as were the Apis bulls at Memphis and sacred cats in other cities. Animal worship was common in ancient Egypt; but Kom Ombo seems to have been the only splendid temple erected for the worship of the rapacious reptiles of the Nile. Adorned with rare jewels, and with precious necklaces hanging about their necks, the creatures were kept in huge pools within the temple, and when they died they received funeral rites befitting gods, finally being preserved in the sanctuary itself. One might suppose that people who worshiped such vile things were only a step removed from barbarism. But this was not true, for on the walls of this colossal crocodile temple are carvings of surgeons' implements beside operating tables, and a collection of other instruments, most of which are familiar to medical science to-day. Egyptologists have claimed that the ancients were skilled in medical science, and here is incontrovertible proof—on the walls of a temple where the people practised the lowest form of animal worship!

One of the most important of all the temples is Abydos, which seems to have been something like a national gallery of honor. On the celebrated Tablet of Abydos is a chronology of all of the Kings of Egypt, which has been a source of vast information for historians. The city was one of the

oldest in Egypt, and from the earliest times seems to have had much to do with influencing the religious beliefs and practises of the country. Here was said to be the grave that held the casket in which the head of Osiris was deposited; therefore the zealous believers of his cult cherished no greater desire than to be buried at Abydos. The mummies of important persons, who were to be buried elsewhere, often were brought here to rest for a time, as a sort of consecration before final entombment. Osiris was said to be the god who passed judgment upon the soul. Perhaps the coloring on temple walls is nowhere so vivid as here. The structure was excavated in 1859, and the sun has not yet had time to fade the pigment. It is likely that at one time Abydos was a large city—perhaps second in importance to Thebes itself; but it contains nothing of interest to the visitor to-day, with the exception of the temple.

Back to the *dahabiye*. Again the long stretches of winding river. We look far ahead and across the desert and see the masts of boats that seem to be floating on the sand—and find that curves in the waterway also bring us there. The Nile does not run in a straight line from Upper Egypt to the Delta, as appears upon the maps; but the ancient life-giver seems to cover as much territory as possible in its downward flow, watering the fields of Egypt, just as it did in that distant day when the patriarchs of Palestine and Syria came here for grain, because there was famine in their own land. Again the Pyramids of the world's greatest cemetery, extending along the west bank for many miles. To the east, the Mokattan hills, the Citadel of Cairo, the minarets and towers, the palms near the bridge, and we are back in the noise, rush and color of the capital city.

VI SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE



PARTS OF TIBERIAS LOOK AS OLD AS THEY ARE

VI

SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

THE journey from Cairo to Jerusalem, until recently, was a tiresome affair and frequently made with discomfort and delay. Sometimes travelers went to Alexandria and boarded a ship bound for Jaffa, Beirut or Haifa, but it was the usual plan to go to Port Saïd on the Suez Canal and thence by ship to Jaffa. And, altho this voyage took only the hours of a single night, it was likely to be so full of horrors that one remembered it a long time. It was difficult to anticipate the sailings of the larger steamers, so without warning one boarded a Greek or Levantine ship—and regretted a few moments later that he had done so. As a rule, these steamers were dirty, the food was unfit to eat, and they tossed about on the sea as tho they were corks. There was also the more or less hazardous landing in the harbor at Jaffa, where it was necessary to enter small boats, which were rowed between treacherous rocks to the wharf.

There was slight compensation for this method of reaching the Holy Land, if one spent a day in transit in the “wickedest city in the world,” Port Saïd. This city, which came into existence after the building of the Suez Canal, appears to the visitor to be merely the rendezvous of the human flotsam and jetsam of the East and the West. It is uninteresting as cities go, and the stranger is glad to leave it after a brief visit. By the newer, more comfortable and faster



PORT SAÏD, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL

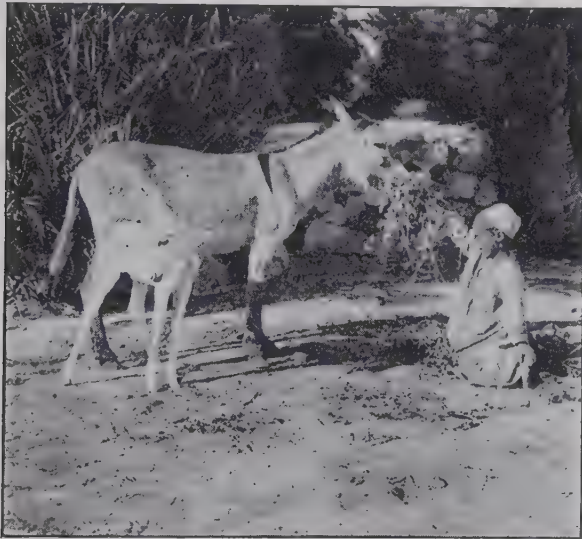
route Port Saïd is passed unseen in the distance, and the canal is crossed at Kantara. The sandy wastes of the desert have been conquered by a railroad. The ancient route, which was followed by caravans for many thousands of years, and which entailed great hardship and weeks of travel, is now the roadbed of the iron horse. One boards the train at Cairo at six o'clock in the evening and is settled in his hotel at Jerusalem hours before noon the next day.

This is the quick route for reaching the Holy City, and is advisable for one who has only a short period of time at his disposal. I had approached Jerusalem by this and several other routes, however, and desired to make a more comprehensive survey of the whole region; I was attracted, also, to the rather remote city of Petra, lying almost forgotten, as it has been for centuries, in the Arabian desert. I decided, therefore, to make a long detour to what many archeolo-

SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

gists have considered an example of the most beautiful existing ruins of antiquity. This schedule made Jerusalem the climax of the Palestine tour—like the big third-act finish to the drama—instead of the first objective; and it seemed to me that this schedule was highly appropriate, altho it is not to be recommended to the traveler who has a limited number of days at his disposal.

Means of travel in the Holy Land are being improved con-



A DONKEY MOTHER TAKING REFRESHMENT

stantly, and one moves more rapidly than formerly between the points of interest, thus affording more time for observation. As one rode a donkey or made a tiresome journey in a four-wheeled wagon, along the crooked trails in and out among boulders and cactus hedges, only a few years ago, reference to chariots and galloping horses along the same roads seemed incongruous and almost humorous; but the roadways



A WEAVER AND HIS LOOM IN
THE LEVANT

have been rebuilt since then, and are constantly being extended; the pavements in some instances have become as smooth as they are in an American city, and automobiles speed along and accomplish a journey in a few hours that formerly consumed many days and left the traveler exhausted. In fact, the journey into the desert and to the entrance of Petra itself may now be accomplished by means of a Ford car, and doubtless to visit the

ancient metropolis in this fashion is better than not to see it at all; still, there is a fascination to a desert excursion by caravans in the ancient manner (with modern comforts included), so we shall leave Cairo with that as our immediate objective, and instead of going direct to Jerusalem, shall arrange for tickets that will give us locations in a car bound for Haifa.

We travel in luxury; but we are likely to have amusing experiences before we find ourselves comfortably installed in a compartment of the Wagons-Lits like those of the European continent. Leaving Cairo at six o'clock in the evening, we are in a day-coach of the Egyptian Railways for three or four hours—until we reach West Kantara on the Suez Canal. This is the border, where passengers and luggage are examined before entering Palestine, which is just across the canal at East Kantara.

SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

Kantara, particularly on the Egyptian side of the canal, may be considered an experience or an ordeal, according to the temper and temperament of the traveler. It is a place whose shade from the desert sun is provided by corrugated sheetiron spread over the tops of high posts. As there was a wait of almost an hour here, I was tempted to visit a "garden" beneath such a roof, where warm beer was served to the thirsty and benches provided for the comfort of guests. The "garden" evidently was so named on account of five or six straggling hibiscus plants endeavoring to survive in square tin Standard Oil cans. There was an excited crowd of desert men and blacks from the interior of Africa at the railway station, and the clatter and confusion made the comparative quiet of the "garden" preferable. I recalled having entered Palestine, many times previously, under the Turkish régime, when grafting, insolent petty officials made arrival



ACRE SEEN FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN WATER FRONT

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



A STREET IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF ACRE

an ordeal to be dreaded. But across the canal I encountered for the first time the new Palestine. This voyage across the "ditch" is one of perhaps four minutes on a somewhat primitive ferry, but it is significant. It is as remarkable as any voyage, because it carries one from chaos to order, from Oriental yelling and ignorance to intelligence and decency.

It is not the return of the kingdom for which the pious wail and pray at the base of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem, and it is more than likely that the new era has not come about as a result of any of the various forms of weeping and regretting that things are not exactly as they were in the days of Herod the Great, of David, or of Solomon. The English are in control of Palestine, and it is everyone's observation that they are making a fine job of it. There's another force, however, a vital and remarkable force—the presence

SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

of large numbers of young American Jews. They seem to be everywhere. They speak English with a decided American accent. And they have the vigor and speed, the rush, the courage, and the optimism that is either American-born or of American origin. These characteristics do not exist in the Orient, save when they are transplanted there by younger races, who adapt themselves to conditions and make their influence felt.

When I faced the customs, a young Jew of pleasant appearance and manners held up a pair of Egyptian red slippers, which he found in my baggage, and smiled. "Bet you never wear these in the streets of New York," he remarked, as he chalked "O K" or the Arabic equivalent of those letters for the eye of the inspector. I was already under the new influence in Palestine! "The law requires a deposit of five cents, or a piaster, on your camera if you are



CANNON USED IN SIR SIDNEY SMITH'S DEFENSE OF ACRE



A MOSQUE AT ACRE, THE CITY ONCE BESIEGED BY THE CRUSADERS

to bring it back into Egypt," said the young official. "I'll put the seal on it, so that you will have no difficulty if you are returning this way." I easily recalled the day when the collector of this five-cent fee would have demanded a thirty-cent or a fifty-cent rake-off for himself when making the official collection. Or, if he thought that he could collect it, he would have declared that the official charge was one dollar instead of five cents. Once I was obliged to place five dollars as a bribe in the palm of one of these officials before he would permit me to enter Palestine with the tripod that supported my cinema camera. He insisted that it was the standard for a rapid-firing gun and therefore "against the law," until the five dollars convinced him to the contrary.

And in another way this four-minute voyage across the Suez Canal is significant: it gives one a glimpse of the influence of this waterway upon the world's commerce. The building of this canal has made and unmade cities, and is of vast importance to several nations. It would be an error, however, to think of it as the culmination of a modern idea—the culmination of a dream of modern engineers—like the Panama Canal. The desirability of Suez was recognized by many minds during many centuries before the young Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, had his attention called to the importance of connecting the two seas by an artificial waterway. Necho, who ruled in Egypt five centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, endeavored to extend an earlier canal that was in existence under Rameses II, and Herodotus tells us that over one hundred twenty thousand Egyptians died while engaged in the work. Later, the canal was abandoned because an oracle informed the King that it would be of advantage to the Persians. The work was pushed to completion a century later by Darius. It fell



THE SEA OF GALILEE AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

into a state of uselessness at the beginning of the first century of our era and was restored by Trajan. It was not in service in the eighth century, however, and at a later period the Venetians seriously considered its reconstruction to protect their world trade. The work was recommended to Louis XIV of France, and Napoleon Bonaparte gave it his attention, even causing some preliminary work to be done; but Lepère, his road engineer, surveyed the territory and was doubtful concerning its feasibility.

It was Lepère's report, proved later to have been incorrect, that aroused the interest of De Lesseps in the gigantic project. In 1854 he placed his plans before Saïd Pasha, then Viceroy, and events began to move, altho serious difficulties arose, financial or political, and the actual work did not begin until 1869. In that year it started amid festivities that are said to have cost the Khedive something like twenty million dollars!

The canal is one hundred miles in length, and the surface varies in breadth from sixty-five to one-hundred ten yards, while the width of the bottom is only twenty-four yards. Its value to the shipping and commerce of the world is too well known and too apparent to require comment. Still, in itself, it is a most insignificant waterway in appearance; and it flows through a parched, uninteresting part of the earth's surface.

There is always the sentimental or romantic appeal of Palestine to the Jews of the world. It is the land of the prophets—the national home. Plenty of men cannot see why it should be advantageous to attempt to recover this more or less barren, rocky and dry country, when there is so much of the world's surface that calls for cultivation and promises rich rewards to the tiller of the soil. It is not within



TIBERIAS, ON THE SEA OF GALILEE, NEAR THE FAVORITE HAUNTS OF JESUS AND HIS DISCIPLES

the province of this book to enter into that controversy or argument; Zionism, or the return to Palestine, is tremendously popular with many Jews; others condemn the idea. It is a fact, however, that the old country is again experiencing a great boom. It appears to be one of the most substantial booms in Palestine's long and honorable history. Whatever else it may be accomplishing (and the record is notable in many ways), this "return" has cleaned up unspeakable and intolerable conditions and made Palestine a fit place for habitation by civilized people.

In the days of the Hebrew Kings, the builders of the capital city built for centuries to come. The same idea seems to prevail to-day. One sees pure white newness everywhere—in the splendid buildings that are going up, or that recently have been completed in Jerusalem itself and elsewhere. They are big, enduring structures of white limestone, as solid as any that were reared by the earlier builders. Towers again raise their heads within and beyond the ancient walls that have mellowed with age. Structures of pinkish, alabaster-like stone from Bethlehem! Clock towers and belfries!

The Palace of the King has fallen, as regretted by the wailers, but more useful buildings are springing up everywhere; and not the shacks and make-shifts of American boom-towns, but the splendid structures of architectural loveliness that in this climate should endure for centuries. Palestine never has built for a day. The lower stones of Solomon's Temple remain as they were when put into place by the workers sent to the King by Hiram of Tyre. Jerusalem has fallen so many times, and so many efforts have been made to destroy it, that we marvel to see one stone remain upon another. But Jerusalem is rising again, cer-

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

tainly more beautiful and extensive than ever before. The Holy City persists, and, Phenix-like, arises from its own ashes at irregular intervals. Perhaps the optimism of its builders cannot be matched elsewhere on earth.

Consistent Jewish colonization of Palestine started only in 1920, when Great Britain assumed the mandate. The previous forty years, the leaders tell us, were merely preparatory, and everything has had to be reorganized in order to work on modern lines. The big start came with the arrival, not only of poor Jews, but of men with money, who came to call Palestine home. The connecting link between the immigrants who arrive from the Balkans, from Arabic lands and from Eastern Europe, as well as from Western Europe and America, is the Hebrew language. It is the predominating language among Palestine Jews, altho most of them speak many languages—sometimes five or six. Hebrew was considered a “dead” language for centuries. Now the “flapper” and her partner, whom one encounters at a tea in Bristol Gardens in Jerusalem, speak Hebrew as fluently as it ever was spoken. This has been brought about by the fact that it is the “official” language in the schools from the kindergarten to the recently opened University on Mt. Scopus.

Instead of climbing the hill to Jerusalem, our train goes northward from Lud, where passengers for the Holy City change cars and await a later train; and we arrive at Haifa, a seaport on the Mediterranean coast, which likewise is one of the prettiest towns in Palestine. It seems remarkable that Haifa is not mentioned in the Bible, particularly in view of its proximity to Mount Carmel, which has been considered “holy” from remote antiquity. The two chief events in Haifa’s history were the capture by Tancred in the twelfth



MONASTERY ON MOUNT CARMEL, AT THE PLACE WHERE ELIJAH WORSTED THE PRIESTS OF BAAL

century and the visit of the German Kaiser, Wilhelm II, in 1898. On the latter occasion, the German colonists made a great celebration in honor of their former ruler, and the Turkish Government, considering him the Sultan's close friend, did much in roadbuilding and paving, so that the natives had reason to be pleased and to remember the Kaiser's visit as the most important event of local history in modern times. Haifa has clean hotels and is a comfortable place in which to remain while making daylight excursions to the neighborhood.

Chief of these is to the top of Mt. Carmel, where the monastery of the Carmelites is situated among vineyards, gardens of aromatic herbs and fields of fragrant thyme, whence the fathers distil a pleasant cordial that is offered for sale to visitors. This is a beautifully situated place, and the monks receive guests who care to remain with them—an ideal retreat for the literary worker, or for one who desires complete rest. The old building, which Bonaparte turned into a hospital during his expedition, and which has had a notable history, is above a cave in which the prophet Elijah is said to have lived. The brothers may tell you of their belief that the Carmelite order was founded by the prophet, whose life is closely associated with this sacred hill. There is a cave in which he is said to have taught young disciples, and assuredly it was here that the Prophet of Jehovah fought his famous duel with the priests of Baal and gained the victory. At an ancient time, presumably, there were altars to Jehovah and to Baal on this mountain-top, which has been considered "holy" by many sects, cults and religions. Even Abdul Baha, the Persian prophet, whom we are to meet at Tiberias, planned not only to make Carmel the burial-place of his father and of the Bab, founder of the cult, which has



TIBERIAS PURSUES ITS DAILY TASKS REGARDLESS OF ITS
ANCIENT BACKGROUND

adherents in all parts of the world; but also to erect a temple over their tombs and to make of it the world's center of Bahaism. He was prevented from doing so, however, by the suspicious Turkish authorities. Then came the war and Abdul Baha's death.

Throughout the centuries following Elijah, the Carmelite brothers tell us, they awaited the coming of the Virgin Mary; and ancient writers frequently refer to their chastity and remark that they were held in veneration by the people. When the Jews were led into Babylonian captivity, it is claimed, the Carmelites were permitted to retain their ancient habitation.

Another belief is that the mother of John the Baptist, fearing Herod's tyranny, fled with him into the desert, and that he joined the order and told the brothers more about the



UTILIZING THE ROCKY WATER FRONT OF TIBERIAS

Virgin, so that they became more devoted to her. It is the tradition that Saint Anne often visited the monastery, accompanied by her young daughter, and that she honored them with her friendship. When the brothers visited Jerusalem, it was their custom to call on Joachim and Anne, and they observed the solemn feasts together. The Roman pontiffs, Sixtus IV, Julius II, Gregory XIII and Clement VIII, in their bulls, have affirmed that "the Sacred Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, which now flourishes in the Church of God, and the members of it, are the lawful successors of the Holy Prophets Elijah and Elisha."

If Haifa has no ancient history, that is amply supplied by the little city across the bay, Acre (or Akka), the scene of many battles of the crusaders. Noble fleets have sailed under its fortresses; Napoleon was repulsed here and never

entered the city. At the time of my last visit, the city was a pestiferous place, having a fanatical population largely made up of political exiles from various parts of the Turkish Empire, who were being punished by Sultan Abdul Hamid or were confined here for close observation by his agents. The people threw sticks and stones at anyone who appeared to them to be an "infidel," and unpleasant disturbances were of almost hourly occurrence in the streets. Doubtless this condition has changed now, as it has changed elsewhere in Palestine.

It is possible to sail across the bay to Acre in less than two hours, but we choose the unique journey by land, and follow the road between Haifa and Acre, which is merely the broad beach of the bay, and is as hard as a good road. The horses plunge into the water and splash along, three abreast and knee deep, pulling a wagon which most of the time is in the water up to the hub. The beach is treacherous in places, and contains many pools of quicksand; so the drivers dislike to stop, as the wheels immediately begin to sink. Even while I was taking photographs, the wheels sank more than eight inches, causing the horses to prance about nervously.

At one time Acre was a city of considerable importance, and several neighboring cities, such as Cæsarea, were plundered of granite and marble columns to enhance its architecture. Many famous men are buried within its walls, which have been bombarded by various fleets. The ancient fortress of the crusaders became one of the Sultan's prisons, and Acre degenerated into a place where everyone seemed to dislike everyone else. Cannon balls are imbedded in the walls surrounding the town, and obsolete cannon are strewn in profusion along the beach. Acre has a past, but no present glory.



TIBERIAS IS INCLINED TO WADE OUT INTO ITS HISTORIC LAKE

We leave Haifa by train, climb into the hills, and then descend seven hundred feet below sea level, to the Sea of Galilee, where a launch meets all incoming trains to take passengers to Tiberias, the only one of the ancient towns bordering the lake to survive as a city of importance. It has had a notable history and is of great interest to visitors, for altho there is no proof that Jesus ever entered the city itself (because it was built upon the site of an ancient cemetery and was considered unclean by the Jews), He spent much of his life in this region. Herod decided to people it at any cost. He built a theater, a stadium and a forum, as well as many other buildings in the Roman style, even offering asylum and entertainment to escaped convicts from all countries. So, naturally, Tiberias became a city of sin, and as such gained a worldwide celebrity. Where hot water gushed from the ground, Herod fitted up baths, and people made these an

SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

excuse to come to Tiberias to regain their health; but, instead, they indulged in pleasures and vices.

The hot springs still pour forth the waters that have been famous for their curative properties more than two thousand years. People who suffer from rheumatism and kindred ailments go to mosaic-lined stone basins that reflect some of the ancient luxury, and still cling to the belief of Herod that they will be healed of infirmities. Perhaps, and perhaps not. The visitor is unlikely to experiment when he sees his prospective companions of the bath. In its day of glory, Tiberias seems to have been notorious, rather than celebrated. It was visited by famous Romans, and when men from other countries visited Jerusalem they frequently journeyed down to Herod's city, indulged in the license of the place, and then went abroad and told of its infamy.

To-day, the chief interest of the place is found in its situ-

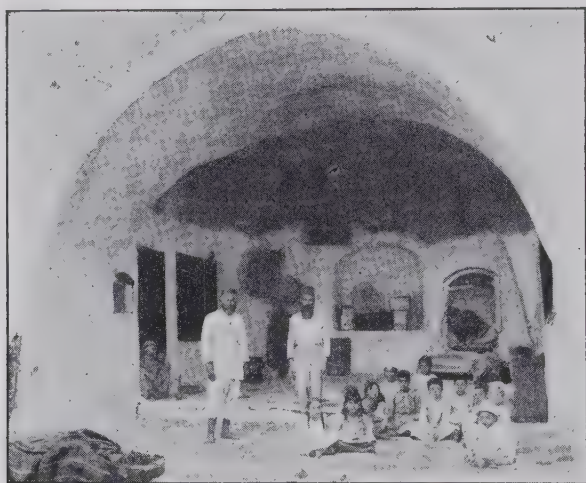


THE THOROUGHLY RUINED SYNAGOG AT CAPERNAUM

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

ation on the Sea of Galilee, its comfortable hotel, and its ample provision of guides, rowers and boats for various excursions around the shores of the lake.

Following the shore-line in a boat propelled by singing rowers, we see the fishermen at work in their boats or mending their nets on the sand; and we recall that it was from among the fishermen of Galilee that Jesus selected His disciples. It was here that He performed miracles. We go



IN A COURTYARD AT TIBERIAS

ashore at what are supposed to be the ruins of the half-Greek city of Capernaum, where He delighted to dwell—and where He gave His parables to the world. The synagog in which He preached lies in ruins and “not one stone remains upon another,” in fulfillment of prophecy; but a Franciscan monk, who is also an archeologist, has spent much of his life here and with loving care has numbered the blocks of stone, so that some day in the future the building may be restored. At the northern end of the sea is the site of Bethsaida, once

SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

the home of Philip, Peter and Andrew, also the locality of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. There is a lowly mud village along the northern shore of the sea; the local guides call it Mejdell, and it is supposed to mark the site of the native town of Mary of Magdala, altho there is nothing to substantiate the claim. Tiberias, the capital of Herod Antipas, alone remains to prove its former splendors; and even this metropolis of the lake is a poor representative of ancient glory.

One morning, as I was walking along the shore of the sea, I met the Persian prophet, Abdul Baha, who invited me to call upon him in the house where he was a guest and where he consented to pose for a photograph. He had crossed the sea that morning and brought back oranges. He gave me one of these as a souvenir, and when I called upon him in the afternoon, he served Persian tea of his own brewing as he



COMING FROM A CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NAZARETH



NAZARETH, WHERE JESUS HAD HIS CARPENTER SHOP
NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO

chatted of America, where he knew that many of his devoted followers lived, and he asked me to carry to them his warm greetings. He was the possessor of a cordial and spiritual personality that never failed to impress all who met him. My impression was that he was a gentle old man, keenly intelligent, and one who wished that the whole world could be at peace and that everyone could be happy.

It is an interesting drive from this depression in the earth's surface up the hills to Nazareth, which, like the region we have just visited, is a sacred city to the entire Christian world. We are surprized to find that it is German or Swiss in appearance and has few of the outward physical characteristics of an Oriental city. At least, this is a first impression, which may change after contact with the Moslem natives, who are fanatical and not likely to show anything like cordiality to

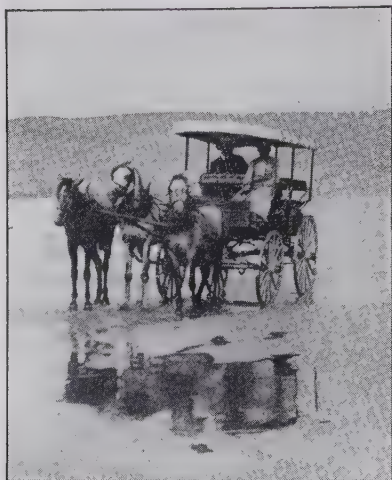
SUEZ TO THE SEA OF GALILEE

visitors. It was here that Jesus spent His boyhood and young manhood. Thus it is true that in Galilee, rather than in the region about Jerusalem, Christianity had its birth.

Beneath the Church of the Annunciation in the city is a crypt, reached by a flight of marble steps. It marks the place where the angel stood when the message was delivered to the Virgin. Here also is the workshop of Joseph. As in Jerusalem, most of the places here associated with the life of Christ are buried; but one place remains just at it was. That is Mary's well, where He frequently came. There is still a ceaseless stream of women and girls coming to this well. They tell us that the women of Nazareth are beautiful. I failed to discover it; but they have other virtues. They are experts in the art of needlework, and they try to sell us specimens of their work. For persistency, commend me to the girls of Nazareth! If any man can leave this



A DRUSE AND HIS BEASTS OF BURDEN IN SYRIA



ON THE BEACH ROUTE TO ACRE

place without having purchased some of their handiwork, he should be decorated with the Order of the Iron Cross.

The road over the mountains leads through olive groves, until we come to Safed, a city that is very modern in appearance. If the road followed anything like a straight line, which no road in Palestine does, one might slide on a toboggan from here to Tiberias. Along this route, we are likely to obtain our first glimpse of the Druses, the strange people who have been a disturbing element since the World War. Comparatively little is known about them; their religion is a sealed book, known only to themselves. We know that a Druse will not steal from, cheat or lie to another Druse, but that these acts become virtues when practised upon others. Like the Arabs, they eat from a dish in common, using only their fingers. Missionaries have tried in vain to convert them. Mohammedanism has made no inroads, and the Jews have had no effect on them. They avoid all people but their own. They have their own schools, to which only the children of Druses are admitted. Secretive by nature, they have an antipathy to strangers.

VII INTO ARABIA'S DESERT



A QUIET COURT IN TIBERIAS

Note the caged balconies peculiar to this part of Palestine

VII

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

RETURNING across the lake from Tiberias, we have tickets for El Ma'an in the Arabian Desert, and the director of the Hejaz Railroad courteously sends his private car for our use, attached to the rear of a train of pilgrims bound for Medina and Mecca. That private car will remain in memory as long as memory endures. We had not fully understood the meaning of the director's "only a blanket" when he had spoken of the berths we were to occupy. The "cushion" that was to be our mattress for the night consisted of a single layer of black oilcloth stretched over a wooden bench. The red blanket was neatly folded into a small heap at one end of the bench. On these planks we were to "sleep." The blanket, about as thick as a fine cashmere shawl—or so it seemed—was to protect us from the chilling blasts of the desert wind at night. These were the sleeping accommodations in the private car of the official chiefly responsible for the great railway!

It is still the custom for pilgrims to travel from the coast to Mecca—a journey that ordinarily takes two days—on the backs of camels, and formerly it was the custom to make the pilgrimage from Damascus in the same way, just as it is likely to remain the only way of traveling between Medina and Mecca—a journey that usually consumes about ten days. But, a few years ago, influential Mohammedans became

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



STATION ON THE MECCA RAILWAY IN THE ARABIAN DESERT

interested in a prospective railroad between Damascus and Medina, and finding that the scheme met with little opposition among the natives, they succeeded in gaining for it the approval of the Turkish authorities, and as it was perfectly feasible, they pushed it to a successful conclusion. Thus there is the marvel, a railroad into the Arabian Desert, where nothing seems to find completion. The projectors of the railroad had expected to meet with violent opposition from the natives, especially from the desert Arabs, even if antipathy to the line might be overcome in the cities and larger towns. They anticipated the familiar outcry that the railroads would deprive camel-drivers and all the numerous caravan personnel of the opportunity to earn an "honest living" in the manner of their fathers and grandfathers. But the Arabs were wise individuals, as usual, and protecting themselves by vowing that the line should never go beyond

Medina, they saw a possibility for increased traffic among the pilgrims.

As quickly as the pilgrims deposited their luggage, usually packed into long bags resembling the two-bushel grain sacks used in America, they came back to the car and peered into the windows. We were as much of a "sight" to them as they were to us, and news of our presence seemed to move every-



PAUSING FOR REFRESHMENT ON THE RAILWAY
JOURNEY TO MECCA

one with a desire to have at least a peep at us. There was doubtless speculation concerning us—chiefly whether we were stupid enough to think they would permit us to enter the city where their Prophet is buried. Soon there was a crowd around the observation platform and at the sides of the car, gesticulating and talking wildly. As we looked over



WIVES AND LUGGAGE WAITING
FOR THEIR ARAB OWNER

the crowd before departure, I saw many deformed and crippled pilgrims.

"Some of them can barely creep," said the director, "but we are powerless. When we tell them they may never reach Mecca alive, hoping to discourage them from trying to continue the journey, they usually look up and smile as they reply: 'Then I shall die near my Prophet,' and further argument seems to be

futile. Last year we had a very old man who could not get into the car without assistance. He seemed to be in need of medical attention and seemed to have 'one foot in the grave,' as you Americans say. We told him that he might not live to go beyond Medina, even if he reached that city. He said: 'Can I hope for any greater joy than to die where my Prophet died?' "

We are now passing into the Holy Land of Genesis, Exodus and Numbers of the Hebrew Bible; across the fields, over the hills and through the valley where occurred those ancient battles which are dismissed with a paragraph in the meager accounts that have come down to us. Toward evening the train rolls into the station of Amman, where the Turkish Government established a colony of Circassians, many of whom are grouped about the tracks. Amman is one of the finest of the ruined cities in the vast district east of the Jordan. It is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament (II Samuel, xii, 26-31, and Jeremiah, xlix, 2), and

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

there are splendid ruins of the Citadel, the Street of Columns, the Amphitheater that seated four thousand spectators, remains of Roman masonry, and many reminders of the ancient world. But these facts did not interest me so much as the discovery that Amman is the Arabic name of the city of Philadelphia, as it was rebuilt by Ptolemy II of Egypt. "Philadelphia" had a familiar ring to it, and I liked to repeat the name, away off there in the desert.

In time, the train creeps into the station of Deraa, the ancient city of Edrei mentioned in Numbers, xxi, 33, and elsewhere in the first books of the Old Testament. It is still a somewhat important city, having about four thousand inhabitants; and it has doubtless received a modern boom from the coming of the railroad, which makes it a junction. As we learned that we might have considerable time to wait before the south-bound pilgrim train came from Damascus,



WHERE THE CAMELS ARE "PARKED" ON REACHING MECCA



MOSLEM PILGRIMS PAUSE AT A STATION TO EAT AND PRAY

we left our train and crossed the big valley, through at least a mile of barren sand, to visit the city itself. Deraa is built of mud bricks, with narrow streets, and small entrances through what appear to be city walls. It has a strange population.

After observing a few granite pillars that had been built into the walls of mud houses, a few stones scattered about bearing inscriptions and winged Assyrian lions, with other evidences of that prouder day, we turned back and left the ancient town for the mushroom growth around the railroad, because here were evidences of life and that which sustains life; and it was not displeasing to find, in this desert country, evidences that the land beyond our range of vision possessed watered oases, where fruit and grain flourished and where doubtless there were beautiful gardens; for the market women had sprays of flowering shrubs, great piles of apricots and dates, even oranges, lemons and tangerines, altho all the earth about us had an almost chalky whiteness and seemed too parched and seared to permit life in a blade of grass. Here also were piles of cucumbers and marrows; and the dealers seemed to be doing a lively business with the travelers, who were filling cans and bags with the vegetables, as if they expected this to be their last opportunity to replenish their stock of provisions. Men bit into these cucumbers and chewed the tough skins of gourds as if they had been delicious peaches, often gnawing into hard rinds that must have been bitter and would have lacerated the lips and gums of one unused to them.

It was a weird night that followed. I looked out of the windows at the bright moonlight that glistened on the distant sands, and sleep, which had beckoned me early in the day, now seemed to be far away. The car kept up its con-



MECCA, THE HOLY CITY OF THE MOHAMMEDANS, WHERE
CHRISTIANS ARE FORBIDDEN TO COME

tinual jogging, and a glance ahead revealed the "porter" on the platform, apparently paying strict attention to duty. The next day he told me that he nearly froze during the night; but the director had told him to remain on the front platform and he had given his word that he would do so. The director was not certain in regard to the attitude of the Moslem pilgrims who were going to the shrines at Medina and Mecca; he feared they might resent the presence of "infidels" on the same train, and might frame some sort of demonstration that would be unpleasant or embarrassing.

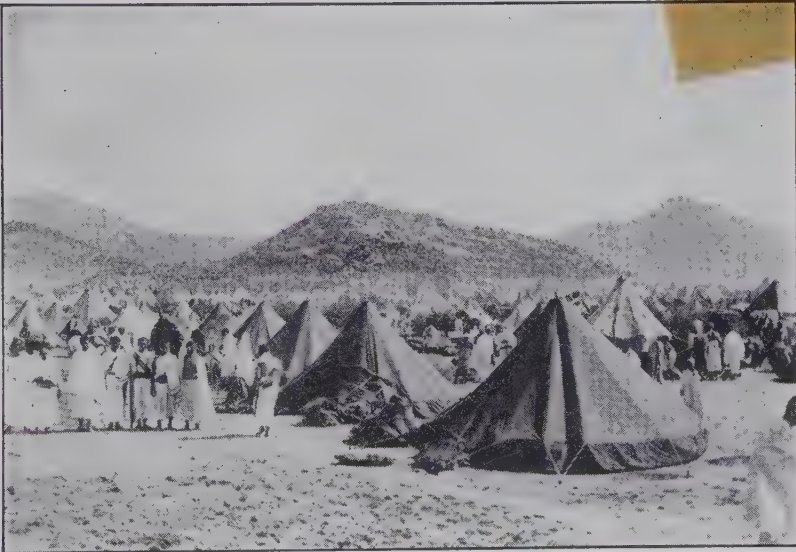
I fell asleep and must have slept soundly for some hours; for when I awakened, the sun was peeping over the eastern hills. The car was not moving. Quickly glancing out of the window, I saw a large stone building, over the front door of which hung a swinging white sign. Over this sign were

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

scrawled Arabic characters which I could not read, so I summoned the "porter" and asked him to interpret for me. "El Ma'an," he replied. The Mohammedans had not forgotten. It was the name of the station which separates the Christians from the Mohammedans; Christians, Jews, and all other "infidels."

The station buildings at Ma'an must look to the desert Arabs who see them for the first time as Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem looked to the shepherds of his day, judging from the accounts that have come to us from Old Testament writers. One would think that to these poor creatures, who spend their lives in the desert beneath camel-hair canopies or within the shelter of crags, the big stone buildings would appear to be temples or palaces.

The city itself lies off to the west, nearly two miles distant. It is divided into two distinct quarters lying about half a mile



A VAST PILGRIM CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MECCA



THOUSANDS OF HOLY PILGRIMS PRESSING TOWARD THE HOLY KAABA AT MECCA

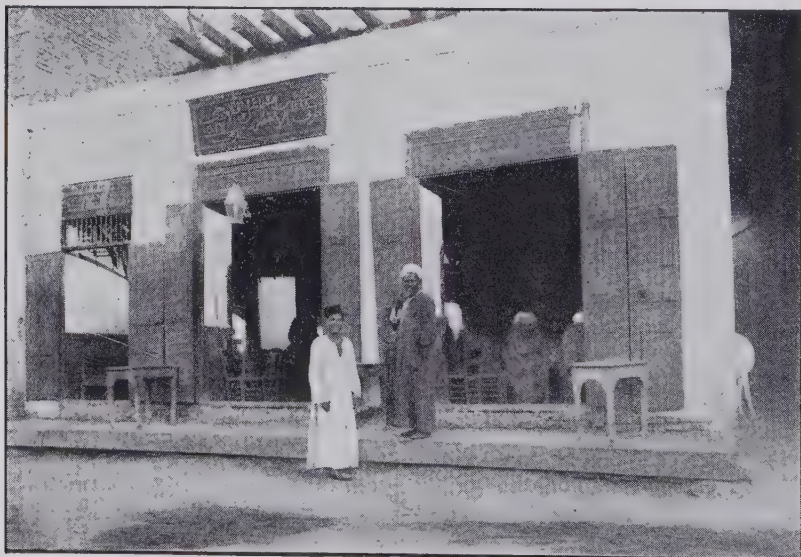
apart, with white desert sand between them, and not one building along the road that joins them; the twin cities of the Arabian Desert, one might call them; but there are no buildings in either portion to compare with those structures at the station.

Within an hour, I had booked a sumptuous caravan that would move westward into the Arabian Desert as far as the ancient city of Petra. The dragoman, surrounded by about twenty-five men and thirty or forty horses, had been awaiting "passengers." He said that he had fifteen horses to be used as pack-animals, but would permit me to select our riding horses from among those now grouped around the station with their owners. He had beautiful tents, a luxurious kitchen and larder, a cook from Cairo, table servants from northern Syria, in all, a caravan of about twenty horses and sixteen men. It seemed like a weird circus parade. My horse had saddle and trappings gaily decorated with swinging buckles, tassels of bright-colored wool, and a blanket, hand-woven and very beautiful when closely examined. The bridle sparkled with steel that was brightly polished, and necklaces of blue beads were suspended about the horse's neck, which I thought at the time were a part of the rather elaborate decoration, but which I soon learned were for the purpose of diverting my "evil eyes" from the horse's soul. For it is a fact well known to Bedouins, not only that a camera will kill a camel's soul, but that an animal of any kind ridden by an infidel, and particularly a horse carrying a white man, will thenceforth be susceptible to sudden disease and likely to die.

The tents, provisions, camping equipment of all kinds, and personal baggage went ahead with a guard, while at the rear of the caravan the travelers with the dragoman seemed to be

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

expected to take things more leisurely. This was true during each day that we traveled in the desert. As soon as we had breakfasted, the tents soon came down, were loaded on the waiting horses, and started along with others that had boxes and impedimenta. Tho we usually stopped an hour or two at lunch time, the rest of the caravan kept on the march until it reached the point where camp was to be pitched for the night; the tents were then erected and everything placed in order, and usually a pot of coffee was steaming and ready for us when we dismounted from the day's march. The path in the desert, beyond cities and villag^r is scarcely visible to the eye of the stranger, being marked only by the fact that the stones lying in it are finer than those to the sides, owing to its having been trodden and retrodden, perhaps for centuries, by the camel trains and horses from the mysterious region beyond.



AN ARAB CAFÉ AT MEAL TIME

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT



GETTING AN EARLY MORNING START IN THE HOLY LAND

My first surprise in the Arabian Desert was to find that it is not shifting sand, similar to the Sahara and Libyan Deserts, but is covered with stones varying from two inches to two feet in diameter, as if they had been systematically scattered over the surface of the earth from above. The region is covered with hills that rise to the proportion of mountains, and there are deep valleys and overhanging cliffs of chalky whiteness. But in all the vast distance, there is no tree to be seen—no trees and no water, excepting when both are met with at the well-known water-holes. One's first surmise on entering a desert city like El Ma'an about the noon hour is that everyone has left the place, excepting the eternal crowd that congregates around the coffee-house, morning, noon and night, and never seems to weary of talking. It seems to the casual onlooker that in such cities the resident male population sits and talks about anything and everything, sipping

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

coffee and smoking cigarets or narghiles, awaiting the arrival of anyone from the outside who can provide a topic of conversation worthy of the name. Then it seems to be necessary to talk it all over again, because there is one who has not heard what has gone before, and, likely as not, he will have something new to add to the conversation, which will be commented upon until the next person comes along.

But beyond these coffee-houses, before which there are stools and benches on which men squat from sunrise until midnight, there is little sign of life; one must open the high gates and go beyond the mud-brick fences and mud walls of the houses, to see any but an occasional pedestrian, a water

carrier, or a lone individual who seems lost in the narrow streets and alleys. Yet, tucked away within these mud walls, are about three thousand inhabitants, who are said to be prosperous. There are many outward evidences of their prosperity, indeed, for the horses are fat, the citizens plump and healthy in appearance—many of them almost as dark as people from the interior of Africa—and great palms and fruit- and nut-bearing trees tower high into the air over the dwellings or creep over the high walls in tropical profusion. The secret of the vegetation is the



CARRYING THE DAY'S SUPPLY OF
DRINKING WATER

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

secret of Ma'an's existence. There is a stream of water flowing through the valley between the hills on which the city is located; and, as we may see in any of these oases, a stream of water can accomplish miracles where the ground, unwatered, seems to be dead.

The first night in camp I was surprised when I inquired and found that they had brought no food for the horses, altho we expected to be gone about two weeks. I was more surprised when I learned that it was not customary to bring



A PEACE CONFERENCE IN THE DESERT

any. "To-morrow we shall be by waterhole where there is much grass," explained the dragoman. The horses were merely turned loose into the desert when night came, after they had been unloaded; and it seemed certain that they would remain near camp all night. That was not even a matter of inquiry, because it seemed to be routine. They



A JEWISH FARM-COLONY IN THE HOLY LAND

picked at sage-brush and dust-covered weeds that crop up at intervals, and seemed to be pretending to be eating, altho it could not have been possible for them to obtain much nourishment or satisfaction from this sort of fodder, which camels find so acceptable. And yet most of the horses looked as if they had come from model stables in which they had been carefully groomed.

There was no such thing as shade, and as the dragoman said we would not find shade that day, we agreed to his suggestion, and stopped in the burning sands for luncheon shortly before one o'clock. We could hardly understand what had befallen us when, away off there, perched on white stones in a blistering heat, we were invited to partake of a repast that was much better than had been spread before us at many of the hotels where we had recently stopped. There were slices of cold turkey, hard-boiled eggs, white bread,

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

oranges, apricots, and, best of all, there was surprisingly cool drinking water.

This cool water interested me, that first noon, as we halted in the desert. If we were to have such a luxury, there was cause to be thankful. Water! Nobody can appreciate what the word means unless he has traveled in the desert. It is true that the water frequently did not satisfy our thirst, and that, after drinking a glass of it, one was as thirsty in five minutes as before taking it; but the thought of it was at least comforting. Desert men do not drink large quantities of water, even when it is obtainable, but more frequently revolve a small pebble in their mouths, which induces a flow of saliva and keeps their lips, throats and tongues from cracking in the heat. The thing that impressed us was not so much that we had plenty of water, but that it was as cool as if it had been dipped from a spring—cooler than that



NOT WORRYING OVER THE WATER PROBLEM

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

which comes from most of the springs in the desert. This is a desert trick. The bottle of water is wrapped in a damp cloth and permitted to hang in the breeze, dangling from a saddlebag or from the rope of a tent; and even in the blazing sun of noonday, when the winds seem to have come from a baker's oven, it becomes so cool that, until you see the miracle demonstrated, you may well doubt its possibility.

We stopped about two hours at lunch time "to give the



A PASTRY SHOP IN BUSINESS HOURS

horses a rest"; at least, that was the nominal excuse, altho we found that the Arab is usually thinking of himself and not of his animals, most of which seem never to have known the least kindness. At times it looked as if the horses would drop from the heat, yet I never saw a driver or rider give any sign of trying to find a shady crevice in the rocks for them while they were "resting." In fact, this seeming neglect of animals in the region of the Arabian Desert is more than neglect. Back of it there is a curious belief of the supersti-



WOMEN AT A HALTING PLACE IN
THE DESERT

tious desert folk, who seem to have an unexpected "meaning" for everything, as I had occasion to learn from experience. One who pets or fondles animals, as we are accustomed to do in America, is not only considered a trifle "soft," but is under suspicion of having something in his life that he wishes to conceal. Kindness to an animal is looked upon as a penance, an admission of wrong-doing and regret. As I had become

fond of the big white Arab horse that carried me over the desert, I had a habit of stroking his neck or patting his fat shoulders with the palm of my hand. One day the dragoon suggested that I desist. He told me that the men in the caravan were talking—making unpleasant remarks about me. Because I had shown such friendliness for the horse, they concluded that I must be a very sinful man and had come out into the desert to atone for my sins.

I have often seen men on beautiful animals come to a shady oasis at the noon hour, seek shade for themselves, but never think of leading their horses beneath a tree, even where there were plenty of trees. And the strange part of it is that the horses seem to be so accustomed to this treatment that they do not show any ill effects from the abuse.

From a distance we could see that the camp helpers had pitched our tents near the big water-hole at Basta, and that

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

they were awaiting our coming. When we arrived, we observed that charcoal was burning in the little sheet-iron stoves; and as soon as we had shaken the dust from our garments, we were invited to partake of coffee and cakes. This was my first peep at the camp, and if a somewhat detailed description of it is given, it is merely for the purpose of convincing the reader, or attempting to do so, that it is possible to go into the desert and still have all the conveniences and luxuries of an ordinary hotel, and many things that are preferable to what is offered at hotels in the Orient. I had a roomy, round tent, white on the outside, to deflect the heat; exquisitely lined with colored materials in Oriental designs, all embroidered in a manner seemingly known only to Oriental peoples. It was carpeted with Oriental rugs so large that they stood up against the sides of the tents, making it impossible for scorpions to enter, unless they came



WHERE PIGEONS ARE THE FAVORITE BARNYARD FOWLS

through the doorway. The bed, a little larger than an ordinary cot, was of iron and had iron legs. There was an ample supply of rugs and blankets, for the desert winds are cold at night, altho the daylight traveler might think the first day that this would be impossible. An iron wash-stand stood beside the bed, and another iron stand was covered with Oriental tapestry and supported by a silver candlestick. A glance proved that all arrangements were far better than I had anticipated.

In the night everybody was awakened by yells and howls that sounded like the screeching siren of a fire-tug. They were high falsetto screeches, unlike the barking of dogs, and were quickly answered by the neighing of our horses. I never knew before how pitifully and mournfully a horse can cry out when it scents danger. Some of these Arab horses made sounds not unlike the crying of babies. But their keepers were quickly on foot, and we heard a great shouting. Then, suddenly, all was quiet again, and apparently everyone went back to sleep.

Next morning, as we were starting westward, I asked the dragoman whether he had heard the racket in the night.

"Yes," he said, "did you hear them? It was the hyenas coming down from their caves in the hills to drink at the water-hole. One of them came close to the camp—probably smelled the meat in the cook-tent."

That was a wonderful night. We sat out in front of our tents until a late hour, looking at the stars and observing how things gradually became silent. The men were tired after the day's journey, and one by one little groups of them stopped talking and went out on the hills to wrap themselves in their blankets and fall asleep. Before we retired, we saw a long caravan approaching from the west. For a considerable



AT A MIDDAY CAMP ON THE WAY TO PETRA

distance it traveled along the top of the hill in a straight line, before descending into the valley, so that the camels were silhouetted against the blue sky and seemed strikingly like paintings that we have seen of the rare life of the desert. Many of these camel trains traveled in the cool hours of the night and halted for their rest during the hours of excessive heat. There was no sign of life for perhaps an hour, when suddenly the top of the nearest hill seemed to be covered with dark forms. There were so many of them that they seemed to be flies; but, sitting up, I observed that they were moving in our direction. They also were coming to the ancient life-giver, the water-hole.

Altho I had been seeing more camels, in the last few days, than I supposed existed on the earth, here seemed to be the most remarkable collection of all. The hill was covered with them, and I knew that they were camels, even those little

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

dark objects coming over the hilltop, because some of the great herd had reached the water-hole and stood there with their necks high in air, as if they were sniffing at the stars. The dragoman said that they scented strangers. This did not seem to be particularly complimentary at the time, but owing to the fact that I knew some of the members of our caravan would be quite easily "scented," I have no reason to doubt that what he said was true. Perhaps the creatures had not drunk water for two days, yet when they reached it in abundance, they did not show any inclination to hasten—quite an Oriental trait—and merely stood there beside the well and waited. This magnificent herd of camels was being driven across the desert to Medina to be used in the pilgrim trade. They had been purchased in Syria, it was explained, but would henceforth be engaged in the



WHERE THE ARK OF THE COVENANT IS SAID TO HAVE RESTED
FOR TWENTY YEARS

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



RIDING PICK-A-BACK TO ACRE

transportation of men making the holy journey between the Prophet's Tomb and the environs of Mecca.

I had an experience here before morning that I never shall forget. I was awakened by four horsemen, who arrived at the water-hole, slipped from their saddles and left the animals to drink, while three of the quartet went over to where our men were sleeping, probably to inquire who we were. According to the desert custom, their figures were enveloped in

flowing robes; turbans were on their heads, pulled low on their brows, and cloths were tied about their chins, leaving only their eyes and nostrils exposed to the drifting fine sand.

One of the men sat down on the high stone brink of the water-hole and seemed to be contemplating the surrounding scene. I don't know why, but I was fascinated by this melancholy figure, and I arose and came out to the big well. I gave him a friendly salutation for strangers meeting in the desert, but he lifted his shoulders and indicated that he could not understand what I said. As I came closer, however, I passed through the deep purple or indigo light and thought I recognized the eyes and nose of a white man.

"Have you traveled far to-night?" I asked him, and when he again indicated that he could not understand what I said,

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

I paid no attention, but continued: "You rest in the daytime and travel at night?"

He made a gesture of impatience and looked down into the water-hole, so I made no further inquiries, but sat down on the stones not far away, eager to convince myself as to his color and nationality.

We sat speechless for perhaps ten minutes, after which we



AT A WELL IN ACRE

heard voices and saw that his companions were coming back. As tho he desired to embrace the opportunity without permitting them to observe that we were speaking, he slipped his hand from under his garments and held it out to grasp mine.

"Good-by, old man," he said, softly.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

I clasped his hand, and he quickly pulled it away, going down past the water-hole and climbing into the saddle. The other men came and mounted their horses—certainly desert men—and the four galloped off together.

Who was this English-speaking, reticent stranger, who went galloping over the Arabian Desert at night with native horsemen? Why was it that he sought to conceal the fact that he was a white man and that he spoke English?

As we came out from breakfast, I saw that the Arabs of our train were scattered into little groups of three or four, sitting on the sand, and busy with something that invited investigation. I found that, having received word that they would remain here another day, they were preparing the day's food. Each little group of men had a small sack of wheat still on the ear. I seated myself beside what I considered a typical group and watched the proceedings. A



STOPPING TO CHAT WITH A GREEK PRIEST ON THE WAY TO ACRE

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

man found a flat stone that served as a base and another stone served as a mallet. He spread the heads of wheat on the flat stone and began to pound. This was desert "threshing." After he had pounded for a time, he passed the mass to the others, who blew away the chaff and picked out the green kernels. On another stone was a pile of wheat as neatly threshed as if it had passed through a machine. They passed this by the handful to other stones and began to pound



A BOY OF PETRA

and crush the kernels, much as things are pounded in a mortar; and the result was a soggy, thick, greenish mass, like fresh bran, only not so dry. With this, they stirred water and flattened it into cakes about one inch thick and a foot in diameter. The labor continued until each little group had its own pancake, whereupon the men started out in all directions, leaving the cakes to dry on stones, and picked up all the dry camel dung that they were able to find on the trails leading to the water-hole. Five or six fires were lighted, blazed brightly, and soon became heaps of glowing embers. The "bread" was then laid on the sand, and sprinkled with more sand—evidently to make a crust—and the hot coals were thrown upon it. Then embers and "bread" were covered with heaps of sand, and the baking began. The men sat and chatted for perhaps half an



ABBAS EFFENDI, A SOLID CITIZEN
OF TIBERIAS

hour, finally taking out the "loaves," which were burned as black as charcoal. This crust was pared off with long, curved knives; the cakes were broken into hunks four or five inches wide, and each man went his way to the banquet.

After a hot day, when both horses and men were tired, having covered many miles, we reached the summit of a big white hill, which we had been climbing for hours. The first camel that went over those desert sands must

have staggered—judging from the present trail—and all the other camels, horses and men that followed, have tried to keep to the same footprints.

Here was one of the most unbelievable sights in the world. No doubt we had arrived at just the right time of the day, altho I once again beheld the same panorama in the early morning and it looked about the same. Off there in the distance, filling the great bowl-like valley, which was surrounded by towering cliffs, lay Petra, the ancient stronghold, which, unlike other strongholds set upon the heights, is in the depths and yet has proved itself almost impregnable. Here was Petra, the forgotten city! Petra, once a capital and metropolis of an important country, but a city which had no certain history since the fourth century! Petra, the sight of which caused ancient warriors and kings to marvel.

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

Petra, the sight of which may have met the eyes of Moses and the Israelites on their weary march from Egypt to the Promised Land!

"Petra is like a fairy city hidden in a mountain," to quote the words of a recent traveler. "It is as tho a huge peak had been disemboweled and the ancient city set down in the chasm. Nearly all traces of the ancient structures that rose on the plain have disappeared. But against the cliff walls remains a unique, and almost imperishable Petra. One-piece 'buildings' have been carved out of the solid sandstone and are almost as well preserved to-day as when the chisels of their creators were laid down."

One who has seen a large piece of amethyst quartz, with its pointed prongs of purple, may form some idea of rose-tinted Petra when viewed from the top of a neighboring hill. And all at once, in addition to the mental shock that I



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE, EVEN IN THE ARABIAN DESERT

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



WHERE THE NAHR BARADA FLOWS THROUGH THE ARABIAN DESERT

received from first beholding it, came the realization that the city is much more extensive than I had expected; for my idea of it had been gleaned from descriptions by many writers, most of whom either never saw it at all, or spent only the hours of a single day within its walls. The great Valley of Moses seemed to be full of pinkish-purple prongs, some of which looked like great crystal prisms with their sharp points turned upward. And we found, in the days that followed, that these prisms were in reality mounds of stone, which our imagination on that first day could not picture as being one-millionth of their actual size. Petra must be at least five miles in circumference at the brim of the rock bowl. Writers usually speak of it as a "rock bowl in the desert"; but this description does not do it justice and is likely to create an erroneous idea of its vastness. Nevertheless, it is a stone bowl and it seems to be made of pink sapphire.

INTO ARABIA'S DESERT

There are few important places on the earth's surface that remain so unknown to the people of the world, doubtless due chiefly to the difficulty of getting to it by slow marches across the desert, either from Mount Sinai on the west or from El Ma'an on the east. But this seems strange, in view of its gorgeous present and its mighty past; for at one time it must have been one of the wonders of the world. It was the great city on the highway between the Red Sea and Arabia, about half-way between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea. The Bible refers to it as the city captured by King Amaziah, which must have been about the ninth century B. C.; but its location and the fact that it is usually entered by what is known as the Sik, a two-mile crevasse between mountain-high cliffs—in reality merely a crack in the mountains—made it almost impregnable. Scholars generally agree that it is the "Sela" of the Old Testament (II Kings, xiv, 7, and Isaiah xvi, 1), a name which, like the Roman "Petra," means rock. It was that marvel, a city carved out of the natural rock, like a cameo. And such carvings! Such a city! A metropolis of temples, palaces and tombs!

"See Rome, Egypt, Greece, Baalbek and Palmyra, if you can, but above all things see the Khazneh, the treasure-house at Petra," wrote a traveler a long time ago.

There is a long and gradual incline from the top of



THINKING IT OVER

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

the mountain down into the Wadi Musa, as the Valley of Moses is known to the Arabs; or it seems gradual to one who has made the long journey to the city limits and is eager to enter it. The Arab tradition has it that the stream of water which flows through this valley is the same that spurted from the rock when it was struck by Moses. They say that the great cleft in the mountains, now known as the Sik, is the point at which he performed the miracle. Moses is the patron saint of the district, and practically every family for miles around has at least one child named after him.

We reached the bottom of the valley and saw a pretty stream of pure water gurgling from the rocks. "A rock city in the Arabian Desert, yet a place amply supplied with water," was Strabo's description of the ancient metropolis, and doubtless it was this eternal spring which gave the city its life. Shepherds were watering their goats, and a lean camel was drinking at the brink of a little pool further down; when we came in sight, however, the camel straightened up and looked at us disdainfully, as if challenging our right to be there. Camels always looked at us in that way, but never before did they seem just as this one did that day. It made us feel that we were treading upon forbidden preserves, as any amount of threats and insults from the Bedouins would have failed to do. Below the spring, the vegetation started. At first, just a little green grass, which is about as rare in the desert as are pearls in oyster shells. Grass grows wherever there is water, but, in all the great expanse, water is found at comparatively few places.

As we turned a curve, we came upon something that was even more beautiful than grass: The valley was profusely carpeted with oleander shrubs. They were laden with great clusters of pink blossoms, which caused the branches to bend

across the trail. And we found, later, that this was only a prelude of the floral joys to come. Finally we reached the end of the Sik, or we saw that we were about to enter the city, as we could see light ahead. And all at once we halted before the Khazneh! Not even the photographs give anything like a correct impression of its magnitude. For practical purposes, it may be thought of as a three- or four-story building of the present; but its pillars, its ornamental front and its three chambers are carved out of the solid rock, a rose-pink rock that gives the whole thing, with its delicate design, the appearance of a gigantic cameo.

VIII AMETHYST PETRA



THE "SIK," THE ROCKY DEFILE THROUGH WHICH WE ENTER PETRA

VIII

AMETHYST PETRA

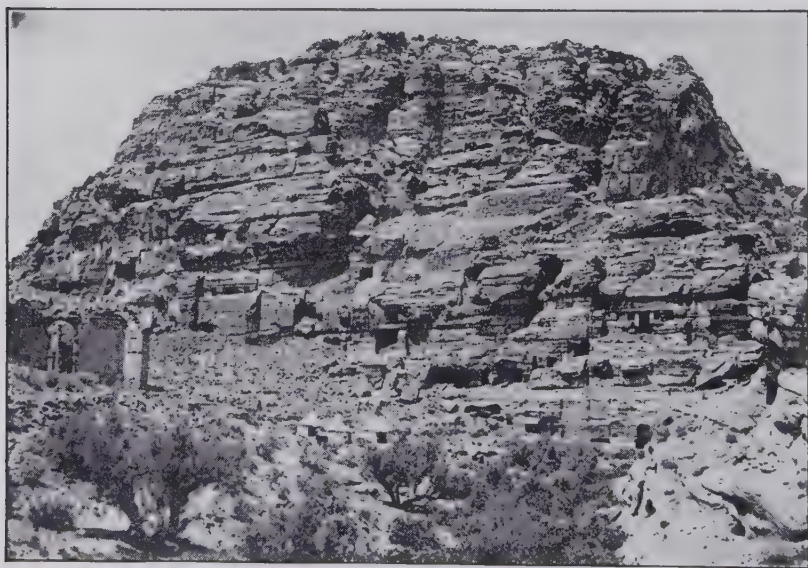
WE begin our excursions in Petra by returning to what first greeted our eyes, the Khazneh, assuredly one of the most amazing and most perfect works of man in the world. The magnificent structure, somewhat removed from the rest of the city, is placed at the end of the Sik, no doubt for the purpose of commanding the admiration of all visitors who came that way. Perhaps its designer carved the Khazneh at the command of the Emperor Hadrian, who visited Petra in the year 131 A. D.; but nobody knows exactly. One only sees that it is the result of almost incredible labor—that millions of mallet and chisel strokes, directed against the mountain, were necessary to create it. Originally, it had six splendid Corinthian columns supporting the portico; but two of them have broken off and tottered over. Upon them we sat down for a few moments after we came out from the big chambers.

We next pressed ourselves through a jungle of oleanders into a crevasse which had a somewhat time-worn staircase. We were ascending to the ancient High Place of Petra, which several writers have been pleased to term the "Cathedral of Edom." There are many interesting excavations along the stairs, which fringe the overhanging cliffs; and there are the Nabatæan inscriptions, which the archeologists have deciphered and take to be merely the names of ancient men of importance, perhaps rich traders, who wished

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

to have their names "immortalized" in this way, and pathetically suggest to readers not to forget them or their sons and daughters. Scarcely a square yard of the rock in this vicinity has been untouched by the carver's or excavator's tools.

The High Place is located on a pinnacle of rock that stands detached from all the surrounding walls. As it seems to be the highest point in Petra, and as Petra was the capital city of the country—which denied passage to the Children of Israel, and against which all the Jewish prophets of later days thundered their wrath—it is plausible that this pinnacle of rock was the center of early religious beliefs and practises; and that upon its altars were made either human or animal sacrifices, according to the period. There are other High Places in Petra, but this seems to have been the chief among them.



THE ACROPOLIS—IN THE BACK YARD OF THE NEWMAN
CAMP AT PETRA

It offers a commanding view of the city, and it seems likely that the High Priest, or official conducting a ceremony, could have made his voice heard throughout the vast stone basin, as we proved by actual test a day later, when the photographer ascended the pinnacle to take photographs of the altars and talked to us, so that we heard his voice plainly, altho our tents were fully a mile away.

I found considerable difficulty in ascending the staircases, which were wide enough at one time for the processions of priests and citizens climbing to the altars. Disintegration has caused some of the steps to fall away completely, and it is often a scramble to find foot-room; but I was finally upon a platform elevation, which the books declare to be about seven hundred feet above the stream under the main street of the city. Here are two pillars about twenty feet high, each chiseled out of the natural rock. Not far away is a raised platform about five feet long, doubtless the principal sacrificial altar. It is drained by cuttings in the rock which led to excavated pools. There are also smaller altars and a stone bench that seems about large enough to accommodate ten persons. The altars are so placed that the attendant would face the rising sun, as does the Sphinx in Egypt, and as do so many places of ancient worship. It has been suggested that the pillars marking the exalted High Place may have been the inspiration for the Christian church-steeple and the Mohammedan minaret, in view of the fact that they could not have originated from anything similar about the Jewish synagog.

The Hebrew Bible makes constant reference to worship in high places, and many of the great events which it chronicles took place on the summits of mountains; thus Mount Hor, Mount Carmel, Mount Gerizim, Mounts Moriah



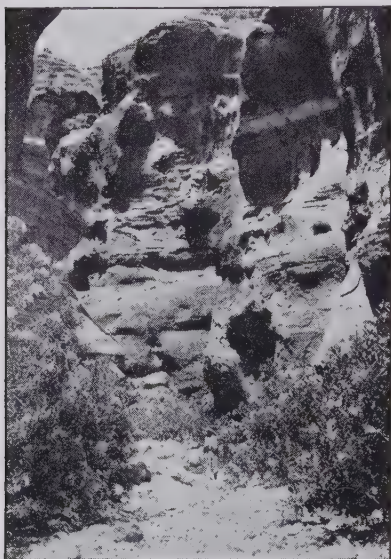
THE KHAZNEH OR TREASURY

Most imposing of the great structures carved from the living rock at Petra

and Nebo have had antique significance as holy places, and probably this High Place of Petra deserves mention along with others in the list. A guide-book estimates that there are seven hundred rock tombs in Petra. My guess is that seven thousand would be nearer the mark.

It is interesting to recall that a Nabatæan princess, daughter of the King of Petra, was the wife of Herod Antipas before his visit to Rome. In Rome, however, Herod married Herodias, his brother's wife, and brought her to Tiberias with her daughter, Salome. When the princess learned of what her husband had done, she hastily returned to her father, which caused a declaration of war against Herod. During that war he was obliged to call for assistance from the Romans at Jerusalem, who gave it reluctantly. They gave it, not because they were favorable to him, but because they were commanded to do so. Discarding his Petran wife was the beginning of all of Herod's troubles, culminating in the beheading of John the Baptist, following Salome's celebrated dance on his birthday; and this act probably caused his mental breakdown, because he was haunted with the knowledge that he had caused the death of a Prophet of God.

No account ever written has done this place justice, and just as it is impossible to write adequately of a daffodil sunrise in the desert, or of the Venus de Milo, or of the color in a peacock's feathers, it is quite impossible to convey anything like a correct impression of what was once in many ways the most remarkable city ever built by man. And the most surprising feature of it all is that altho men continue to come and go in all directions over the earth's surface, Petra remains one of the most unknown spots on earth, as if it were forbidden ground. As before noted, Old Testament prophecy is emphatic enough in regard to the whole land.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE "SIK"

Thus: "I will make thee most desolate," "I will make thee perpetual desolations and thy cities shall not return," and "from generation to generation, it shall be waste"; but, even granting the fulfilment of prophecy, there is nothing to prevent men from penetrating into this waste and desolation. Children still scuff the débris with their hands or bare feet, and bring coins, sometimes handfuls of them, to light. They still climb to a tomb a little more inaccessible than others, and not so inviting to the casual traveler, and find beautiful tear-bottles of glass, Roman drinking cups, and many other antiquities. Without knowledge of where to look, or the likeliest place to find these things, one day I uncovered twelve Roman drinking cups of perfect design and in as perfect condition as the day they were passed from the kiln. What, then, will be disclosed when a careful excavation of the rubbish is made, when these great heaps of sand are put through sieves, as they are in Egypt?

The automobile has made the amazing city easily accessible for hurried travelers, and there is talk of the erection of a tavern within the city for the comfortable accommodation of visitors who arrive without properly equipped caravans. All who enter the city, go away declaring that it is one of the most fascinating spots on the earth's surface. Still, Petra's visitors are few, considering the crowds who go

to the familiar places, where the rewards are not so great. When the scientific excavators and students have finally exploited this city, as some of the ruins of Egypt, for example, have been exploited, the world will awaken to the fact that there is still novelty in travel, something under the sun that has not been seen by everyone who takes a ship and seeks "sights." For perhaps here, without exception, is the most nearly unique remnant of the antique world, just as it was left by its inhabitants. Whether Petra was abandoned on account of flood, pestilence or war, nobody knows; but it passed from the knowledge of the western world for something like twelve centuries, and only lately has attracted attention again.

The great mountains that form the pink basin in which the city is located are literally honeycombed. Usually there



THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE—A CIRCULAR ALTAR AS OLD, PERHAPS,
AS THE TIME OF MOSES



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF THE URN, PETRA

are ornate entrances, splendidly carved doorways, and, in the tomb chambers, even little niches and mantel-like stones, beautifully carved, and presumably intended to support lamps during the ceremonies of interment, or during the visits of friends and priests after the ceremonies. Most of the larger structures have received names from modern travelers, altho these names are not likely to have any but a strictly modern meaning. Thus, a gigantic edifice, the front of which has three separate tiers of pillars, is called "The Temple of the Three Stories." A beautiful Grecian urn is carved over the front portal of another temple, and thus we have "The Temple of the Urn." There are "Tombs of the Soldiers," because Roman statues of fighting men appear upon the front. But what is called a temple may have been a palace. What was a palace may be called a tomb. The historians know practically nothing about the city's "structures," and the archeologists seem to know even less; the dates of the buildings, their meanings, the uses to which they were put, are unknown despite all our knowledge gleaned from other lands. It has even been argued that, during the centuries when Petra flourished as a metropolis, its citizens, owing to the convenient location of the capital on the caravan routes leading to the principal cities of the Eastern world, frequently visited foreign countries, observed the buildings of other cities, and then attempted to duplicate these in solid stone carvings in their home city. Some of the "structures" are perched on the mountain-side, but there are staircases carved into the rock and leading to precipitous cliffs which are the entrances from the valley below. Whole streets have thus been carved from the rock, and the steps remain as sharp to-day as when they were cut.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

I pushed the branches aside and made my way down what once was a street—doubtless the principal highway of the metropolis—over which Roman chariots and more ancient vehicles had passed; a ruined street that was once dubbed by Dean Stanley the “Petran Appian Way.” There are plenty of wheel marks in the pavement, which still remains in place, as in Pompeii. At certain points this pavement forms a complete archway over what may have been the bed of a stream; or the arched construction may have been for the purpose of maintaining the street level. Near our camp is a fine Roman temple, and before it are the remains of splendid mosaic baths. The bases of the pillars of the temple, like so many others in Petra, indicate the action of water. Water in abundance in this bowl in the middle of the parched desert! It is all inexplicable, and one may be permitted a speculation



WRETCHED INHABITANTS OF PETRA, ON WHOSE LAND RESTS
THE CURSE OF THE HEBREW PROPHETS

where nothing is known for a certainty. For example, my guess would be that Petra was destroyed by a flood, causing it to pass from human knowledge. Perhaps the tunnel became choked. Perhaps the water roared down into the great basin of rock which formed the base of the city buildings, overwhelming its population and completely blotting them out. Perhaps the basin became a lake that covered those carved "buildings," so that no man knew its location. This would have choked up the Sik, the only entrance from the eastern side, and, it seems to me, would account for the city's "disappearance" in a more logical way than the archeologists and scientists have done. Then the water subsided. Perhaps hundreds of years passed. Bedouins came this way again—and then Burckhardt came and told the world about what he had found. Practically all the lower-tier buildings of Petra show the action of water. Bases of columns are almost washed away, while the upper stories of the carvings remain practically as they were the day they were completed.

Men require habitations. They usually build temples and tombs, but when a city in the middle of a vast desert had a civilization sufficiently advanced to demand a theater, the like of which was never built before or since, there is sufficient reason for reflection. Such a phenomenon gives us pause, even amid scenes so awe-inspiring that anything like sober reflection and appreciation seems almost impossible. In order to carve this theater, it appears to have been necessary to remove a great semicircle from the side of a mountain of solid rock. Perhaps an indentation in the stone suggested the arena to the builders, just as the natural form of the rock doubtless suggested the form of the Sphinx in Egypt to those other hewers of stone in the dawn-period of the human

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

world. But the toil that was necessary to remove the great mass of rock at a time when it had to be done by hand, with individual strokes of mallet and chisel, is almost incomprehensible to-day.

And it was all for a theater, a place of public amusement! Not a stately structure for a royal tomb, not a temple, in the building of which men blindly follow religious instincts and never think of the time, labor, cost, or even the blood-sacrifice entailed. After it was completed, it was merely a place where men might sit and find amusement. And Petra was wealthy and advanced enough, powerful enough, to be able to exact this toll from men; and at least its rulers were cultivated enough to realize the importance of such a monument to art.

The terraced stone benches are approached by aisles and have a seating capacity estimated to be between three and



VIEW FROM THE SEATS OF THE THEATER AT PETRA



CHILDREN OF THE
FORGOTTEN CITY

four thousand, doubtless nearer the latter figure than the former. They are situated on the west side of a broad avenue, and even this fact seems to be a little more than a happening. On the eastern side of the highway, after midday, a tropical sun beats on the rocks, making them uncomfortable, even for a native accustomed to the dry heat—a heat that mows down human beings who venture forth with their heads uncovered. Presumably, theatrical performances

or spectacles would be staged in the afternoon or evening. Without a canopy of some sort, it would be uncomfortable or impossible to sit and witness them. On the western side of the avenue, however, there are towering cliffs that seem to pierce the sky when beheld from the arena below. They, too, are carved and honeycombed with chambers, usually called tombs, altho it is perfectly logical to suspect that some of them were residences. By three o'clock in the afternoon, the tall, stony background throws a refreshing shade over the arena and seats. Doubtless silken cushions covered these seats, tapestries were suspended from the walls, banners flew in the breeze, and a gaily costumed populace lounged or sat here and applauded the spectacles disclosed.

It is interesting to speculate upon the nature of these performances. Doubtless they changed with the passing of the



TWO LITTLE MAIDS OF PETRA

centuries. Perhaps there were religious spectacles and pageantry borrowed from Egypt, then the games of Greece, dramatic plays and contests, and then the "latest" from Rome or Antioch. There is not the slightest proof that spectacles or plays were presented here, for the walls of the theater, like other walls in Petra, are silent and disclose nothing of certain history; but here is the magnificent theater, and we know that other cities of the ancient world possessing such

structures, demanded recreation and amusement.

In my fancy, I saw a great celebration in the arena in honor of mighty visitors who had just arrived. The vast caravan had wended its way through the Sik after many days in the dreary desert. The visitors had heard of Petra and its wonders, and when their eyes beheld the Khazneh, they realized that reports had not been exaggerated. Perhaps they were being entertained in stately edifices. They lifted priceless food and rare wine to their lips, because, being on the caravan route from all the great cities of the known world, Petra doubtless exacted a tremendous toll from all who ventured that way. But after all the smaller celebrations and marks of hospitality, there was a gala performance in the theater. The King of Petra wanted the report to go still further that his city was the metropolis of Arabia. Flags

waved from the mastheads, and the walls of the stadium were gay with decorations. Men arrived at the entrance in chariots, surrounded by their servants and retainers. Some of them came in gaily caparisoned litters carried by Ethiopian slaves. Either in this way, or walking along the huge paving stones which vaulted the ancient waterway that gave Petra its life, the King arrived amid the crying and gesticulating populace, and perhaps presented his guests from Rome or Persia. Slowly he ascended to his loge and waved a royal hand toward the cushions upon which they might lounge over the balconies and view the performance. Signals from flute-players indicated that the spectacle was about to begin. Perhaps it was a tragedy, perhaps a comedy, or a spectacle of acrobatic prowess, even a magician's wonder-workings, or a great festival performance, in which African slaves battled with desert lions.

Next to the Khazneh itself, perhaps the most beautiful large "structure" within the city is called by the natives Ed Deir or The Convent, and is a temple about one hundred thirty-eight feet high, with one plain chamber, into which we penetrated after pausing before the ornate exterior. Scholars have associated this point with that mentioned in the Hebrew Bible (II Chronicles, xxv, 12) as the point from which ten thousand children of Seir



MR. NEWMAN IN ARAB COSTUME



STEPPED TOMBS IN THE CLIFF AT PETRA

were thrown as a barbaric exhibition of justice or revenge.

In the semi-darkness of Ed Deir, we came upon perhaps a dozen of the thirty inhabitants of the present city. Why they remain here, is difficult to understand. They are degenerate in appearance, dressed in rags, and have practically no communication with the outside world. They eat lentils and meal, and drink brackish, greenish water that filters through the rocks into the valley. A woman at what is locally known as The Convent was grinding meal between two stones. The men merely sat around and watched the operation, while the children, undernourished little creatures, almost naked, scampered into the darkness of the tomb at the approach of strangers, and were enticed into the sunlight only by the promise of white bread, which they devoured like hungry dogs. I indicated to the children that I would like to have them come to see me in camp, and altho they appeared not to understand, one of the men grasped the meaning of the pantomime and put into words what I had been unable to express by gestures alone. They understood him, and accepted the invitation.

The poor, half-starved children were in camp before we returned, and we found them on a flat rock overlooking the little plateau near the tents, after we had finished our day's wanderings. We found them there other days, seemingly at all hours of the day. I can testify that for one week at least, those children of Petra were well fed. They spurned many dainties of the desert larder which we offered them, things like walnuts, raisins, figs, and all kinds of meat; but they eagerly devoured great hunks of white bread as if it were a toothsome delicacy, and they probably made a good choice for stomachs that had been empty too long.

One day, when particularly anxious either to show their



THE CONVENT, ED DEIR, CARVED FROM THE CLIFF LONG AGES AGO

gratitude for the food or their desire to receive it in larger quantities, they spent hours digging among the stones, and their poor fingers were bleeding as they held them out to show me the coins they had found. I asked the dragoman to tell them that they must not work so hard, but he laughed, and I am certain that he never interpreted my words.

Clad in a few rags draped over their shoulders—rags which often failed to accomplish the principal purpose of clothing in warm climates—these primitive children nevertheless gave me an amusing illustration of the instinctive vanity of the human race. After a rather strenuous morning, I had gone into my tent for a rest, and, looking out through the opening, saw the children in a group, sitting in the sand, waiting for me. They were patient little creatures, who would sit for hours in the broiling sun after they had found coins or pieces of pottery which they thought would please me; but they had been told not to make any noise around the tents when we were resting, so they spoke in whispers when they were near the camp. I took a mental inventory of my rather abbreviated personal luggage and wondered if I had any little trinket that would please them. For once, I wanted to give them something that was not food, but could think of nothing, for the heavier luggage had been left in the car at El Ma'an, and I had brought along only what I considered necessary articles of the toilet and clothing. Finally, however, looking through a suitcase, I found some large safety-pins. At least these might be different from anything they had ever seen, so I called them and presented a bright pin to each of them. Then I showed them how these things were manipulated, how it was possible, with a single pin, to join two pieces of the rags that hung over their shoulders; and they seemed as pleased as if I had given them fine toys.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

They went away, after they had kissed my hand, the only way they knew of expressing their gratitude, and I lay down and rested for perhaps an hour. When I emerged from the tent, however, they were back in camp waiting for me. As I sat down on a stool, one of them, a girl perhaps sixteen years old, whose costume consisted of about half a yard of dirty cloth, began to prance back and forth in front of the



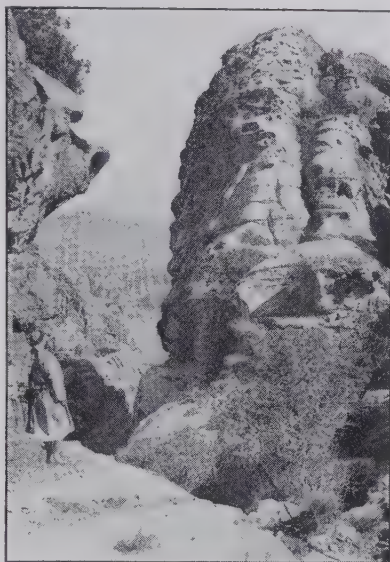
THREE KIDS AND A PARENT OF TWO OF THEM

tent, like a soldier doing picket duty. Her two brothers and other boys sat nearby, grinning and watching me closely, to see what effect these tactics had upon me. The young lady was "showing off," altho for some time I failed to realize what the parade was all about. She had fastened the safety-pin to a lock of her hair, so that it dangled over her forehead, and she and her companions seemed to think the

decoration so becoming and elegant that she was permitting me to see her decked out in her finery. I saw the girl many times after that, for she was one of the most indefatigable hunters after coins and pottery, and she was never without the pin stuck somewhere in the tangled hair of her head.

And these are the modern dwellers in Petran palaces, temples and tombs! I asked one of the men, who seemed unattached, if he did not care to accompany our caravan to

El Ma'an when we were leaving. At least, I thought, it would give him the opportunity to reach comparative civilization. He told me that he had no desire to do so. Petra was his home. He slept in one of the elevated tombs near the amphitheater, and he said that he was satisfied—in fact, preferred it to a place like Ma'an, altho he assured me that his only earthly possession was a curved hunting-knife which he wore suspended from an iron chain around his waist. When I told him that I admired the carving on the handle of the knife, he unhooked the chain and offered it to me. When I declined to accept it, he seemed not only embarrassed and annoyed, but so angry that the dragoman suggested that I accept the gift. I could make no payment in money, for money was of no use to him in Petra; all I could do was to see that he was plentifully supplied with



ROCK SCENERY ON THE WAY
TO ED DEIR



A THREE-STORIED TOMB

white bread when I left, and this delighted him, as it had pleased the children at Ed Deir.

Those were full days, one not unlike the other, yet always with new sights to offer. When we started out in the morning, we soon diverged into one of those numerous fissures, which took us into unexplored territory. During our many jaunts of several hours' duration, it seemed that we never covered the same territory twice, excepting the environs of the camp

itself. I always promised myself that I would go again to the Convent and look off into that desert waste to Jebel Harun and Aaron's tomb; but the first sight of the Convent was also the last. There was such a variety of sights beckoning me, that I seldom found the opportunity to see again what had pleased me once.

Owing to the dry air of the desert, which has helped to preserve the monuments of Petra, as it has those of Egypt, the pillar on the wonderful Khazneh still shows plainly the names of German and English travelers who visited the city as early as 1843. These were the earliest that we could find, and there may not have been many visitors since that time, for the dragoman told us that nobody coming to Petra would think of leaving the city without writing his name near the entrance; probably it was suggested to them as it was to us.

AMETHYST PETRA

It is a pretty idea, one instance in which scribbling one's name on a beautiful work of art does not appear to be a desecration, for the visitor to this unfrequented city likes to know who has been there before him.

We climbed up to one temple excavation which had a huge platform of masonry, similar to Herod's enlargement of the temple area at Jerusalem. This porch overlooking the great valley must have been imposing at one time; but some of the arches have crumbled, and the platform has fallen in great heaps of cubed, pink sandstone. Some of these stones have been piled into a sort of improvised stairway, however, and it is possible to approach the inner chambers in this way. Up to the time of entering this temple, I had revelled in the reddish color that seemed to prevail throughout the landscape, even to the oleanders that burst their great bunches of



NETWORK DECORATION ON THE COLUMBARIUM TOMB

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

flowers everywhere; but, reaching the interior chambers, I soon saw that amazing coloring of the stone which made it seem to be fluttering ribbons of various hues, ranging from deep indigo to saffron yellow, even to crimson, and sometimes to splotches of white that were like snow. Of these colors it is almost impossible to write adequately. They are as brilliant as the paintings in Egyptian tombs, and seem to have been laid on with a brush, until close examination proves they were painted by nature and only brought to light by chisels



TWO THOUSAND YEARS HAVE NOT IMPROVED
PETRA'S FLOUR MILLS

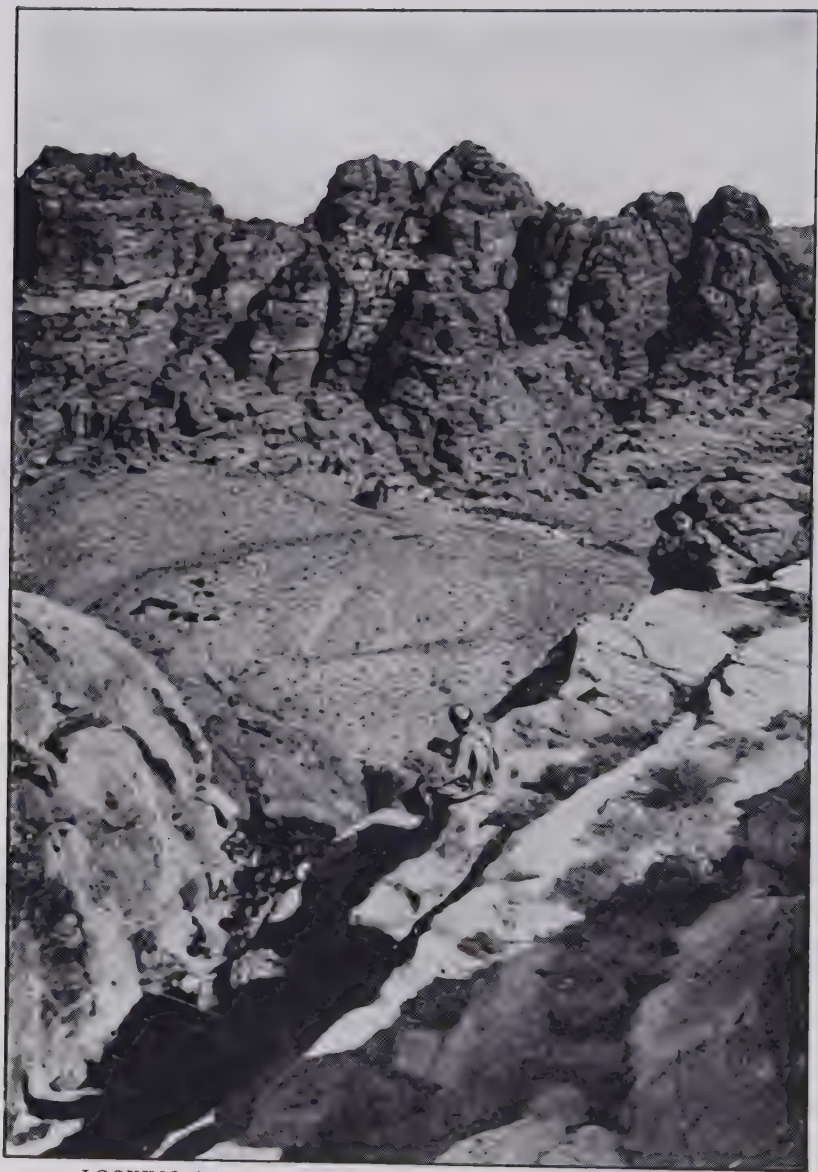
in the hands of men. The chisels cut straight across the dipping strata and exposed the brilliant coloring of each one in waving designs of watered silk, or panels of mahogany.

Near this gorgeous temple we saw several unfinished excavations, which proved that the ancient workmen carved without the use of scaffolding. They began from the top, by cutting and wedging a foothold in the cliff, and then worked

downward. Thus, many tombs are left unfinished, altho the upper portions seem to have satisfied the sculptors. Then, as if they had suddenly laid down their tools, the natural rock remains at the bases. We saw instances in which four pillars were planned for the portal of a tomb. Three were completed, but the fourth was merely blocked out; as if by a few strokes of the chisel. Perhaps the carvers were overcome by a pestilence that destroyed the city, perhaps suddenly called to arms to protect their kingdom, or perhaps overcome by a flood. Their handiwork is silent.

The boys gathered brush and sticks, and we had a roaring fire in front of the Khazneh. It lighted up the inner chambers of that amazing temple, and we shall not forget the sight that we beheld as we sat there at the portals of Hadrian's temple and heard Arab songs. At first there was the inevitable skipping about and whirling of the dancers, and the music was in kind; but soon these men of dwarfed intellects seemed to catch the spirit of the place and gradually relapsed into desert love songs.

Out of the darkness of the Khazneh an Arab came, leading a large four-footed creature by a long rope. He led it between me and the men, who shouted their approval. Here was a man with a trained bear—a bear made of a man covered with eight or ten sheep- and goat-skins, which dangled from his back as he crawled along and grunted. The "trainer" shouted something at him, and he stood up on his hind feet. He shouted something else, and the "bear" lay down and rolled over. The animal had to walk on three feet and turn a somersault, which the others lustily applauded, as did we. Finally, the trainer lay down to sleep with his bear beside him, and the climax that followed must have been often rehearsed by them, for it was splendidly performed



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE GREAT ROCK-BOWL OF PETRA

without a hitch. They never tire of this performance, and manifest as much interest in it as if they were seeing it for the first time.

A boy threw a white cloth over his face. He had become a veiled Mohammedan lady, walking in a dark forest. "She" walked near the bear, whose master was sleeping soundly. The bear was awake, sneaked out, and pounced upon "her." The trainer was quickly to the rescue and fired his pistol. This summoned help, for all the others jumped to their feet and shot their pistols into the air. The "bear" was frightened—perhaps wounded—and ran away, and the performance closed with a sort of tableau in which the Mohammedan "lady" thanked the brave gentlemen for saving her from an awful death. So, after all, we were back where we had started; the boys were singing of love, for "What else counts in the world?" as one had replied when we inquired the topic of his mournful lay earlier in the evening.

When we got back to El Ma'an, the dragoman informed us that he was taking us to the home of the leading citizen. It was "train day," but the northbound train was not due for several hours, he said, and he was certain that we would be more comfortable in this residence than in the car, which awaited us on the spur at the station, fully a mile from the mud-walled dwelling. We told him to lead on, and he brought us to a big wooden gate, which was opened by black servants after he had called, and we soon found ourselves in a wide courtyard shaded by mimosa trees. Their tops were swaying violently in the breeze, but all seemed surprizingly still near the ground, considering the meager shelter afforded. It was a welcome retreat, doubly so, perhaps, because a tall patriarch, clad in a white robe and a big white turban, stood in the doorway

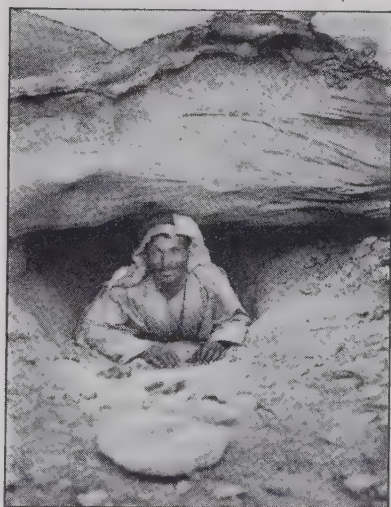
of what proved to be a sort of drawing-room, and mumbled words which, accentuated by rather profound bows and genuflections, seemed to indicate that we were welcome. We approached the door where he was standing, following the direction indicated by the dragoman, who approached the white-bearded man and kissed his outstretched hand. "He says you have done his house honor when you come to it from long ride in desert," interpreted the guide, "and he says will you honor him by come into his house, take off garments which have sand upon them, and rest in his house. You are welcome."

We entered with some misgivings, for I recalled the domicile into which I had been ushered when I asked to be shown a "typical house" on the previous visit. A thought of "resting" on a dirt floor flashed across our minds, but this thought was quickly dispelled as we ascended three steps from the courtyard and entered what is beyond a doubt the best-furnished apartment in this part of the country. The floor was paved with large blue tiles, fully a foot square, and there were three or four large, upholstered sofas, a mirror that resembled those long and narrow ones that were once so common in American barber-shops, and a big bureau with six or seven drawers that seemed to be made of black walnut—a piece of furniture evidently imported from some far-distant country—all here in El Ma'an, in the midst of the desert!

It was a welcome retreat which we appreciated more and more as the hours passed. For, altho there were many details of our visit that were not in strict accordance with the European or American idea of hospitality, the old gentleman did everything he could to make his guests feel at home. We felt this to be true in spite of constant reminders that, in the

opinion of our host and his household, we were far beneath him in the social scale, gaged principally by our different religious ideas, or, to be more exact, because he was a Mohammedan and we were not. But the patriarch, like all of us, was the victim of his environment; and we recognized just a little more than the usual desire to make guests comfortable in the home of a stranger.

The old man stood in the doorway of the drawing-room as we passed inside, continuing to speak in Arabic, and telling us that the sofas were at our disposal. But he quickly disappeared, and, save for the black servants, who were much interested in the arrival of guests from a distant country and found it convenient to pass the open door frequently for the purpose of looking inside, we were left quite alone for some time and were glad of the opportunity to sprawl out upon the sofas, breathe air that was not full of fine sand, and rest our bodies, for they were tired after the final gallop in the desert. After some time, servants entered the room and placed little carved stands within arm's reach of the sofas, after which they withdrew. When they came back, they were carrying trays on which were little china cups of black coffee and large glass tumblers of water into which fresh crushed mulberries had been dropped. We grasped for the glasses of the fragrant juice, and I fear that perhaps



DOOR TO THE AUTHOR'S
DARK ROOM

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

we did not wait on the ceremony that the occasion required, for the old gentleman entered the room after the servants, slipped off his shoes, perched himself in a squatting position on one of the sofas, and one of the boys conveyed a glass to his hand. He held it at arm's length, and we, with an American "good health!" drank half the contents of the glasses. The patriarch paused and did not touch his lips to



RUINS OF A ROMAN TEMPLE AT PETRA

the glass until later. He recited a long stilted speech, the principal parts of which conveyed the information that we were in the residence of Abdul Rahmen, Effendi, a "religious official of the Turkish government"—whatever that may be.

"Your guide he tell me," the dragoman interpreted, "that you do come from far-away America. I am glad to tell it that you are welcome in my house, and I shall be glad to have it

that you abide here until you must go away, and I have it hope that you will come again, and when you come to Arabia another time, you know that you have friend in Abdul Rahmen, Effendi, and that you have welcome in his house."

We communicated our sincere appreciation of the hospitality. It was not his home that was honored by our presence, but we who were honored by being in his house; and we added that in the days that were to come, when we hoped to be where no sand storms were blowing, we would think often of our friend and host, Abdul Rahmen, Effendi, of El Ma'an, Arabia. These sentiments evidently were conveyed to him in words that were "fitting," for the old man bowed, so that his tall body seemed to be swaying back and forth upon the sofa, and he even deigned to touch his lips to the tasty fluid in the glass as a sort of pledge that bound the compact of friendship between us.

There was an Oriental courtyard, parts of which were covered with strange old tiles, and in which there were many Oriental plants that we wanted to inspect; but as we came forth from the dining-room and began to stroll around the little walks, the chef, who had been told to prompt us and remind us of any shortcomings in our behavior, came up rather excitedly and told us that we were committing a breach of etiquette and might seriously offend our host—because, innocently enough, we had wandered into the vicinity of the ladies' apartments. So we went back to our comfortable sofas and never inspected that Arabian garden, which must have had in it all the strange plants that thrive in a desert oasis, and many interesting tiles, bits of china and brass objects that we were anxious to see.

When luncheon was ready, the dragoman came to sim-



OBELISK ON THE SUMMIT AT
PETRA

mon us, and ushered us into a room where a table was covered with a bright red spread, upon which there were no dishes. We were seated alone, and immediately the servants began to bring us small portions of about everything that the Arab larder affords. It was a dinner evidently without meat, but it consisted of at least ten courses; even if we did not exactly relish four kinds of beans in rapid succession,

prepared in different dressings, and even if we did not particularly care for what seemed to be an oily soup and paste that had fruit, vegetables and nuts in it, we were delighted with plates of fresh dates, and we shall never forget Abdul Rahmen's coffee, certainly the most delicious beverage ever brewed from the little brown berry. We dined sumptuously for such a climate and were glad when the servants placed an additional cup of coffee on the stands beside the sofas in the drawing-room.

"Effendi, he say he old man," interpreted the dragoman, as the patriarch began the conversation with us again. "He say he old man, and before he die he like to have one photograph of himself and his wives. I have told him that at Petra you take many photographs."

If the dragoman had told us that the Effendi was about to take us for a ride in an airplane, it would not have surprised us more.

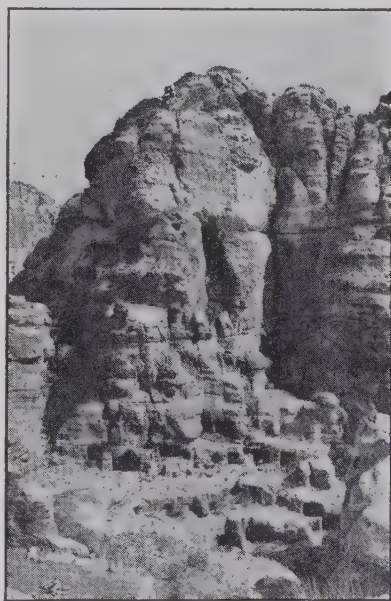
"Tell him that we shall be delighted to take photographs of him and his wives," I replied, scarcely believing that such a thing could be possible.

"Effendi, he say he is glad and he will go tell them, his wives."

And indeed the old gentleman, quickly swallowing his coffee—as if he had arrived at a sudden determination—slipped on his shoes and went out as we began to unpack our cameras and prepare them for the most remarkable photograph ever taken. A thing almost unprecedented!

Even a Mohammedan gentleman hates the camera as an "instrument of the devil." To bring his wives to pose before it is a thing unspeakable, and, we have been told, quite impossible. Any mention of such a thing, before the old gentleman himself had proposed it, would have been as gross an insult, perhaps, as we could have offered him; but evidently Abdul Rahmen had made up his mind, so we were awaiting his summons.

It came in due time, and we were invited into the garden. There the patriarch stood beside three women, who were draped from head to feet in thick black garments, not even their eyes being visible. They looked like three big black bags, and evidently they were having an argument about what was

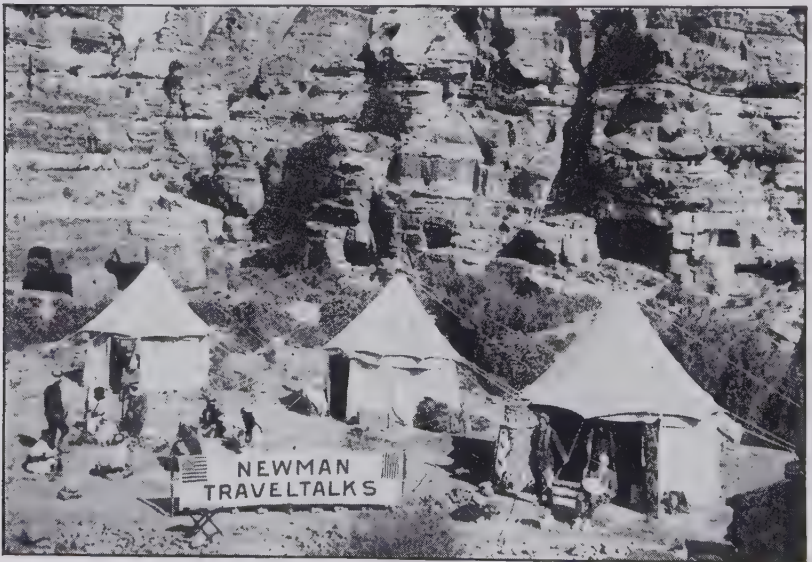


HILL OF TOMBS BEHIND THE
ACROPOLIS

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

to take place; but the old man answered their squeaky entreaties sternly, and asked the dragoman where they should stand. We indicated an old wooden chair that had a palm beside it, making a somewhat picturesque background. The quartet moved toward the spot as the husband gave an order, and the three women simultaneously let down the black shawls that were covering their faces.

Judged by our standards of beauty, there was not much difference between their facial characteristics and those of the women we had seen at Petra. One, probably the wife of our host's youth, seemed to be about his own age, altho she looked much older. Her face was full of deep wrinkles, and her skin seemed to be like thick brown leather. Her sunken eyes, and the hair which hung over her forehead, gave her face the appearance of a witch, or of what is expected of a witch in western countries. She was horrible to look



HOME OF THE AUTHOR DURING HIS SOJOURN IN PETRA

upon, and the woman at her side was not much better, excepting that she retained some of the characteristics of youth, difficult as these were to discover. The third member of the group was a girl of perhaps twenty years. At first I thought she must be a daughter, but I was wrong. She was wife No. 3, as the dragoman explained. Such a trio would be difficult to find in western lands, and yet these were ladies whose whole lives had doubtless been lives of luxury, as compared with the lot of their poorer sisters in the same city. In America or Europe they would be taken for poor, neglected creatures of the slums.

"Effendi, he say you will make for him two photographs, yes? One for his son in Constantinople and one for him?" asked the dragoman.

"We will send him five, ten, as many as he wants," I replied.

"Send?" asked the dragoman. "He say can you not leave it here now with him to-day?"

"Not to-day," we tried to explain, "we must send them to him over the railroad from Damascus."

"Then he say he will not do it anyhow," declared the dragoman.

The old man spoke a word to the women, and they quickly drew the black shawls over their faces again. As we undertook to protest and explain that it took time to make photographs, the women scampered away to their apartments, the eldest as quickly as the youngest. Poor things! They felt as if they had committed a sin, or as if they had been guilty of gross immodesty—even of immorality. And the old man seemed to feel deeply responsible for it all. His demeanor toward us quickly changed, and altho he was courteous and polite with the forced politeness that is Oriental, he did not

seem to care to enter into conversation with us again, and we soon began to make preparations for our departure from his house. We had seen the faces of his wives—with his permission and at his solicitation. We were fully aware of his humiliation, and we tried to appreciate how he felt, altho our perverse minds could not banish the thought that he was thoroughly embarrassed because he had showed us a trio of about the worst looking women we had ever seen in our lives, and had admitted to us that they were his three choices out of all the world.

Abdul Rahmen did not go back into the drawing-room with us when he told the dragoman to order our horses. He was standing in the courtyard when we emerged and indicated to him that we were about to depart. He repeated many conventional expressions of good will, and held his hand to his forehead as we thanked him for his unusual hospitality; but we felt that he had gone beyond the limits of Arab hospitality, altho he had done so with the best intentions and a desire to accede to a long-cherished ambition to be photographed with his wives—something that is now unlikely to happen before they are gathered to their fathers.

The big wooden door of the courtyard was thrown open, and instantly the wind rushed in, laden with particles of sand that caused us to pull our scarfs over our eyes and our helmets far down over our foreheads. We were quickly in our saddles and soon beyond the great mud-walls, with the hot hurricane making our progress slow.

IX DAMASCUS AND LEBANON



IN THE COURT OF THE OMMADES MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS

IX

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

ARRIVING at Damascus by railway from the south, one is easily prompted to superlatives. Even the Prophet Mohammed, we are told, was so moved that he refused to enter the city, but viewed it from a distant desert hill and remarked: "Man should have but one Paradise, and mine is above." The ancient Arab legend uses the same word in relating that Adam owned the first town-site of Damascus, that he came here after he had been expelled from the Garden of Eden, and that he said he preferred this place to Paradise. Perhaps it is difficult for one who resides in a well-watered country to realize just what it means to a tired, thirsty and dusty pilgrim from the white, parched desert to come into this valley of cool streams, to sit beneath the shade of spreading trees, and to see all these minarets and towers of gorgeous colors. Quite naturally, the scene appeals to the imagination of the Oriental; he has believed, and his religion has encouraged him in the belief, that he is to inherit joys of this kind when he enters upon the next life. To him, it is a foretaste of Paradise.

And while Damascus is not usually considered a city of sights; from the tourist's point of view, it is one of the most interesting of all Oriental cities, possessing an individuality as marked as that of Constantinople or Cairo, besides being, probably, the oldest city on earth that remains a city. Perhaps there are older towns in China or India; but much of

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF
DAMASCUS

their claimed history is unauthentic, and becomes mere legend upon examination.

Damascus, the northern terminus of the Hejaz railway, which has brought us across the desert sands from Ma'an, is the metropolis of Syria. It would, of course, be foolish to accept the traditional accounts of Arabian geographers, who claim that its foundations were laid soon after the creation of the world, or even the claim of

Josephus that its founder was Uz, the great-grandson of Noah; and it would, perhaps, be unwise to think of Abraham as the King of Damascus, as some writers have done; nevertheless, it is true that Damascus was a city of importance and was visited by the patriarchs and by Pharaohs of Egypt before the time of Moses. Possibly, indeed, Damascus has made more history than any other city in the world. Great Oriental generals fought for control of it and then made it their capital. Always, Damascus was the great prize in war. To-day it is a sleepy old metropolis that visitors call "the city of the *narghile* and striped sofas," because the male population seems always squatting on divans beside the river, smoking water-pipes; sipping coffee, and leisurely talking over the events of the day, of previous days, or of days to come.

The impression of the newcomer is that nobody works. Here seems to be Oriental indolence as it is not apparent

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

elsewhere. Even the busy merchants squat in their bazars and seem to be only half awake, quite unmindful of whether a prospective customer pauses to inspect their wares or passes along to the next booth. Young men and old men sit in the street and smoke or drink from early morning until after the sun has gone down. A cup of black coffee and then another cup of coffee. Incessant talk. Probably they go home for certain meals, but their places on the benches, stools, curb and sofas are taken by other loiterers. No stranger should attempt to understand how the Damascenes live or earn a livelihood, because the effort will be in vain. They seem to be forever resting.

What makes a quick impression upon us is the characteristic street cry of all vendors of food and drink. They are typically Oriental—extravagant and deceptive. For instance, the man selling lemonade calls out in a picturesque



INTERIOR OF A HIGH-CLASS CAFÉ IN DAMASCUS



DAMASCUS PREFERS TO SMOKE ITS NARGHILES IN THE OPEN AIR

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

and expressive manner: "Take away the heat!" or "Cool thy heart!" The fruit- and vegetable-peddlers add some choice phrases to their calls: "O ye people, I have tender water cresses. If an old woman eat of them, she will wake up young." The flower-seller shouts: "Appease thy mother-in-law; take her a bouquet." Horsemen, donkey-riders, porters with their loads, camels, carriages and automobiles are moving in all directions, and as there is no sidewalk, each makes his own way. We hear such cries as: "Look out for your back!" or "Thy right side!" or "Thy left side!" signifying that that portion of your body is in peril and should be moved at once. Often a man will be addressed by some distinguishing remark, such as: "Oh father of the cart," or "O you with the bundle," or "O short man," or perhaps "O corpulent one," and similar unmistakable names. "O beautiful bride" will often stir a particularly ugly old woman.

The city is famous for its baths, and when the male population is not smoking or drinking, it lounges about these bathing establishments, wrapped in Turkish towels, drinking cooling beverages brought by shiny, black-skinned negroes. But there is no privacy to these Damascene baths. The doors and windows open on the main thoroughfares, and pedestrians may look upon this picture of Roman luxury. Indeed, the bathers appear to enjoy having them do so, much as well dressed people in western cities appear to enjoy being observed during the promenade. Fountains splash jets of water, goldfish dart around the aquatic plants in the basin, and strong perfumes fill the air, for the people are prodigal with attar of roses and the essence of sandalwood.

The bathing places are wholly unlike the private residences, however, as the exterior of a private house gives no

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

idea of its interior. We usually slip from a gutter lined with a mud wall, called a street, pass through a stable yard, then wind through a narrow passage, and are astonished to come into a large court, in the center of which is a fountain, and about it are roses, vines and trees. The walls of the courtyard are lined with marble, beautifully carved and ornamented, or tiles of gay colors, each a work of art, and often very beautiful. Sometimes one sees fine Persian or Indian specimens in the courtyard collection, rare and antique examples of the ceramic art, much as one would come upon a gallery of paintings carefully selected and hung in the gallery of an American home. Even in the courtyards of rather unpretentious houses, I have seen glazed gems that would be prized in museums elsewhere. Many of them are heirlooms that, like rugs, have been owned by families for many generations and are highly prized by



A ROAD SPRINKLER NEAR DAMASCUS

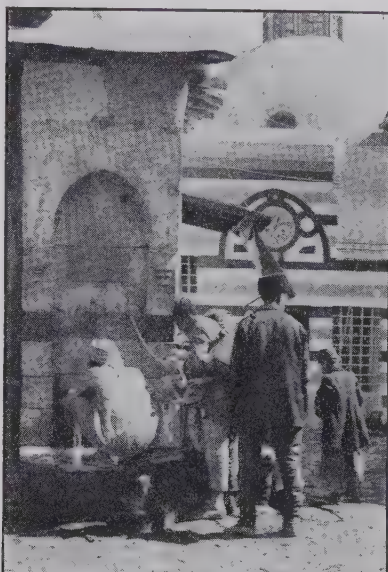
DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

their possessors; the owners cling to them through good and ill fortune, altho the finest specimens would be fully appreciated by connoisseurs. Various rooms open upon courts. They are magnificently furnished, and in the summer months the Damascenes usually live in the open air. They dine in the court and even entertain their friends in the rooms facing the enclosed interior.

One of the humorous things one comes upon results from a native custom.

In driving animals the natives frequently utter the profane cry to the Deity, "Yallah!" a contraction of "Ya Allah!" Travelers often mistake this for an innocent exclamation, and it is reported that even a reverend gentleman got into the habit of using it to urge on his steed, and so went swearing through the country.

The best day of the week for visiting the mosques is Thursday. We visit the tomb of Fatima, daughter of the Prophet, who gave her name to all the Oriental dancers that have ventured into America since her time. On Thursday the cemetery is filled with women, who sit about the tombs, sway their bodies to and fro, howl at the top of their voices and pretend to weep. But it is the driest grief that one could find anywhere. Once, after I had been appropriately shod with the sandals that attendants slip over the shoes of "infi-

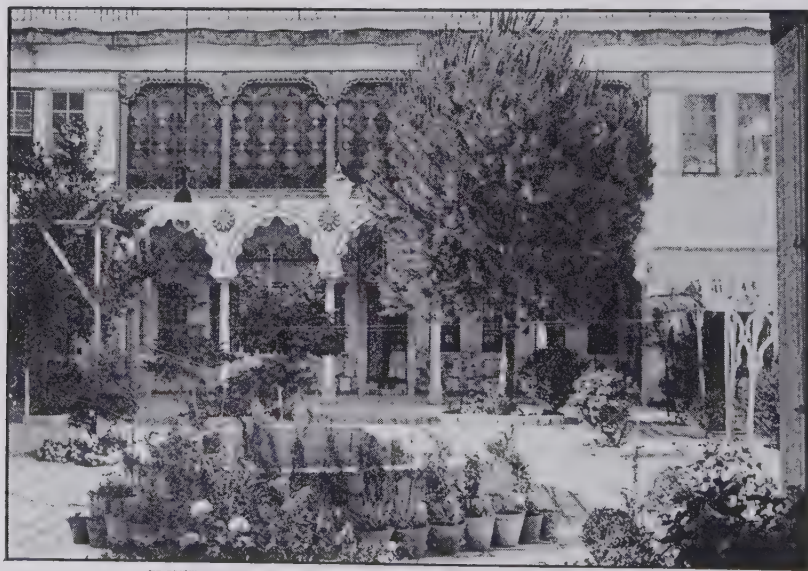


A DAMASCUS DRINKING FOUNTAIN
ON A WARM DAY

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

dels" at the entrances of the Moslem holy places, I ventured too close to the sarcophagus that holds the remains of the princess, and stepped upon a carpet that for some reason was held in particular veneration. The wailing women set up such a terrific howling that the dragoman, fearing a demonstration, came to my side and told me of the unconscious error. It had seemed to me that I was fully equipped to tread on holy carpets, but I withdrew from the place apologetically and in haste, altho I did not know then and do not know now exactly what I had done to start the tempest or torrent of grief.

Damascus contains two hundred forty-eight mosques, headed by the great one which presides over the city much as St. Paul's Cathedral dominates London. Here, again, the Mohammedans claim that the head of John the Baptist is



INTERIOR OF A PRIVATE HOUSE IN DAMASCUS

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

buried; and this is only one of four different places making the same claim.

Damascus, like Cairo, is a fascinating city in which to ramble about with no particular objective. Unlike Cairo, however, it is not rich in what the tourist is likely to call "sights." Many of the so-called places



NOT LEATHER, BUT APRICOTS DRIED IN
BIG BROWN SHEETS

of interest are suggested and named by the guides, as, for instance, the Street Called Straight, one of the two streets mentioned in the Bible; but several are of doubtful authenticity, and the visitor is likely to be much more interested in the human procession that moves about the thoroughfares. Most of the people are dressed in spectacular and gaudy raiment or wear distinguishing marks



FIFTY-FOUR OF THESE NOBLE COLUMNS ONCE FORMED THE
PERISTYLE OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT BAALBEK

denoting rank, creed or nationality. One should not overlook going to the bazars and the streets where the artisans are at work—the goldsmiths, cobblers, saddle-makers and workers in copper and brass, whose products are celebrated throughout the world. A piece of hammered copper or brass makes a treasured souvenir and usually comes into the possession of all foreign visitors. One observes that while the intricate designs on vases, bowls, and lanterns are

stamped and traced by adult artists, much of the actual work of hammering and cutting is performed by small boys, who are said to receive only a few cents a day for their labor.

We visit the market and find heaps of fruit and vegetables; these and their salesmen interest us. We find that although apricots are a staple, because they happen to be in season, the dried product is much more popular than the fresh fruit; it comes to market in the form of great brown sheets of dried pulp, which resemble huge cowhides as they are rolled up or exposed hanging from the rafters. In this manner the sun-baked fruit is sent everywhere to be consumed as a confection.

The visitor may spend several profitable days in Damascus, merely observing whatever he chances to encounter during



A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE OF
BAALBEK



HOW COULD THE ANCIENT BUILDERS AT BAALBEK HOPE TO MOVE THIS STONE FROM THE QUARRY?

his walks. If he does not care for this leisure among the Orientals, a few hours or a day will be enough.

On our way from Damascus toward the coast, the beautiful Lebanon range of mountains is constantly visible—and usually covered with snow. Enormous cedar trees still flourish on these hillsides, sentimentally interesting to all travelers, because it was from these groves that King Hiram of Tyre obtained the wood that he sent to Solomon for the temple at Jerusalem. The cones that grow upon these trees are as large as goose-eggs and are purchased in large numbers by tourists, who carry them back home because they came from Lebanon—a name that has appealed to poetic and religious natures for thousands of years. Biblical writers make frequent reference to the cedars, and to the hills and mountains of Lebanon, showing that they considered them the most beautiful features of the Palestine landscape.

We pass through the city of Hama, which Amos calls "Hamath the Great" in the Bible; unfortunately, we have very meager knowledge as to the extent of the kingdom of which it was the capital. Then on to El Mualakah, which is of importance for only one reason, namely, that Noah is buried near here, according to the Moslems. There is a tremendous mound, which they call his grave; and they say he was such a giant that it is a wonder he could have found accommodation in the Ark, altho, of course, he was its builder and knew the requirements. Across the valley, they declare, is the grave of Seth, the third son of Adam and Eve. According to the tradition, Seth was only fifty-five feet tall, while Noah measured one hundred fifty-two feet. We shall not visit this mound where the builder of the Ark is said to be sleeping; but were we to do so, we should find wreaths of

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

flowers that almost daily are deposited there by the faithful, who ask Noah to assist them in carrying out their vows. After the flood, Noah is said to have spent his remaining years (or centuries, because the Moslems say he was 950 years old when he died) in this neighborhood, and there are proofs



OUR DRAGOMAN HAS AN AFFINITY FOR THE
DELICATE CARVING ON THE TEMPLE
OF BACCHUS

that his "grave" was held in reverence long before the Christian era began.

We come next to the marvelous ruins of Baalbek, which, after many journeys around the world, I always have considered one of the most interesting sights on earth. Baalbek is so ancient and was of such importance to the antique world that its history easily becomes confused with legend and myth. Frankly, nobody knows anything concerning

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

its origin. Certain writers consider it the scene of the Biblical Tower of Babel. The Moslems declare that the founder was Cain, son of Adam and Eve, who built a fortress to defend himself from pursuers after he had murdered Abel. We are told that one of the early settlers was Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," who probably had much to do with making the place the scene of the first worship of idols. There are writers who have contended seriously that the walls of Baalbek must have been constructed in the time when the mastodon and other pre-historic creatures were employed to lift the stones into place. Abraham and other patriarchs and kings visited here, the latter usually attempting to make it their capital. Even Solomon built a castle or palace here to please some of his concubines.

When we try to sift the facts from myth and legend, however, it seems probable that the foundations of the mighty



TEMPLE OF BACCHUS, BAALBEK, VIEWED FROM ABOVE



SIDE VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS AT BAALBEK

city were laid by the Phœnicians, who accomplished seeming miracles in so many places. We visit the quarries, whence the huge blocks of stone were taken, and can still see the marks of the implements used. Better still, we see a huge block of stone that has been dressed and moved several feet. Whether war or some other catastrophe called a sudden halt to the work is one of history's impenetrable secrets; but the great unused stone is there—an estimated weight of fifteen hundred tons—one of the monumental marvels of the world. There are three blocks of stone in the chief temple wall that weigh from eight hundred to one thousand tons each—about the size of six or eight American railway freight cars placed side by side. And they are so perfectly placed that, altho no mortar was used, it is still impossible to insert the blade of a knife between them. But the builders did not leave their names and dates carved in the stone, as they

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

did in Egypt; one wishes they had, for such a historical record would have added to the interest of these great structures for subsequent generations.

Perhaps the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek was the largest and most perfect temple ever erected on earth. Its magnificent pillars—those that remain standing—are visible from a distance as the train approaches the city. They seem to penetrate the sky. Originally there were fifty-four of these colossal pillars, all of similar design and size, but most of them have been shaken down by earthquakes. When the sun is shining and the survivors are viewed from a distance, they are of a deep golden color, sometimes with hints of pink or red—similar in color to the skin of a ripe orange. To the newcomer they are as bewildering as those other amazing pillars in the Temple of Karnak, already visited; and they are much higher.



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA AT BAALBEK



BAALBEK, OLDER THAN SOLOMON, BOASTS A GOOD MODERN HOTEL

While this is the largest, there are several other temples and interesting structures at Baalbek. For example, there is the Temple of Bacchus, the most perfectly preserved of the ruins, and perhaps the most perfect ancient building in Syria. Within the walls there is a tablet inserted to commemorate the visit of the late German Kaiser, who camped in the ruin when he visited Syria as the guest of Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey. German archeologists have done much to enlarge the world's knowledge of Baalbek and have been instrumental in certain necessary features of restoration, which, doubtless, have done much to save some of the arches from collapse in the Temple of Bacchus. The superb carving on the main portal of this temple is not excelled upon any building in the world. The masterful work of the builders is a revelation, even in this late day, and one with ample time at his disposal may spend pleasant hours in admiration of the delicate

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

tracery of the chisel—veins in leaves and splendid undercut work in stems of grapes and flowers.

It will be of interest to all travelers to know that there is a modern hotel at Baalbek, admirably situated, where one can find all necessary conveniences and comforts.

As at Damascus, the visitor may spend a few hours here and then depart, knowing that he has seen the chief historical features of the place; but a longer sojourn at Baalbek is to be recommended if time allows. There are many excursions into the neighboring country that will provide enough of interest to please one whose eyes have become dulled to routine sights. In Palestine one may feel as did the weary tripper on a Rhine steamer, who glanced up at the hills and remarked: "Just another castle!" We may not voice the reflection, but may sometimes feel, "Just another ruin!" By comparison, the present seems dwarfed and of small conse-



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE AT SEBASTIYEH



AN ANCIENT HILL TOWN IN SYRIA

quence. We are in "the city that was"! Along the distant highways and trails are remains of huge columns and blocks of splendidly carved granite and marble, beside which the peasants are working quite unmindful of the provocative story that each stone could tell, if it could speak.

All evidences are that Baalbek was not only an important, but an extensive city. Just how far out its suburban villages, temples and monuments extended, nobody knows; but it was a city that entertained visitors from far away, as does Mecca, and for much the same purpose. They came here to worship, and not only the adherents of one religion, but of many! They brought their tributes and gifts. Presumably, there were times when each man worshiped as he desired. The sun, Jupiter, Venus, Hathor, Bacchus—Assyrian gods, Egyptian, Greek, Roman—and the nations erected and embellished fitting abiding-places for their divinities!

DAMASCUS AND LEBANON

After Baalbek, the train fairly slides down the hill to the important port city of Beirut. It is not mentioned in the Bible, altho it doubtless dates to a remote antiquity. There is no evidence that the Apostles visited Beirut, but Christianity was established here at an early date, and the city soon became the seat of a bishopric. In the reign of Justinian it became a center of culture and learning, and it was visited by students and scholars from distant Greece and Egypt; but in 551 A. D. the city was visited by a violent earthquake and was buried in ruins. It is said that the slightest digging with a spade or the turning of a furrow by a plow, even to-day, brings to light memorials of that ancient period of splendor.

Many of the boys and girls of the Lebanon region are being educated in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, which was built and is supported by American funds. The influence of the young men and women who have been graduated from this institution has made itself felt throughout the Near East, as far as Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, Nubia and the Soudan.

Beirut is not a city of "sights" for the traveler; but as an enterprising modern Syrian metropolis it is well worth visiting, and the sentimental will find romantic interest in the tablets on the living rock along its ancient road (probably built by Phœnicians), where the Emperors and Kings of the past commemorated their visits. One tells of the expeditions



NEXT!

of Rameses II of Egypt—doubtless the Pharaoh who enslaved the Israelites. Another tells of the visit of Sennacherib, who was here seven centuries before the Christian era. Marcus Aurelius, who reigned at Rome in the second century, left a testimonial that he repaired the road and built bridges here. Beirut is situated upon the Bay of St. George, the tradition being that it was along this shore that the tutelary saint of Great Britain slew the dragon. We are told that in the mountains around Beirut, Adonis was born, and the goddess Venus was a frequent visitor; but, as a citizen remarked to me when I asked him about the legend: “Yes, that’s what they say, and probably it is true, altho nothing has been heard of either Venus or Adonis around here lately.”

X FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT SINAI



PICKING GRAPES IN ONE OF THE FLOURISHING VINEYARDS AT TEL AVIV

X

FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT SINAI

LET us assume that we have taken a ship at Beirut, touching at Haifa and Jaffa, before going along to the ports of the European or African coast. As we have already visited Haifa, however, we do not disembark until we have reached the harbor where the prophet Jonah had his unusual experience with the whale—along the rather treacherous coast whence came the ships with materials for Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. Or we may have come overland from Beirut, the trip by automobile being preferable to the one by sea; and in that case the road journey has given us a glimpse of several points of great interest. The schedule of the present chapter, be it noted, will be reversed for those choosing the land journey.

Despite the railroad that makes it both comfortable and expedient to travel from Cairo to Jerusalem in the hours of a single night, there is a thrill that comes from arrival in the Holy Land through the ancient gateway of Jaffa—the Joppa of Bible times. So let us imagine that our ship is anchored in the roadstead. We leave it and enter the rowboats with screaming rowers, who nevertheless are expert boatmen and may be relied upon to dodge the rocks and bring us safely to the landing pier. It was upon these rocks that Andromeda was chained, so that she might be devoured by a sea-monster; and it was here that she was rescued by Perseus.

Jaffa seems like a garden nestling among groves of tall

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

trees. Its orange and lemon orchards are famous throughout the world, and its profusion of flowers and blooming shrubs and trees makes it unusually attractive to one who lands from the sea and knows the whiteness of the barren hills a short distance inland. Once ashore, however, this picture of sub-tropical beauty is quickly dispelled as we make our way through the custom house, and then drive through a maze of narrow, dirty streets to a clean hotel. Instead of being assigned to rooms with numbers, we are given rooms with Biblical names. One of us may have Hosea, second floor front; or Daniel, overlooking the court; and if we are fortunate, we are assigned to Jeremiah, where from the balcony we have a beautiful view of the harbor.

Our first visit is likely to bring us to the house of Simon the Tanner. In the courtyard is the well used by Simon for tanning purposes. On the roof of this unpretentious house,



THE WELL AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER, JAFFA

FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT SINAI



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JUDEA, WHERE DAVID KILLED GOLIATH

Peter had that marvelous vision which proclaimed to a weary world the brotherhood of man. From this insignificant dwelling went forth the edict: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

In the neighborhood lived Dorcas, a "woman of many good works," whose name is now borne by numerous philanthropic societies in England and America. In a cave they have located what is supposed to have been her home, and beside it is a church containing many pictures representing scenes in her life, with Scriptural passages relating to Peter's visit to her house.

Jaffa would not detain us long, however, if it were merely the Jaffa of the older day. Its real attraction lies in the fact that by its side there has sprung up, within the last few years, the enterprising Zionist city of Tel Aviv, which has compelled the attention of the world and will not fail to interest



A TYPICAL HOME IN TEL AVIV, THE NEW ZIONIST CITY NEAR JAFFA

visitors. One emerges from the poverty and dirt of the old city into what seems like a metropolis—this city of fine buildings, long straight streets, beautiful gardens and a well-dressed, prosperous and happy people. Whatever may be one's personal feelings in regard to the advisability of this great return to the homeland by the Jews of the world, one can not but marvel at what has been accomplished, often in the face of grave opposition. Throughout Palestine the tourist will come upon the settlements of the vast Zionist organization, and will find interest in visiting them and in learning of their development. Not least among the sources of this interest is the fact that the widely varying types found here are drawn from all quarters of the earth.

Tel Aviv will hold the attention of any traveler who knows anything about its remarkable history. To-day it has outgrown the port of Jaffa in size and importance, and is

FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT SINAI

a model city for the entire country, altho it was founded as recently as 1909. Originally intended as a garden-city for Jewish merchants and clerks in Jaffa, where conditions of living were not what they should have been, it has become, in so brief a time, the most important of all the urban settlements thus far carved out by the Zionist organization.

The first object of the Zionists was agricultural colonization; and this has been developed until there are over one hundred settlements, with a population of more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand. The second great object was cultural activity—revival of the Hebrew language, so that it would be common to Jews from America, Poland, Yemen, Morocco or Lithuania. The third object is urban settlement on a large scale.

Tel Aviv now has a population of forty-five thousand,



TEL AVIV, THE NEW JEWISH CITY NEAR JAFFA, VIEWED FROM
THE WATER TOWER



CIVIC PRIDE IS APPARENT IN EVERY STREET OF TEL AVIV

and it is declared that every resident of the city is a Jew; thus it is the only town in the world that is Hebrew in all essentials. The building industry has developed as a result of the tide of immigration, which sometimes has been as high as two thousand to four thousand in a single month. Thus, Tel Aviv increased its population figure in one year, sixty per cent. It has a theater that produces Hebrew dramas as well as the modern and classical plays of the European stage; an opera house that offers in Hebrew the principal French and Italian operas of the nineteenth century; the first Hebrew high school of its kind in Palestine; about fifty schools, impressive municipal buildings, sanitary conditions that compare well with those of any modern city—all these it has; and yet this metropolis is of mushroom growth and is built upon what was considered desert land less than thirty years ago.

From here we drive out through one of the most fertile sections of Palestine, the well-known Plain of Sharon. In the spring of the year it is carpeted with flowers, conspicuous among them the wild carrot and poppy, which latter is known locally as the Rose of Sharon. The beauty of the country is a revelation to one who has expected to see a barren land without color. Many of the flowers under our feet are mentioned in the Bible. We all remember the Lily of the Field, which toils not, neither does it spin. What in Biblical days was called the lily, as nearly as I could learn, we call the narcissus. Another flower which grows in profusion on this fertile plain is the anemone. It is found in a variety of colors, but the red predominates. The pink onion raises its pretty head above some of the other varieties and disputes with them the right to distinction. It has the advantage of height, which gives it prominence. Lying close to the

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



TEL AVIV, A BEAUTIFUL CITY OF FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND,
EVERY INHABITANT A JEW



AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE AND GARDEN IN TEL AVIV

ground, but commanding attention wherever we find it, is the mallow, adding another color to the floral rainbow on the Plain of Sharon.

Cultivation of cereals, especially wheat, is perhaps the most productive industry of the land. Jew and Arab till the soil. Agriculture has produced the greatest revenue, and this appears to have been true from remote antiquity. Olives that produce oil, vines that produce grapes, and wheat (which is native hereabouts) producing meal



YARN IS STILL SPUN ON A DISTAFF
IN THE HOLY LAND

and flour, are among the earliest foods of mankind, and have continued to remain staples throughout the ages. An agricultural expert trained in American colleges told me that a long series of experiments had proved that the small, hard olive of Palestine produces as much oil of fine quality as the large "improved" varieties. Methods change, but the results are about the same. Palestine owes more to its agriculture than to anything else, and doubtless will continue to do so.

On the Plain of Sharon we come upon one of the oldest of the Jewish colonies, Rishon l'Zion. Unlike Tel Aviv, it is an agricultural colony. It was founded by Baron Rothschild, and at the time of my last visit boasted of the largest winery in the Near East. In addition to shipping thousands of barrels of wine, these colonists cultivate grain, almonds and olives. They are self-sustaining and prosperous. Here

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



THE SYNAGOG AT RISHON L'ZION



WHERE RISHON L'ZION MAKES ITS WINE



CHILDREN OF RISHON L'ZION

they do not cut the grain closely in the corners; they still follow the Biblical injunction and leave the widow's mite in the corners of the fields. Nor do they glean as carefully as they could; they must remember the poor, and both the widow and the orphan may bring their little bundles of grain to the owner, and he will see that it is threshed with his own.

Most of these Jews came originally from Russia. They are not of the usual Jewish type of features, and if we

did not know that we were in a Jewish colony we might mistake some of the children for scions of other nationalities.

Almond culture at Rishon l'Zion has grown steadily and is now an important source of revenue. It is the desire of the colonists to go on increasing their products and to cultivate everything that can be made to pay. Pomegranates thrive and are much appreciated for home use. The quantity grown is not great, but, with an increasing demand, efforts will be made to increase the supply.

The pride of the colony is a public garden where all kinds of trees, plants and flowers are cultivated. Begun by Baron Rothschild, it became the show-place of this part of the world. Among its floral specimens is the pink flax, which is only one of a number of lovely blooms. Another is the

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



TOMB OF RACHEL, WIFE OF JACOB, NEAR HEBRON



PUBLIC GARDEN IN RISHON L'ZION, THE THRIVING JEWISH COLONY
FOUNDED BY BARON ROTHSCHILD

FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT SINAI

crocus, which makes its home among the rocks. It seems to crawl from beneath the boulders, holding its petals up to be kissed by the sun. The lupine also is common. It may be found in a variety of colors and seems partial to the sandy soil.

About twenty miles to the south is Hebron, picturesquely situated in a narrow valley surrounded by rocky hills. We



MODERN SHEPHERDS IN THE HOLY LAND

are told that at one time it was the home of the patriarch Abraham; in fact, its chief interest is the mosque that covers the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham is buried. The approach to the mosque is through an enclosed street, which for centuries has been trodden only by the "faithful." None but Mohammedans were permitted to enter the sacred enclosure. War has unlocked the doors for a privileged few, but not many have entered this holy place. For the first



A PALM GROVE IN RISHON L'ZION

time in his life, the Sheik, submitting to the pleadings of an American travel-lecturer, posed for his photograph; and when he found that it was a painless operation, I induced him to permit me to point my camera at the forbidden precincts of the interior.

First I photographed the tombs over the graves of Isaac and Rebecca. Altho this is a Mohammedan mosque, and Jews are not permitted to enter, within it are buried the patriarchs of the Jewish religion. Sleeping beneath a curiously covered memorial is the venerable Abraham, who guarded his flocks so many centuries ago that time has lost significance. Here also lie the mortal remains of Jacob. A cloth embroidered in gold covers his tomb. A flight of steps leads to the cave beneath the mosque, where are buried Sarah and Leah. Hebron is one of the oldest surviving cities in the world. Its streets are very narrow and extremely Mohammedan in appearance. Its inhabitants are almost entirely Moslem, altho there are a few Jews.

On the Hebron road are the so-called Pools of Solomon. Whether or not they were really built by the Jewish King is a matter of opinion. Certain it is that the reservoirs are ancient, and that for centuries they have caught the rain and the slowly trickling drops from hidden springs. For ages, shepherds have come with their flocks of sheep, their herds of goats, camels and donkeys, to drink from the refreshing waters of the pools which nestle in the parched hills of a dry and arid region. Solomon probably never intended the reservoirs for bathing purposes, but to-day, goats and goatherds, sheep and shepherds, donkey boys and donkeys bathe in the historic pools.

The rich man of Arimathea, who owned a family tomb at Jerusalem and offered it for the burial of Jesus, gained im-



A STREET IN THE JEWISH COLONY OF RISHON L'ZION

mortality for himself and for the town in which he lived. It is now called Ramleh, and altho it contains no houses which were standing when Joseph lived, its street life can have altered but little. There are a few evidences of the building operations of the Crusaders; but the town is without anything more than sentimental interest to the traveler, and perhaps it removes some of the distinction from Joseph, its most celebrated citizen, when we recall that his act was selfish, and not one of charity. It was an act that reflected credit upon a rich Oriental—to offer his tomb for the remains of one who had been put to death as an offender against the law.

A man weighing at least three hundred pounds, one of the natives of the city, became so interested in us that we volunteered to show him an American trick. Placing a match in the hem of a handkerchief without the knowledge of our corpulent friend, we asked him to put another match in the center; then, carefully folding the handkerchief, we permitted him to break the one concealed in the hem, and showed him his own match unharmed. Reaching in the pocket of his gown, with a low bow, he handed us three withered roses. As we were leaving Ramleh, I asked our dragoman whether all Orientals were so pleased when entertained. Laughing, he replied: "That is one of the oldest tricks I know. Every boy in Ramleh could perform it. He thought that was all you knew, and so encouraged you." Oh, these Orientals! Even in Ramleh they know how to be polite.

Having plenty of time for our comprehensive trip through this part of the world, we shall not hurry on to Jerusalem with the crowds of tourists, who feel that they have visited Palestine when they have seen the capital city.



GOLD-EMBROIDERED INSCRIPTIONS OVER THE GRAVE OF JACOB
IN THE MOSQUE OF MACHPELAH

FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT SINAI

We shall take a rather extensive "side trip" by caravan to distant Mount Sinai. Equipped with tents, horses, camels and Bedouins to aid us, we are prepared for an unusual and interesting journey, similar to our journey into the Arabian Desert to the rock-city of Petra. Crossing the fertile plain of Sharon, we come upon the foothills of the Mountains of Judea, where the soil is stony and there is less chance of cultivation.



HEBRON HAS ITS COOL ARCADES

There are no pastures here—at least, not as we know pastures. Grass is never sown to be made into hay. Where we use hay, they feed their cattle crushed straw, and give barley to horses instead of oats. Sheep and goats are kept almost entirely for their milk and wool. Every now and then we come into one of those strange little worlds known as Bedouin camps. Here and there we see a village in which dwell the farmers. Bedouins are supposed to be descendants



HEBRON VIEWED FROM A HILLSIDE OLIVE ORCHARD



THE POOLS OF SOLOMON, IN THE ARID REGION NEAR HEBRON

from Abraham's son, Ishmael. They have never been subjugated by any nation. In proof of this, they speak no language but their own. The Bedouin tents are made of goats' or camels' hair sackcloth. They are divided into two apartments; the smaller, closely curtained off, is for the women. The other is for the men, and in it is located the only entrance. Within the tents of the well-to-do we see carpets, cushions, and huge camel pack-saddles.



THE HIGH PRIEST AT HEBRON

Our caravan approaches the desert, where camels are preferable to horses, because of the sand and lack of water. The pace is three miles an hour. If you ask me how to ride a camel, I will reply: "Invent as many attitudes as you can and then employ them all in turn." At times we eat our lunch without any protection from the sun's rays. The freshening breezes only add to our discomfort, for they blow tiny particles of mica into our food, and we have lunch *a la granite*.

We usually camp in an amphitheater of hills, where the air is laden with the aroma of a hundred nameless bushes. Crickets sing our vespers, and the nights are so cool that they are almost too beautiful to waste in sleep.

Entering the Sinai Peninsula, we come upon the finest, altho not the highest mountain there. Jebel Serbal has enjoyed some measure of sanctity through various legends.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



WHERE JOSEPH OF ARIMATHIA LIVED NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO



RAMLEH, WHOSE RICHEST CITIZEN ONCE GAVE A SEPULCHER
TO THE CRUCIFIED JESUS

High upon its side are several ruined buildings. From its summit we look down upon one of the most magnificent views in the peninsula. Three thousand feet below us is the Wilderness of Sin. The unquestioned pearl of Sinai, however, is the oasis known as the Wadi Firan. It is an agreeable surprize after a long journey across the desert to find water everywhere, to see peasants working in the fields of corn, onions and tobacco. If we may believe tradition, it was through this valley that Moses led the children of Israel from the Red Sea to Sinai.

We are now in sight of the range of mountains known as Mount Sinai. The object of our journey is nearly attained. The Monastery of St. Catherine is a massive fortress of solid granite, built by Justinian in the sixth century after Christ. Its location adds more to its sanctity than to its security, as it has more than once been pelted with rocks from above. It nestles close under Jebel Musa, the Mountain of Moses, or, as we call it, the Mount of the Law. Within the wall of the monastery is the site of the Burning Bush. Here live about thirty Greek monks. At one time there were several hundred, and between four and five thousand other Christians. The only residents left are the monks and a few Bedouins.

Never have I been more astonished than when I entered the church within these walls. The floor is of varicolored marble. The stalls are beautifully carved, and the bronze lamps are supported by huge candelabra. We must remember that this Church of Mount Sinai is buried in the heart of the desert, many miles from civilization. It has four great staircases. Put together of rough blocks, in which nature has done more than half the work, it was made by the monks more than fourteen hundred years ago.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



THE SINAI DESERT, ACROSS WHICH MOSES LED THE ISRAELITES
FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE

On the way to the summit, we pass two minute chapels. One is dedicated to the Virgin, who saved the convent from a plague of fleas. The other is dedicated to Elijah and Elisha. The summit is surmounted by a cross, and altho the mountain towers 7,363 feet above sea level, the whole ascent from the monastery is but 2,300 feet, as the Plain of the Law, from which we started, is more than 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.

It was in a cave among these rocks that Moses received the Ten Commandments from God. You will remember that, when he descended, he found the Israelites worshipping idols as a result of their sojourn in Egypt. As we descend we come upon the Hill of the Golden Calf, a recollection of the goddess Hathor, whose temples we visited at Denderah and elsewhere in Egypt. The monk acting as guide leads us

around to the other side of the mountain. There he points out the rock which Moses struck, and from which water flowed. The placing of the scene of this miracle is, like many other things in the Holy Land, handed down by tradition.

XI NORTH FROM NAZARETH



MARY'S FOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH IS STILL A FAVORITE MEETING PLACE FOR THE WOMEN

XI

NORTH FROM NAZARETH

WE cross the Plain of Esdraelon, well known to the world's people for thousands of years. It is a fertile expanse between two ranges of mountains which run east and west across central Palestine. To-day it seems to be an ocean of grain, and probably this was true in the older day. It was the great trail of the nations and thus became one of the most famous of earth's battlefields. Its celebrity prompted St. John to use it in the Apocalypse as the scene of the last great struggle between the forces of good and evil, "the place which is called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon."

Then we arrive at Nazareth, which is a surprise at first glance, because it resembles a Swiss village and seems totally unlike the towns in Palestine and Syria that we have visited. It is possible that association of ideas has something to do with this first impression, for Nazareth is different and always was considered something apart. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The question was asked two thousand years ago; and doubtless its people were quarrelsome and turbulent then, as they have the reputation for being to-day.

Nazareth has no history that compares with other places in the Holy Land. It is not mentioned in the Old Testament, and even to-day there are Jews in parts of Palestine who refer to Christians as "Nazarenes," which they consider a

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



PLAIN OF ESDRAELON, SCENE OF MANY ANCIENT BATTLES

term of contempt. Yet Nazareth was the home of Jesus and really was the birthplace of Christianity. An accident caused Jesus to be born at Bethlehem; most of the important events in his life transpired at Jerusalem, and yet it was in this little town that He spent His boyhood and youth, and the scantily recorded facts of His home life here have appealed widely to the imagination of the world.

One's credulity is taxed here, however, even more than usual, in regard to what the guides and the churches have declared to be "exact spots." There is no authentic proof of these places, with the notable exception of what is known as Mary's Fountain, which provides the water for the town, and which doubtless has done so for thousands of years. It is likely that the mother of Jesus came here with her neighbors to procure jugs of water for the household; that she often stood here and talked, as was and still is the custom;

NORTH FROM NAZARETH

and it takes no stretch of imagination to picture her Son clinging to her hand as other boys appeared with their mothers. Thus Mary's Fountain is the chief authentic feature remaining of Nazareth's ancient sites. To me it is the most interesting, for the city itself has an appearance of newness, and there is slight evidence of the influence that it has exerted upon the whole world. Being a town that attracts many pilgrims, it has accommodations for the entertainment of three thousand guests.

Every visitor to Palestine should see Nazareth, not for what is visible, but for its associations. One who cares to do so will find it easy enough to believe all that the guides tell him; but it is a fact that there is not the slightest proof of the exact locations pointed out, altho there is likewise no proof to the contrary. Traditions are often handed down



MONUMENT TO THE FOUNDER OF THE JEWISH AGRICULTURAL
SCHOOL NEAR JAFFA



NAZARETH AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY AROUND MARY'S WELL

from generation to generation in the East, and sometimes they remain exact history in the process. Nazareth, as much as any town we have visited, convinces us that we are in the East, despite its physical appearance.

The Synagog has a certain history as far back as the fifth century, and it may be the building in which Jesus taught and preached. The Church of the Annunciation is said to be over the house in which Joseph and Mary lived. Under the high altar we find what is called the Chapel of the Angel, and further along another cave called the Chapel of the Annunciation, marking the exact spot where the Angel announced the important event to the Virgin. Still another cavern is called the Kitchen of the Virgin and is said to be the room in which the mother of Jesus prepared the family meals. There is a chapel on the site of Joseph's carpenter shop. There is the Mount of Precipitation, from which the people, enraged at Jesus, threatened to "cast Him down the cliff." Some of the guides even go so far as to point out paths leading to the hills that were favorite walks in the late afternoon with Mary and her Son.

From the crest of the hill back of Nazareth, Mount Tabor is plainly visible, as is also Mount Hermon; and Carmel lies off to the west, with its rocky foundations in the Mediterranean. These are three of the most famous mountains in the world. Not far away is the Mount of the Beatitudes, where Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount—at least, it has been so identified by the specialists. It is unnecessary, however, to believe implicitly in all these locations in order to receive the thrill that comes from a visit to Nazareth and to enjoy its remarkable history.

The women of Nazareth are much admired for their beauty—not alone of face, but of figure and graceful

carriage. One seldom visits Mary's Fountain without finding several pretty girls there, water-jugs posed on their shoulders and heads. Most of them, however, have been spoiled by tourists. They have become self-conscious, and when a camera is turned toward them, they strike what they consider artistic positions and afterward demand money for having acted as "models." Some of the women make pretty embroidery and lace; in fact, Nazareth lace is the souvenir most frequently taken away by visitors. They are persistent saleswomen, and altho they drive hard bargains, few people seem able to resist them. At least, it appears that if they cannot sell lace to strangers for three or four times what it would bring in the markets, they remain at home and make

it, trusting the destiny of their handiwork to clever talkers.



A WOMAN OF NAZARETH,
MODERN VERSION

The road now takes us through olive groves until we come to Safed. We see farmers threshing by the primitive method of driving bullocks over the grain, probably much as the operation was accomplished in the days of the patriarchs, or even before them in the Egypt of remote antiquity. Most of the villages are perched on the tops of hills. In olden days these situations were chosen for safety, and even now the natives prefer to build in the



FOUNDING A NEW ZIONIST COLONY IN PALESTINE

high places rather than in the valleys. In fact, the high places always have had a religious or a sentimental attraction for these people of the Near East. Where the country is fertile it is beautifully green. Water, which is never too plentiful hereabouts, is carefully protected in sunken wells. We pass a few rivers, but most of them are dry in the summer months. I have seen women and children imploring the men in locomotives on the Hejaz Railroad for a cup of water from the tank. Probably thirst has caused more suffering here than hunger.

We arrive at the Jewish colony of Zammarin and are told that most of the inhabitants of this little place come from Roumania. Here, as in the other colonies, there are substantial stone houses and neat little dooryards filled with flower-gardens. This community is small, and yet it has its own synagogue, a town hall, a postoffice, a drug-store, and sufficient



BLIND AND FORCED TO BEG
FOR A LIVING

shops to satisfy the needs of the people. Its wine-press is capable of producing a large amount of wine. There is work for everybody, and, as the head of the colony told us, nobody in Zammarin ever found it necessary to go elsewhere to make a living, which is more than can be said for most of the ancient cities of Palestine.

We continue our drive and arrive at Nablus, the ancient city of Shechem. It was here that Abraham pastured his

flocks, and it was somewhere in the fields in this vicinity that Joseph was sold by his brothers into slavery. Altho Nablus is the largest city between Damascus and Jerusalem, it is still isolated in the Valley of Shechem. While it has an unusually good hotel, it has no use for strangers unless they be of the Mohammedan faith. Even the children are taught to despise "infidels," and we are often aware of the silent but intense hostility of the people. Nablus has a bad reputation, and altho in our wanderings through its dark and narrow streets we are not insulted and pelted with stones, it is well known that roof-tiles, plant-pots and bricks have happened to drop into the streets as Christians or Jews were passing. Accidents, naturally; at least, it is difficult to prove otherwise. The first time I spent a night at Nablus, I was surprised to find that the front gate leading to the hotel entrance was closed and locked at nine o'clock, and that identification was

NORTH FROM NAZARETH

necessary before one could enter after that hour. It was "as well to avoid any unpleasantness," the host explained, by getting in early. Knowing this fanatical hatred (altho conditions have improved here in recent years), we are glad when we arrive at the house of the high priest of the Samaritans, our chief object in stopping over at Nablus.

The curious sect known as the Samaritans has become almost extinct, now numbering less than two hundred persons. Owing to intermarriage, its members have become degenerate in appearance; but they still cling to their ancient faith, having an intense hatred for both Christian and Jew. The High Priest tells us that they might be called Protestant Jews. "We accept only the five books of Moses as our Bible. We celebrate all the festivals of Moses and ours is the religion of Abraham," he explains. "Will the Samaritans become



THE DESOLATION THAT HAS COME UPON SAMARIA



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A GREAT THEATER IN SAMARIA

extinct?" we ask, and the High Priest replies: "As God wills. We will not marry outsiders and will remain true to our belief until the end comes."

The High Priest told me that the Samaritans despise the Jews for their insinuation that before Solomon there was no real temple in Israel, as they maintain that Mount Gerizim is the Chosen Place of God and refer to the twelfth chapter of Genesis as proof of their contention that it was so recognized in the days of Abraham; again in the days of Jacob (Genesis xxviii, 17), he sings of "the mountain of thy inheritance, in the place which the Lord has chosen for His dwelling." Mount Gerizim rises above Nablus, and, after a steep incline, becomes a tableland similar to that of Mount Ebal across the valley. It is certain that from remote antiquity it has been a place of pilgrimage. There are evidences that its slopes once were covered with dwellings, churches and other buildings; and the Samaritans have identified most of the excavations and foundations with passages of Scripture. The scientific historians, however, are not so certain, declaring that doubtless the Samaritans themselves attached no importance to Mount Gerizim until they were excluded from the religious rites at Jerusalem after the return from Assyrian bondage.

According to Jewish beliefs, the city of Shechem was important until Omri transferred the royal seat to the newly founded city of Samaria, which finally became of enough importance to give its name to the district. About 722 B. C. a large part of the population was carried off by the Assyrian hosts, their places being taken by Babylonians and other pagans, as recorded in II Kings, xvii, 24. From the colonists, and from the Jews who remained, are said to have sprung the Samaritans, who, barred from religious practises with the

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Jews, built a temple on Mount Gerizim, which caused Shechem to regain some of its early prosperity.

The enmity between the Jews and the Samaritans thus began long before the Christian era, has continued throughout the ages, and remains as it was in those days when it was emphasized in the Christian Gospels. "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." The first temple of the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim is said to have been destroyed in 129 B. C., but its site continued to be held sacred. In 69 A. D. Vespasian swept over the country and a large number of the inhabitants were slain; but after the war, Shechem was rebuilt and called Flavia Neapolis, of which Nablus is a corruption—one of the few instances in which a name of Roman origin has survived the older Jewish name in Palestine. During the Christian period, the people were always in conflict with the Samaritans, and many of the synagogues



OXEN THRESHING, UNMUZZLED, IN THE HOLY LAND

NORTH FROM NAZARETH

were closed until the disorders were quieted by the troops of Justinian in 529 A. D. A chronicler of the twelfth century declares that there were a thousand Samaritans in his time, and altho they have been threatened with extinction on various occasions, a fragment of the nation remains.

They possess a rare parchment, said to have been written by Aaron (or a grandson of Aaron), which many historians



PLOWING WITH A TRACTOR IN AN UP-TO-DATE
JEWISH COLONY

believe to be older than the Christian era. An imitation copy of this, however, is often shown to visitors, while the original is stored in the small synagog that adjoins their community. The High Priest told me that he does not consider it necessary for them to live at Nablus, where life is exceedingly difficult for them; but he considers it absolutely necessary for them



A VILLAGE IN THE KEDRON VALLEY NEAR JERUSALEM

NORTH FROM NAZARETH

to celebrate the Passover on Mount Gerizim, where the sacrificial rites are carried out with strict adherence to the Mosaic law. As the small band put on special garments and start up the mountain in solemn procession, they are jeered at by the Moslems, and the High Priest said that when they start out they never are certain it will not be their last opportunity to fulfil the commandments. He even hinted that perhaps the end of all things is near. Their sacred books have warned them that the last day will be exactly six thousand years from the day of the creation of the world. At least, the end is almost here for them!

It is an interesting excursion up the sacred mountain, and we decide to make the ascent—a trip of only about two hours, which affords a fine view of the city from the time that we leave the valley. Slightly below the summit of the hill is the plateau where the Samaritans pitch their tents during Passover Week. Just above this point are the ruins of a castle, supposed to date from the sixth century.

At the time of the Passover, one has considerable difficulty in witnessing the ceremonies; but it is known that every detail of the ancient rites is carried out. When we stopped beside the stones that are said to have been in Joshua's altar (altho the Bible says that it was situated across the valley), an old fellow, probably a shepherd, was noticed at the roadside. He was dressed in rags and his face was badly wrinkled. He smiled as the dragoman greeted him, so I stopped and offered him some tobacco. He inquired concerning my nationality, and seemed to think America was a mythical kingdom, a place that was talked about but did not exist in reality. He had heard of it, he said; but so far as he could remember, I was the first person he had seen who claimed to be an inhabitant of it. He was ignorant, but keen



SMOKING THE NARGHILE OR TURKISH TOBACCO PIPE. IN WHICH THE SMOKE PASSES THROUGH WATER

NORTH FROM NAZARETH

and clever in questioning; his pretended interest in America, I suspected, was prompted by a desire for more tobacco. He was the sort of man that one imagines wandered over the hills when the earth was younger and less sophisticated, relating stories and perhaps singing songs for the amusement of his hosts. If he had carried a harp or lyre, I would have been certain that I had come upon a wandering minstrel full of old stories and poems. I did, indeed, get the dragoman to ask him for a story.

"How did you know that this man can tell stories?" the dragoman inquired.

"I did not know—can he?"

"All these old fellows can tell stories," the dragoman sneered, "or they think they can! He says that is what he did a long time ago—tell stories to the people. When a caravan arrived, he learned a new story and repeated it until he heard another."

Prompted by a second gift of tobacco, the old man launched into a disconnected narration concerning a love affair in the desert. Always with a moral! How the bad sheik was punished for stealing a wife of the good sheik!

Not far outside of Nablus we arrive at the tomb of Joseph and the well by which Jesus is said to have met the woman of Samaria. It is called "Jacob's Well." It was by this well that Jesus sat, and here he said to the woman: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

We pass around the base of the hill, look up, and recognize the ancient city of Samaria, concerning which the prophecy was made: "Therefore I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley," and it is because of this Biblical curse that we want

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



HARVEST TIME IN PALESTINE



NEAR NAZARETH—BRITISH MILITARY CAMP IN THE DISTANCE

to see it. It is a hard, steady climb to the site of the ancient city. Reaching the summit, we approach by the Street of Columns, many of which are still standing. It must have been a majestic avenue in its day, and altho the columns have lost the capitals with which they were once adorned, they are still splendidly carved, and extend, at intervals of a few feet apart, for a long distance. Apparently the ancient and mighty city was a series of terraces that covered the entire hilltop, and it is easy to believe, when viewing the ruins, that Samaria was once one of the powerful cities of Palestine, altho its only inhabitants to-day are lizards.



AN UPPER-CLASS MOSLEM IN
THE HOLY LAND

There is a legend dating from the fifth century that John the Baptist was beheaded at the Palace of Herod here; and while there is a structure bearing his name, the first mention of his execution having taken place in Samaria is by St. Jerome. The city was guarded by magnificent gateways and towers, some of which still remain, and even now we may see the ruins of the Forum on the crest of the hill, which Isaiah likened to a crown; thus we see the Biblical prophecy has been fulfilled literally, for Samaria is as "a heap of the field," and everywhere in the valley pillars and blocks of granite were "poured down," probably

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



MOUNT NEBO, WHENCE MOSES SAW THE PROMISED LAND



IN CANA, WHERE JESUS TURNED WATER INTO WINE

by earthquakes, which have been frequent in the region.

On our descent from Samaria we pass through a village where there is a community bakery. Either the people are too lazy to build separate fires, or fuel is scarce, so the inhabitants do their baking in a community oven. They pound out flat cakes of wheat mixed with water, and resembling pancakes; twenty or thirty of these are placed on a board and brought to the great oven, where they are baked to the satisfaction of the individual owners.

The ride is not long from here to Jerusalem, owing to the fine condition of the roads. These roads were always in a sad state under Turkish domination, but many of them to-day are models for any country. As it is our purpose, however, to reserve the Holy City for the climax of our tour in this part of the world, we shall move eastward again and literally slide down to the Jordan River, which retains a great sentimental interest for the Christian world.

XII THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM



MONKS IN THE GLOOMY CLOISTERS OF MAR SABA LIVE
TO A GOOD OLD AGE

XII

THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM

THE JORDAN flows through a barren country, yet its banks are extremely fertile, lined with towering trees and thickly matted shrubbery. It is 160 miles in length, wriggling back and forth, dropping so rapidly and flowing so swiftly that it carries with it much of the mud that lines its banks. Here we see growing in abundance the thorny bush from which the Crown of Thorns is supposed to have been made. Conspicuous among the plant life also is the "reed shaken by the wind," which Jesus referred to as a striking feature of natural beauty on the banks of the Jordan. When filtered or distilled, the Jordan water is clear and sweet, highly prized by thirsty pilgrims.

We ride along to the traditional spot where Jesus was baptized. It seems incomprehensible that the spot has not been marked by Christians. There is not so much as a stone to commemorate the event that has meant so much to the world, while billions of treasure have been used to celebrate other events. A miserable group of perhaps a dozen people live here. I talked with a woman who was bandaging the finger of a child—a finger that looked as tho it were ready to fall from the hand like a decayed twig. She said they fished in the Jordan; the men hunted hyenas and wild boars, and made a little money selling "lemonade" to pilgrims. Would I like one of the lemonades? I would not! The Jordan swirls along its course from the Sea of Galilee and

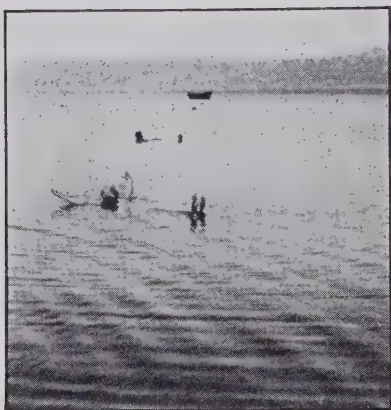


A PEACEFUL VISTA ON THE RIVER JORDAN

looks actually poisonous. Would I like to purchase a bottle of Jordan water to take back home? I would not!

We drive along beside the river to the Dead Sea, a beautiful body of blue water. We are in what is said to be the earth's greatest depression, and in summer the heat is almost intolerable. The district is practically deserted by human beings, altho a wretched woman (I thought she was a leper) came dragging herself from under a palm-leaf hut and begged for money until she was told not to approach nearer. She, so far as I could see, was the only inhabitant of the immediate district at the time of my last visit; yet at one time this region must have been densely populated, for it is likely that several cities of the ancient world had a Dead Sea water front.

We are in the exact territory so frequently mentioned in the books of Numbers, Joshua, Isaiah and Exodus; probably, too, we are in the "Wilderness" where John the Baptist wandered. But even the breeze stirred by the speed of the auto is as hot as a blast from a baker's oven. And the water offers no refreshment to the thirsty plain. The buoyancy of the Dead Sea has not been exaggerated; there is no danger of being drowned; floating is no effort. With an umbrella and a good book one could float in comfort for hours. It is so salt that no fish other than the cod could live in it. We run along beyond the monastery of John the Baptist, which seems parched in the burning sun, to the Beth Nimrah of the tribe of Gad (mentioned in Joshua), and finally arrive at Jericho for luncheon. Of the three Jerichos, only one remains. The plain once famed for its fertility is now but a barren desert. Its balsam garden was the royal gift of Antony to Cleopatra, who transferred the trees from here to Heliopolis. The great city built by Herod has disap-



SHOWING HOW EASY IT IS TO
FLOAT IN THE DEAD SEA

peared, and modern Jericho is merely a collection of miserable mud huts.

We watch the wretched people as they pass: sores on their faces and hands, lame, elephantiasis feet, blind, and some hobbling on stumps of what once were legs. They seem utterly forsaken. The remainder of Palestine is enjoying an era of prosperity and improvement, and there

has been a marked improvement in hygienic conditions; but Jericho seems as helpless and hopeless as ever, altho one reads frequently that there are vast schemes on foot for harnessing the water of the Jordan and making it irrigate a wide district.

As we are starting from the city, two speeding Fords pass us, bound eastward, both filled with gaily-bedecked natives, probably on their way home. It is a notable sign of the times that on the back seats of both cars are women. Thus we see that the arrival of the automobile in the Near East has had much to do with promoting the new era, so far as women are concerned. The desert man would not bring his women to the city on camels, save in rare instances; but here, before our eyes, is Mrs. Trans-Jordania having a joy-ride in a Ford, after being kept at home for centuries while her lord and master was making what he told his wives were "necessary business trips to the city." The manner in which the automobile has overcome Moslem fanaticism and prejudice is remarkable. Here is a man who believes that a

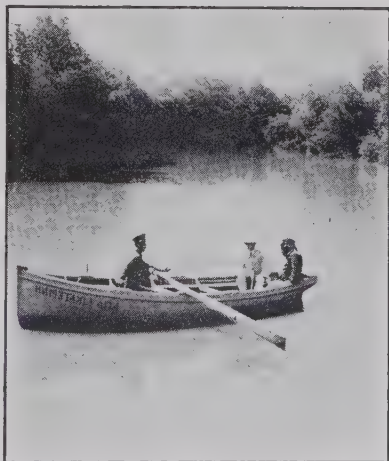
THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM

camera-snap kills the soul of a camel, actually sitting at the wheel and fearlessly manipulating the mechanism of a Ford car; it is a triumph which not even the Christian missionaries have accomplished. To have induced this Ford-driver to take his wife (or wives) and children with him on one of his flights across the desert is a feat that could not have been accomplished by any humanitarian propaganda.

We follow a road bordered by fruit orchards, and come upon two large pools, similar to bathing pools. The water was flowing centuries before Herod came to this valley, for this is Elisha's spring, a blessing in a land that seems accursed. The people of Jericho come here for water. Here they bathe, and their animals drink from the same spring.

We wait for the cool of the evening, which never comes in Jericho. Before sunset we start up the mountain and follow the road, which, after a long ascent, permits us to look down on the Brook Kerith. Here Elijah lived and was fed by the ravens. Far below us is the monastery, marking the site of the prophet's cave.

The desolate impression which the country makes upon us, and which many of us had anticipated, is due perhaps to photographs of the Wilderness of Judea. It is true that this part of Palestine is barren and desolate, yet these hillsides are rich in sacred associations. We stop for a moment at a khan that is upon the traditional spot where the "Good Samaritan"



A BOATRIDE ON THE JORDAN



A HIGHWAY IN THE HILL REGION OF THE HOLY LAND

performed the act of charity which has served as the text for thousands of sermons. The guides tell us that this is the Good Samaritan Inn. We follow the hills until we come in sight of Bethlehem, whose name, to millions of people, is one of the sweetest words in any language.

Practically everything hereabouts has been "identified" and given historical or sentimental significance. Most of the "exact spots" and identical objects are fabrications and are not supported by fact or legend, being modern "catches" for visitors; but it is doubtless a harmless amusement of the guides, and it is possible that the local references serve to freshen one's memory of the events that have transpired in this interesting region. Among the things called to our attention are "the tree upon which Judas hanged himself," "the ruins of an Arab village which is called the 'county seat of Caiaphas,' " "a stone cistern said to mark the spot

THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM

from which the Magi saw the Guiding Star" (Matthew, ii, 9); "the spot, called Bir Kadismu, where the Virgin rested during the journey to Bethlehem"; "the well from which the Holy Family drank," "the place where Elijah lay down to rest under a juniper tree" (the depression in the rock caused by the weight of his body being still visible), and where the Angel commanded him to eat, as recorded in



CARVING MOTHER-OF-PEARL IN MODERN
BETHLEHEM

the nineteenth Chapter of I Kings; also the Field of Peas, so called from the legend that Jesus once passed this way and asked a man what he was sowing and received the reply "Stones," whereupon the field produced a crop of stone-peas, which are still abundant, and which are carried away as souvenirs by tourists.

A tender and romantic interest is thrown about Bethlehem



FRONT OF THE CHURCH THAT ENCLOSES THE TOMB OF THE VIRGIN MARY

THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM

as the scene of Ruth's primitive story, of David's boyhood days, and of his kingly consecration. Here we come upon the field owned by Boaz, the mighty man of wealth. Here Ruth went gleaning. The guides and drivers of vehicles are able to point to the exact field, which is under cultivation, as it was in the remote day of the comparatively simple operation that, for some reason, has appealed to the imagination of the world and inspired many artists. Here Ruth dipped her morsel in the vinegar with the rest, and Boaz afterward filled her veil with six measures of barley. Somewhere in this vicinity David, the great-grandson of Ruth, kept his father's sheep before he went forth to fight Goliath. Characters from the Bible, with whom we are familiar, come to life, for there are still to be found Ruths gleaning and youthful Davids skilful with their slings.

The chief object of interest in the city is the Church of the Nativity, believed to mark the abiding place of Mary that night when she arrived at the inn and found it so crowded that she was obliged to rest in a stable. The Scriptures tell us that the inn was connected with a cave and was in the city. It is a known fact that for at least a thousand years the place marked by this church was used as an inn, and Bethlehem has not changed with the passing of time.

There is an ancient well just outside of the church, doubtless the same that provided water for travelers and their animals arriving at the inn long before the arrival of the two guests from Nazareth. We are glad to observe that camels are drinking there as we approach the church. They are picturesque, and their presence lends plausibility to the traditional "exact spot."

It appears that the spot was venerated as early as the second century, when it was likely that worshipers had



VISITING THE TOMB OF THE
VIRGIN

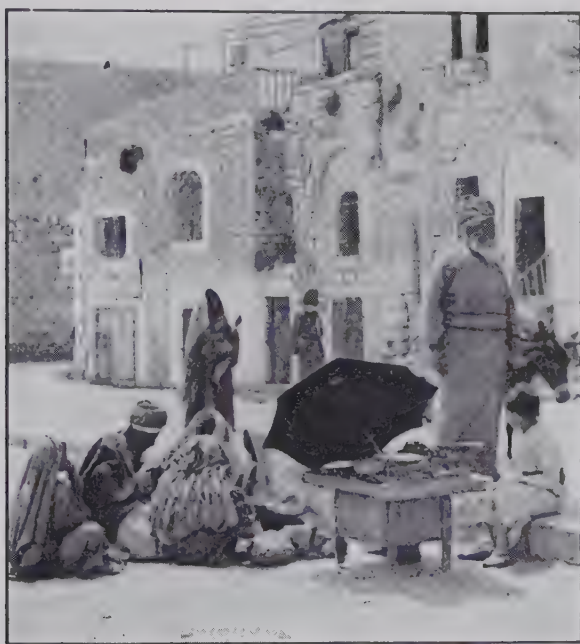
received information concerning its significance by word of mouth from people who were living at the time of the birth of Jesus. It is said that a basilica was built here before a century elapsed, following the great event. This was destroyed by the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, who caused a temple of Adonis to be built in its place. Probably another basilica was erected by the Emperor Constantine, and it is argued, owing to the style of archi-

tecture, that the main walls of this building remain in the present structure, altho it seems likely that the whole building was elaborately repaired or reconstructed in the sixth century.

The accounts surviving from pilgrims of the Middle Ages make it appear that there have been few alterations in the Church of the Nativity since that time. On Christmas, 1101, Baldwin was crowned king within this edifice. In 1482, the roof was repaired by two kings, Edward IV of England furnishing the lead and Philip of Burgundy the wood. Three centuries later the Turks stripped off the lead to make bullets, and in the nineteenth century the Greeks gained possession through the good offices of Napoleon III, the Latins being permitted to share in the ownership. Ostensibly, at the present time, the various divisions of the church share equally in the precious possession; yet one

THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM

group of Christians will not permit another to clean windows, and we find that pillars mark dividing lines between the "territory" of the Latins and that of the Greeks, or between the Armenians and the Abyssinians. Doubtless the appearance of the church would have been altered long ago but for the unwillingness of the Latins to permit the Greeks



AROUND A FRUIT STALL IN BETHLEHEM

to make alterations and additions—and *vice versa*. Necessary permissions and agreements are an expensive and time-consuming operation, and it is an interesting speculation what finally will become of the walls, which have withstood time nobly, but which are now in need of repair. This is no new problem, however, and doubtless a remedy will be provided when required. Felix Fabri, a priest who visited

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Bethlehem in the fifteenth century, reported much the same condition when he wrote: "The precious pictures are dropping from the walls because one priest will not let another priest restore them, and we can be thankful that the body of the church is left standing."

Entering the building, we descend the steps leading to the Chapel of the Nativity. Under the altar to the east is a large silver star in the pavement, in which is inscribed: "Here was born Jesus Christ of the Virgin Mary." Around this small recess burn fifteen lamps, six belonging to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. Opposite is another small hole in the natural cave, perhaps not more than five feet in length. It also is approached by slippery and much trodden steps and is the Chapel of the Manger.

The original manger is said to have been taken to Rome



THE MIDDAY REST AT A WAYSIDE WELL



THE NEW JEWISH COLONY OF ZIMMARIN

in the year 750, and is shown, I believe, in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. There is an altar that marks the site of the Adoration of the Magi; also a hole in the rock, whence water is said to have flowed for the requirements of the Holy Family. In this chapel also a small cavern is shown, where, by the light of a candle, Saint Jerome lived, made his translation of the Scriptures, died, and was buried.

Into the Chapel of the Innocents, we are told, children were brought by their mothers for safe-keeping after Herod's edict, but were discovered and slain by his soldiers. There is also a chapel marking the spot where the Angel commanded Joseph to flee to Egypt.

Formerly a Mohammedan stood guard over this place, one of the most sacred to the Christian world. To-day a British soldier stands reverently near the Manger, a token



WHERE THE JEWISH COLONISTS OF ZIMMARIN MAKE THEIR WINE

of what has transpired since the Turk has been driven from the Holy Land.

Bethlehem has not changed with the passing of the ages. The women have preserved their characteristic costume since the days of Jesus. Little or no change has been made in the curious headdress, which one sees only in this city. The city contains the same narrow streets, the antiquated style of architecture, the same appearance that it presented when the greatest event of the East, two thousand years ago, was announced to the world. The streets are filled with tiny shops, not where things are sold, but where they are made. The principal industry is the manufacture of religious articles, such as rosaries, altar pieces and crucifixes made of sandal- and olive-wood, or mother-of-pearl. Men toil from dawn until sunset with tiny saws cutting pearl shells, from which mother-of-pearl is obtained. Before the war, their

THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM

average was twenty cents a day; it is now over twice that amount.

Palestine abounds in monasteries. Not far distant is Mar Saba, which dates back to the fifth century. Here came Saint Sabas, who found a lion in possession of a cave. It was not a lion of the bad kind, however, but a sort of Judean animal, so Saint Sabas told it to go away as he wanted the cave for himself, and the lion without a growl put its tail down and immediately went away. We may visit the monastery, either from Bethlehem or from Jerusalem. It appears to be not a building nor a group of buildings, but a series of stone nests clinging to the cliff over a deep ravine. Life in this isolated place must be depressing and burdensome, perhaps unhealthy; and yet there are monks living here, one of whom is 101 years old; and when we ask others if they would want to live to be a hundred years of age in



THE SYNAGOG IN THE COLONY OF ZIMMARIN

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Mar Saba, they reply: "Why not?" In the courtyard where we are seated are big paving stones, beneath which, the monks tell us, is a great vault where the departed brothers are lowered after having passed out of this life. Mar Saba is a strange, weird place, one that will linger in our memory.

Perhaps one hundred yards from the monastery is a stone post in the highway. Beyond this, no woman may pass. Formerly the shrine attracted many Russian pilgrims, but the women were obliged to worship from afar, while the men were admitted to the chapel and allowed to kneel before the cave. I was hospitably received, and a couple of monks immediately began to prepare food for me, as it was around the noon hour and they thought I would be hungry. Black coffee, an omelet, and black bread. Also a bottle of Greek wine, the flavor of which was much like the odor of



WOMEN WINNOWING WHEAT ALONG THE WAY TO MAR SABA

THE JORDAN AND BETHLEHEM



THE STRANGE CONVENT OF MAR SABA, NEAR BETHLEHEM

varnish, altho it was considered a delicacy. Along about two o'clock, the bells rang summoning the monks from their cells. I have called them nests, and they seemed much like enlarged clay nests of swallows clinging to the cliff. Some of them had cultivated trees in a patch of ground a foot or a yard square—seemingly their only connection with earthly things. One had an oleander that rewarded him by throwing out great clusters of pink flowers; another, a fig-tree or a bush that resembled an acacia. I watched them as they crossed the courtyard. Two younger monks—perhaps sixty or seventy years of age—walked at the side of the centenarian and supported him. I asked him to pose for a photograph, and he readily consented to do so, striking an attitude, I thought, as the camera clicked. As he arose, or was pulled up by the two monks, he told me that he would appreciate it very much if I would send him a copy of his portrait.



A BETHLEHEM BELLE IN FULL
COSTUME

The desolate impression of Palestine, which we may have brought with us, is nowhere more evident than in the neighborhood of Mar Saba, where hyenas and jackals still live, and only occasionally do we come upon shepherds and their flocks.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we turn our steps away from this region of the Dead Sea toward the climax of our pilgrimage, the historic and ever fascinating city of Jerusalem, which has

a sacred place in the thoughts and imagination of millions who never expect to set foot in its streets.

XIII JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN



THE POOL OF SILOAM, JERUSALEM

XIII

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

WE have traveled far and seen much before entering the Holy City; and even now that we have arrived beside its ancient walls, it will be of advantage for us to hesitate another hour outside the Jaffa Gate and observe the crowd that passes beneath this ancient portal. Jerusalem to-day extends far beyond the walls; thus the Jaffa Gate seems to separate the new era from relics of the distant past.

We sit here and see the world pass in and out; hear the automobile horns, and almost brush against the trains of camels that have come to the metropolis and now will exchange desert sand beneath their cushioned feet for sharp cobblestones of the narrow streets. It would require the genius of a Zola to describe with anything like adequacy the remarkable pageant that passes in and out of this gate during every hour of the day. People from everywhere on earth seem to be here, each attired not only in native dress, but in dozens of adaptations of that dress to conditions of life here. Pale-faced nuns there are, in the habits of practically all the orders; ebony-black Abyssinian monks in black robes; desert sheiks in all the colors of the rainbow, with gold and silver spangles on their waistcoats and turbans; brown-cloaked Bedouins, here for barter and trade, or merely to see; black-bearded and long-haired Greek priests, with high black tiles on their heads, and great sweeping black



BRITISH TOMMIES ON GUARD AT THE JAFFA GATE

robes; barefoot Franciscans in brown cowls; native boys in brilliant costumes selling lemon-flavored water and making a great clatter to attract attention; women from Bethlehem, wearing the characteristic floating head-dress, which looks like a huge kite; old Orthodox Jews in blue or pink satin coats that reach to their ankles, and strange fur hats even in the hottest days of summer; boys driving flocks of goats; a camel with an enclosed litter upon its back, wherein is a mysterious passenger—the daughter of a sheik—a widow or even a bride.

It is all too bewildering to be told in words: an attempt to describe the throng becomes mere enumeration. It has been said that the Café de la Paix in Paris is the meeting-place of Europe and America, and that the Ezbekieh is the meeting-place of East and West. In much the same way, the Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem is a rendezvous for all the world.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

We even see here Jews, as I did once, with distinctive Chinese faces and costumes. They are from the interior of China and claim descent from a Lost Tribe of Israel. And we see religious zealots of all creeds and religions. Here is a man who trims his beard and wears a white robe and sandals—the traditional artistic conception of Jesus! There go men and women who give alms or who beg. Others kneel in the sun and pray, apparently unaware of the passing stream of humanity about them. Grim Arabs, grey-bearded old gentlemen who squat at the coffee-houses, puff their water-pipes and observe the changes that are taking place in the capital city with each passing hour. They are pessimistic concerning the future, and disgruntled. Life is not as it used to be. And smartly dressed young Jews are here from America or Europe—the men of affairs in Jerusalem to-day—the new jostling the old.



THE TOWER OF DAVID AND PART OF THE ANCIENT WALL

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

No other city in the world, perhaps, has been able to adapt itself to the conditions of the times as Jerusalem has done for centuries. A white and brand-new metropolis already is in existence outside the walls. And as we glance beyond the gate, we see the Tower of David, the most picturesque bit of architecture in the city—a perpetual reminder that however the city may change in appearance, it is still Jerusalem. This huge construction, one of three towers that were spared by Titus when he destroyed Jerusalem, seems to indicate that the city is eternal. The city of David, Solomon and Herod!

Jerusalem sits high in the mountains of Judea and is approximately three thousand feet above sea level. At the time of David it was no more than a fort, altho it was during his reign that the glory of the city began. To-day it is



OLD-TIMERS IN THE CITY OF DAVID

the city of three religions—the city that remains a city, altho it has been practically destroyed forty times and totally wiped out at least eight times. The walls are beautiful when viewed from any of the surrounding hills, but are now difficult to trace on account of the many structures that tower above them.

A great change has taken place in Jerusalem since the end of the World War. On December 11, 1917, crowds inside the Jaffa Gate were

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN



MOUNT OF OLIVES SEEN FROM THE EAST WALL, WITH THE NEW FRANCISCAN BASILICA OF GETHSEMANE IN THE FOREGROUND

awaiting the arrival of the modern Crusader, General Allenby, and his conquering heroes. With the reading of his proclamation, the Holy Land passed from the rule of the Turk to the protectorate of the British Empire. The reign of inefficiency was over; with it went the Turk! General Allenby is the outstanding figure in Palestinian modern history. They have named Jerusalem's leading hotel in his honor; streets in many towns bear his name, and babies galore are known as Allenby Solomon, Allenby Isaacs, and numerous other family names.

From the window of our hotel we look out upon the city, and here we obtain our first impression. In the distance is the Mount of Olives; at its base is the Garden of Gethsemane; nearby is the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and nearer to us is the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. When

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

darkness falls, an illuminated cross shines brilliantly above the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which marks the spot where millions believe that Jesus was crucified and buried.

Just as our need of sunshine and light in America calls for broad roads and streets, so in Bible lands the great heat and glare for seven months of the year require the protection



SOME OF PALESTINE'S YOUNG HOPEFULS
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

of narrow ways to keep the roads and the houses cool. At one time these narrow thoroughfares were filled with accumulated rubbish; but the streets of the city have been cleaned, and one no longer needs smelling-salts when venturing into the poorer and more obscure parts of the city.

During my first visits to Jerusalem, it was an ordeal to venture into some of the thoroughfares for the purpose of

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

visiting the chief points of interest. The accumulated filth was nauseating, and Jerusalem the Golden reminded one of a Chinese city, where, it has been said, the inhabitants were able to survive only because they had lost the sense of smell. But all this is changed; allowing for the disadvantage of crowded, narrow streets, probably Jerusalem is now as clean as the average American city.

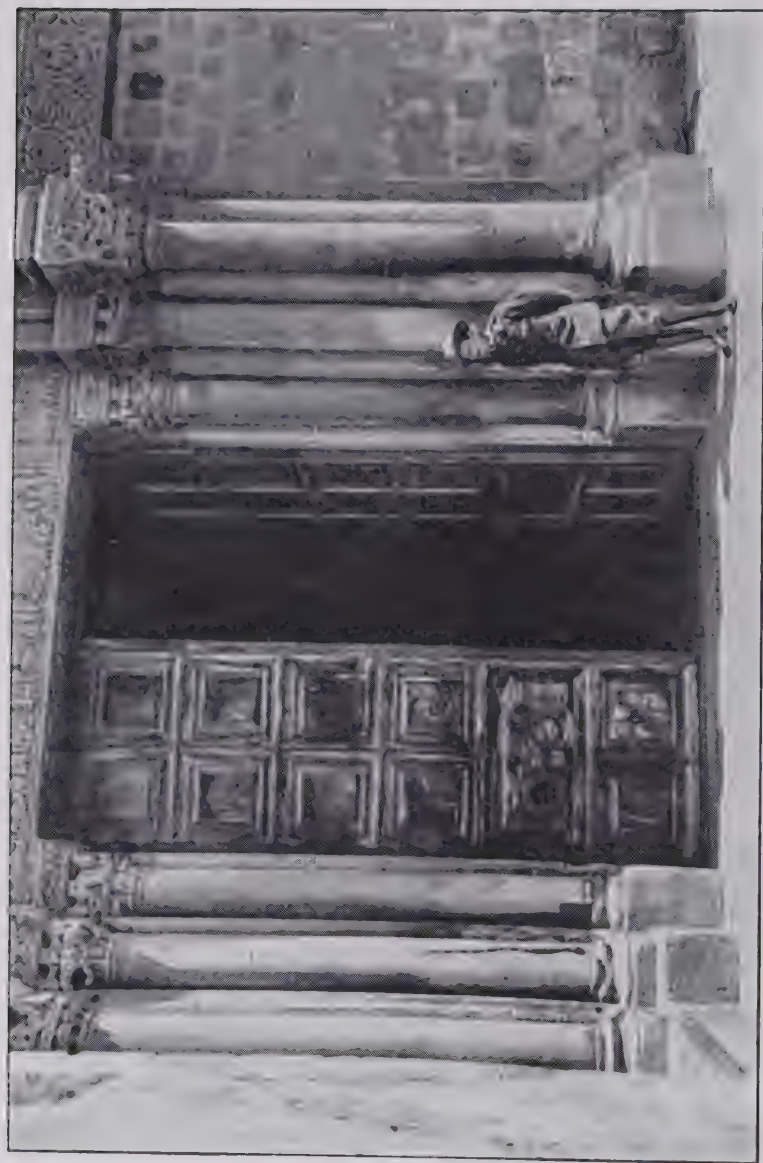


LIFE IN A BACK STREET

It is touching as one wanders through a maze of these streets in the midst of confusion, bustle, and the secretive reserve to be found only in an Oriental city, to see the groups of pausing pilgrims, many of them moved to the very depths of their nature, listening, gazing, weeping and adoring. They have come across the lands and seas to stand in these narrow alleys, to see, to hear and to accept. Would it not be cruel to tell them the plain truth, that the Jerusalem of the time of Jesus is buried far beneath the mud, the stones, or the dust, to which they press their trembling lips? Is it not enough to know that somewhere within these walls Jesus taught and preached—that somewhere on these hills He was crucified?

What matters it if Titus did destroy the city and even plow up the ground? The site of Jerusalem remains the same, and man cannot destroy that.

First of all, let us follow David and Christian streets until we come to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the church



AT THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

for which the Crusades were fought and for which men willingly died, never doubting that here the Messiah gave up His life on the Cross. The building, not at all attractive from the outside, is sunk deep in the heart of Jerusalem, only its dome rising above the sloping roofs of the neighborhood. It is an easy matter to consider the interior garish in ornamentation, ugly when considered architecturally, and profaned by many things that are unusual to the eyes of Westerners—including the unseemly behavior of some of the worshipers—but there is an awe-inspiring grandeur to the ancient edifice that will not fail to make its impression upon the visitor.

The scientific historians, archeologists and explorers are forever doubting the authenticity of the site. Whole volumes have been written to prove that it is not correct, and two or three other "exact spots" have their enthusiastic sponsors for the honor of having sheltered the remains of the Nazarene and having been the scene of His execution; but the world clings tenaciously to the traditional spot, as it has done for at least sixteen centuries.

As I have observed before, tradition often becomes exact history in the Near East. Bishop Eusebius of Cæsarea, the earliest ecclesiastical historian (in the fourth century), records that during excavations in the reign of Constantine, the tomb of Jesus was discovered "contrary to all expectations." It was here that Helena, mother of Constantine, is believed to have discovered the True Cross about the year 326 A.D. As early as 336 two churches were consecrated here. A tradition that persists in this manner is not easily dispelled by reference to the fact that Golgotha, at the time of the Crucifixion, lay beyond the walls of Jerusalem, whereas the accepted site is now well within the walls.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

There is no positive information in regard to the exact location of the walls of the city at the beginning of the Christian era; and all modern excavations seem to lend additional proof that here was the tomb of Joseph, the rich merchant of Arimathea who offered to shelter the remains of the man who died on the cross.

Conditions at the church have altered since my first visits, and instead of the perpetual bickering and quarrels among the various creeds that are represented here—doubtless encouraged, if not actually instigated by the Moslems under Turkish rule, making it appear that Christians were a bothersome lot, who must be held in check by soldiers—there is now the odor of sanctity about the place and seemly conduct among the worshippers.

I will recall but one instance of former conditions, which



DOMES OF THE CHAIN, JERUSALEM, WHERE LIARS WERE
SUBJECTED TO A STRANGE TEST

were scandalous. The Franciscans complained to the Moslem authorities that the stairway leading to the Chapel of Agony was not kept clean. The officials replied in effect: "Then sweep it yourselves," and a monk, armed with a broom, began to endeavor to make the place more presentable. The Greek priests immediately reported the matter to the Patriarch, who was greatly aroused. In Eastern countries, the act of sweeping indicates owner-



THE LEMONADE SELLER'S BUSY DAY

ship, he declared; thus the Franciscan was endeavoring to assume that his order "owned" the church. The Patriarch and the Franciscans exchanged letters about the trifling matter, the importance of which was greatly exaggerated by the former.

As they were unable to arrive at an understanding, they appealed to the Moslem custodian of the church, who, unwilling to act, referred it to the Governor of Jerusalem. The latter, always glad to fan the flames in these quarrels between Christians, heard both sides of the controversy and finally gave the Franciscans the right to sweep as much as they pleased. They reported that they desired to sweep only the stairway, and the next day, when a monk armed himself with a broom to continue the task, he was surrounded by a group of his brothers from the monastery. The Greek priests climbed to the roof of the church and hurled volleys



ORPHANS UNDER THE CARE OF THE AMERICAN COLONY AT JERUSALEM

of rocks at the sweeper and his group. It is reported that twenty monks were felled in this manner and lay stretched out upon the pavement, when the military arrived "to preserve order." The aim had been so good and the rocks so effective that the priests came down from the roof, probably much frightened by what they had done; but when they arrived below, they were set upon by the Franciscans who were uninjured, and a terrible encounter followed. Greek priests wear their hair long and their beards untrimmed. The Franciscans clutched this mass of hair, and the courtyard of the church was filled with screaming priests, rolling over one another on the pavement, to the delight of Moslem onlookers. Finally a riot call was turned in and the disturbance was stopped. The Franciscans hit by the rocks were placed upon stretchers and carried to hospitals. One of the Greeks had his nose bitten off.

The whole affair, naturally, was reported to the various consulates and became an "incident" that scandalized the Christian world. The Governor of Jerusalem was removed from office; but this did not satisfy the Greeks, who threatened the life of the superior of the Franciscans, so that he was obliged to surround himself with Moslem soldiers when he went to say mass at the church. It chanced that some of the Franciscans were German subjects, and when the matter was brought to the attention of the Kaiser, he demanded the arrest and trial of the Greek monks in a court of law. Several of them were given terms in prison, ranging from four days to nine months. Events like this were used as an excuse by the Moslems, who said: "It is evident that if our soldiers were not here to keep the peace, the Christians would kill each other."

Usually, the church is filled with pilgrims, many of them



CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM

sobbing or weeping, creeping about upon their knees and kissing the stones. First of all, as we cross the threshold through a small door, we come upon a slab of yellowish-pink marble, eight feet long and about four feet wide, which is known as the "Stone of Uncion," said to be where the body of Jesus was placed when it was being prepared for burial. Pilgrims kneel before this stone, recite prayers and place upon it garments in which they hope to be buried. Local traffic in such garments has now been suppressed. In former

times Moslem merchants in the courtyard of the church offered for sale all sorts of shrouds and modern clothing, exacting high prices from purchasers, who had neglected to bring the desired or appropriate articles of clothing from home.

Near the "Stone of Uncion" is the spot where the Mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene and John stood at the time of the burial. Here is also the Chapel of the Apparition, where Jesus was seen by His mother after the Resurrection. The Armenians claim the chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, and from this we pass along to the Chapel of the Two Thieves, the Crown of Thorns, the prison where Jesus was confined before being nailed to the cross, the impressions in

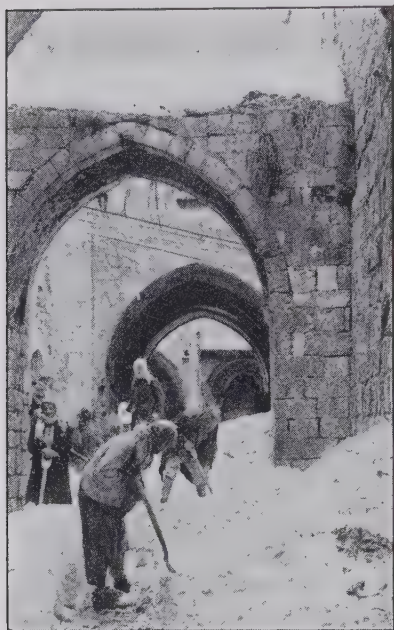
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

the stone that are said to mark His footprints, the Chapel of St. Longinus, the Chapel of Derision, the Chapel of St. Helena, the Chapel of Invention, where the cross was found; the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross, the Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross, the Chapel of the Agony of the Virgin, and many others. There is even the Chapel of Adam, for it is an ancient tradition that the first man was buried here and that the blood of Jesus flowed through the rocks to his skull.

In the Greek Chapel there is a stone that is said to mark the center of the world—an honor that likewise is held by a stone in the Temple of Heaven in Peking, China. Here also are the sword, spurs and cross of Godfrey de Bouillon, the hero of the first Crusade, who declined the title of King and declared that he could not wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns—being satisfied with the title of "Baron of the Holy Sepulcher."



A DOUBLE-DECK SHOP IN JERUSALEM



SHOVELING SNOW IN JERUSALEM

The various altars and chapels are ornamented with magnificent gold lanterns and religious objects, many of them of exquisite workmanship, which have come from all parts of the world.

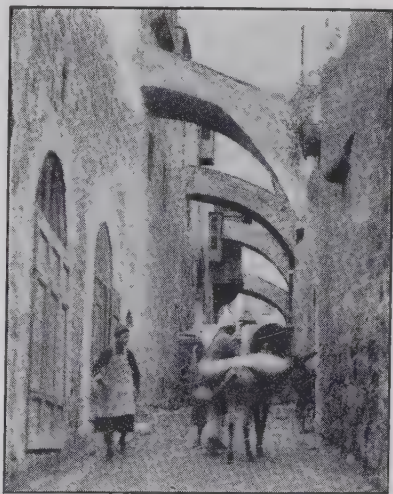
A hurried visit with a guide is better than none at all; but this church is one in which the pilgrim or casual tourist will find much to interest him, and the greater part of the one-half day may be devoted to it with profit.

The Holy of Holies is the yellowish marble chapel that encloses the Sepulcher of Jesus. It is beneath the dome of the church in the center of the rotunda, and is twenty-six feet long and nearly eighteen feet wide. To enter it, one must stoop on account of the low doorway. This is said to have been designed for the purpose of requiring a bowing of the head and body from all who enter. First is the Chapel of the Angels, where is shown the stone which was rolled away from the sepulcher by angels. It is protected by a glass case, which pilgrims are permitted to kiss, so as not to wear away the stone itself. This room is eleven feet long and ten feet wide. There are fifteen lamps always burning here, five belonging to the Greeks, five to the Latins, four to the Armenians and one to the Copts.

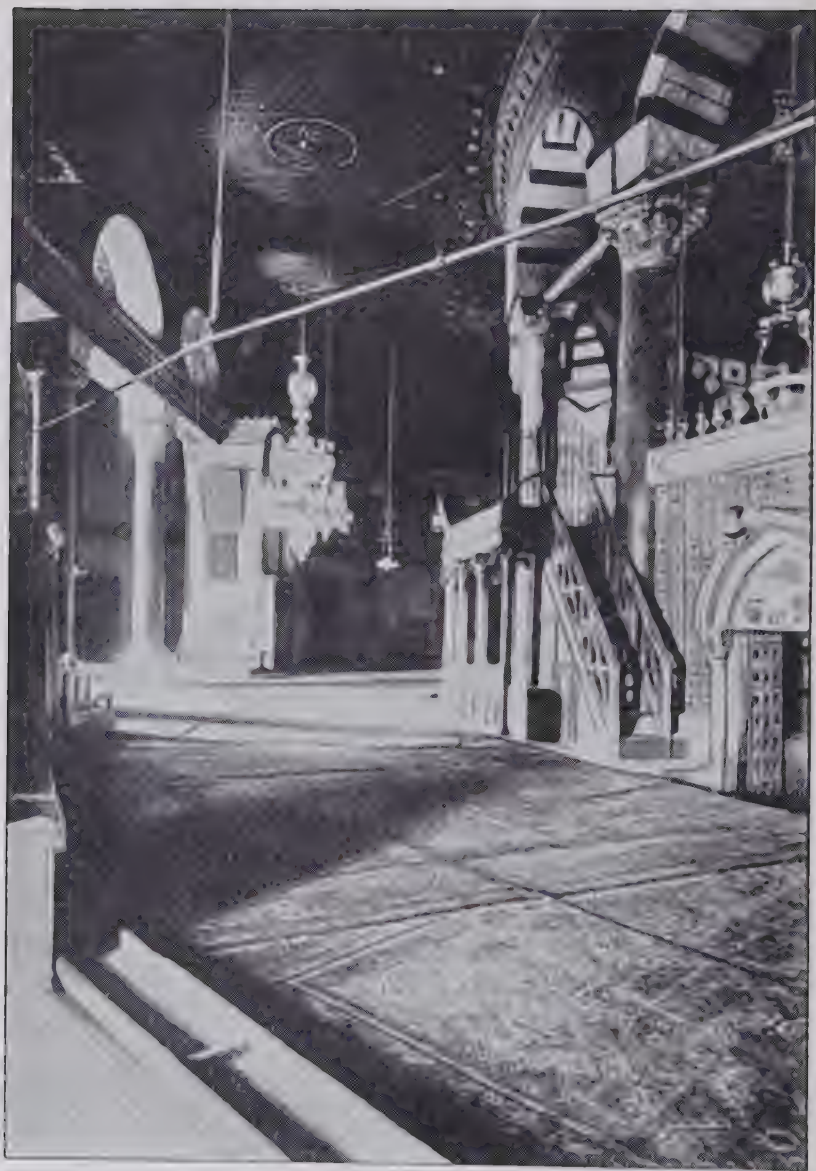
Passing through another small door, one enters the Chapel

of the Holy Sepulcher, which is only six and one-half feet long and six feet wide. It is the fourteenth station of the Via Dolorosa, and probably the holiest spot on earth to Christians. The room is encased in beautiful marble, and forty-three lanterns are suspended from the roof, four belonging to the Copts and the others being equally distributed among the Greeks, Latins and Armenians. On the north wall there is a carving in relief, representing Jesus rising from the tomb. The actual tomb is covered with marble slabs, and is about five feet long, two feet wide and three feet high. According to Luke, the grave was a rock-tomb, and in the time of Constantine this was discovered and has been considered the actual tomb of Joseph. Mass is said here every day, and a priest is constantly in attendance, the hours being fixed for the different denominations.

What is known as the Miracle of the Holy Fire occurs here at Easter and is attended by vast throngs. The crowd often arrives at the church on Good Friday to obtain desirable places. The lights are carefully extinguished on Easter Eve, and the superior clergy march around the sepulcher while the people pray. A few priests enter the chapel to receive the fire and pass it through windows in the thick walls; outside the chapel, it is received by the crowd, every individual of which strives to have his taper the first to be lighted. Theoretically, the



ALONG THE VIA DOLOROSA, "THE
WAY OF THE CROSS"



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, BUILT ON MOUNT MORIAH,
WHERE ABRAHAM WENT TO SACRIFICE ISAAC

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

holy fire goes forth from here to all the Christian world.

We make our way to the Via Dolorosa, a lane that leads from the military barracks, supposed to mark the site of Pilate's Hall of Judgment, to Calvary. As people decline to accept other sites for the Crucifixion, so they cling to the route known as the Way to the Cross, and pay no heed to the established fact that the configuration of the city has altered in many respects since the time of Jesus, so that

in certain places the present pavement, it has been estimated, lies fully sixty feet above the pavement touched by His feet. The fourteen stations have been marked by tablets and are used by all denominations for processions and other ceremonies commemorating the Tragedy.

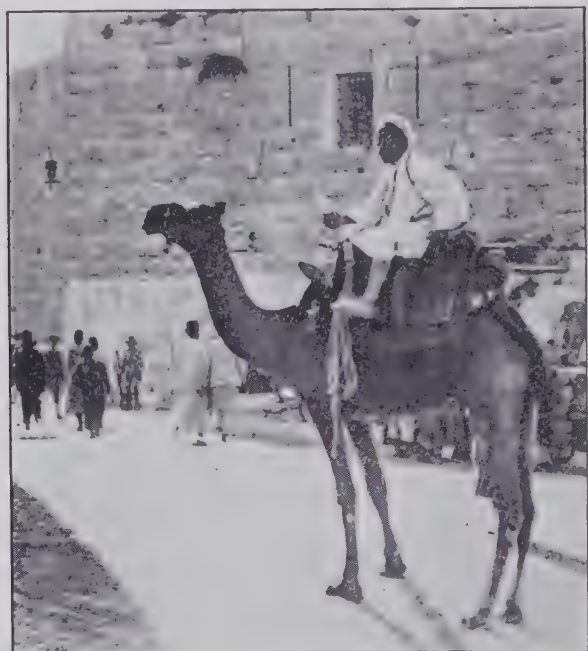
The First Station is where Pilate's Prætorium stood, and where the trial took place. The Second Station is below the steps ascending to the barracks, and marks the spot where the cross was laid upon the condemned man. Here is what is known as the Ecce Homo Arch, marking the spot where Pilate uttered the words, "Behold the man!" The Third Station is at a hospice for pilgrims conducted by Armenian monks, where Jesus is said to have sunk beneath the weight of the cross. A tablet marks the Fourth Station as the place where Jesus met His mother. At the Fifth Station, Simon of



DOMES OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR
SEEN THROUGH AN ARCH

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Cyrene relieved Him of the cross. There is a depression in a stone here which is said to have been made by the hand of Jesus. The Sixth Station is a chapel of the Greeks; it marks the residence and tomb of Saint Veronica, who is believed to have wiped the perspiration from His brow, whereupon His features remained imprinted on the handkerchief, now



OFF FOR AN EARLY MORNING JAUNT THROUGH
THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT

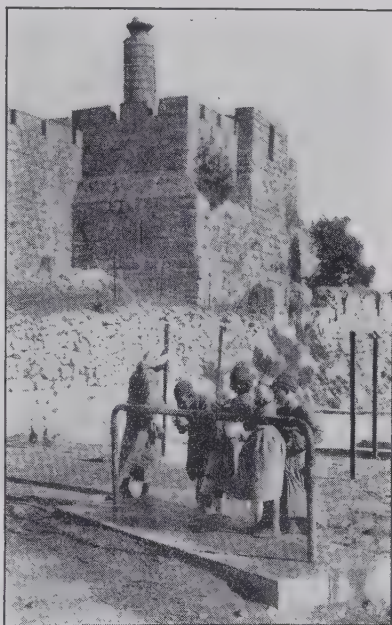
preserved at St. Peter's in Rome. The Seventh Station is called the Porta Judicaria, through which Jesus left the town, and where He fell the second time. The Eighth Station is at a Greek monastery, where He addressed the women who accompanied Him. The Ninth Station is in front of a Coptic Monastery, where He again fell beneath the cross.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

The next four stations are in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the fourteenth being the Sepulcher itself.

Passing through a street which in reality is nothing more than a tunnel, with shops on both sides, we make our way to the marvel of the Eastern world commonly called "The Mosque of Omar." This splendid building stands upon the site of Solomon's Temple; later, on this same square, we are told, Herod built his palace and restored the temple. To visit this mosque, it was formerly necessary to be accompanied by a *Kavass* from the consul of the visitor's country. This is no longer required, but "infidels" must still draw sandals over their shoes, so that their profane feet will not touch the rugs spread over the floor of this Moslem holy place.

The Mosque of Omar is one of the most perfect structures on earth. Many people declare that it is even more beautiful than the Taj Mahal in India, or St. Mark's at Venice; but these are matters of individual opinion, in which men may honestly differ. Of most importance is the fact that the mosque occupies the exact spot where Solomon's Temple stood; it was here that Jesus drove out the money-changers, and here He taught and preached. The mosque encloses the rock on the summit of Mt. Moriah where Abraham intended to



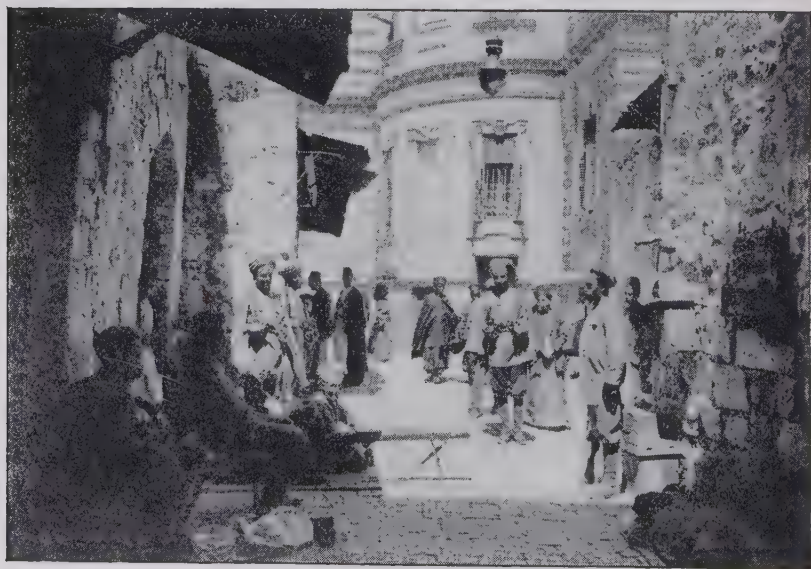
THE TOWER WHERE MOHAMMED
WILL SIT ON THE DAY OF
JUDGMENT

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

sacrifice Isaac. Here, the Moslems believe, Mohammed ascended from this earth into Paradise; and here, they claim, the great stone or Rock of Sacrifice now hangs suspended in the air, because of its attempt to follow the prophet on his flight. They say it would have followed him had it not been touched by the hand of the Angel Gabriel.

Adjoining the Mosque of Omar is a little mosque of great beauty, and the Moslems tell us that God once stretched a chain across the entrance to this Kiosk, and if this chain was touched by a liar it broke; but the chain is no longer there, and no one need fear the ordeal.

We pass under an ornate portal to the Mosque el Aksa, which is supposed to have been a Christian church at one time, and which quite likely now occupies the site of Solomon's palace. St. John says: "Jesus walked in the temple



SIKH GUARDS FROM BRITISH INDIA ARE MUCH IN EVIDENCE
AT JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN



THE WAILING WALL, WHERE PIOUS JEWS STILL MOURN THE
FALL OF ISRAEL'S KINGDOM

in Solomon's porch." Within the mosque there are many tombs and various places to which legend and history have attached importance. It is the most distant shrine from Mecca to which God brought the prophet Mohammed in one night. It is said to have been founded only forty years after the Kaaba, the holy shrine in Mecca, but it is probable that it was originally a basilica erected by Justinian in honor of the Virgin Mary.

Passing through another of the beautiful gateways leading to the Mosque of Omar, we are reminded of some of the traditions that cluster about this holy place. The rock on which it stands, we are told, is the foundation stone of the world. It is said to cover an abyss in which are contained all the waters of the flood. Within the mosque, however, we are brought back to modern affairs. The Sheik assumes the

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



A MEDLEY OF NATIONALITIES DAILY POURS INTO JERUSALEM
AT THE DAMASCUS GATE

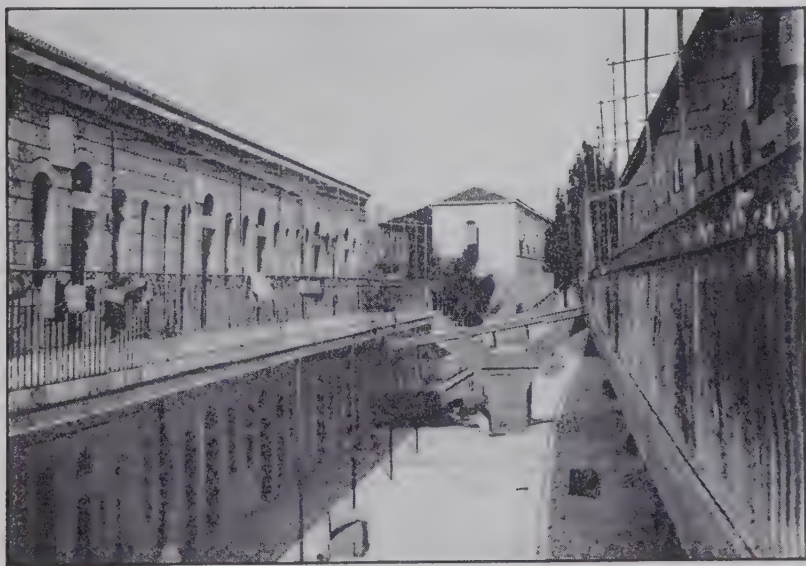
position of a prophet and announces that a franc (at par) or a shilling placed in front of him will secure his prayers for the donor. He even goes so far as to guarantee admittance to heaven, and in order not to shut out small contributions he will tell you that half a shilling will take you half way. The raised platform in the center marks the site of Solomon's Temple, which Christians formerly were forbidden to enter; and even to-day native Jews will not set foot within this area because they fear they will tread upon the Ark of the Covenant.

Making our way along the street which leads to the Wailing Place, we pass many beggars who hold out their hands beseechingly. During the week they are not as numerous as on Friday, when hundreds of them are seated along this thoroughfare. Pious and philanthropic Jews give them slips

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

of paper, which are redeemable at the rate of about ten for one cent; thus for fifty cents one may hand out five hundred pieces of this paper money, which is redeemable only in Jerusalem.

We arrive at the Wailing Place, which is known as the Gate of the Prophets, and see huge blocks of stone that may have been put into place by the Romans, altho many archeologists believe they are the actual foundation stones of Solomon's temple. The stones are smeared with candle-grease, and in places have been worn smooth by millions of kisses; but they have no other signs by which to judge of their age. The Sheik of the Mosque once escorted me into the subterranean depths, down strange winding stone staircases, and as we observed these huge blocks of rock from the interior, he pointed to Phenician and other characters which



TENEMENTS IN JERUSALEM BUILT BY SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE,
THE ENGLISH-JEWISH PHILANTHROPIST



ENTERING JERUSALEM THROUGH THE DAMASCUS GATE

he said proved them to have been put into position during Solomon's reign.

But Jews do not enter the mosque; they see it only from the street, which by a sort of unwritten law is avoided by the Moslems on Friday afternoons. At that time the Jews come here to chant prescribed lines from the Psalms, the Prophets and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Despite Zionism and the return to Palestine, they still wail, and the response to each line is: "We sit in solitude and mourn." Jehovah is petitioned to send another king who will rebuild the temple and re-establish the kingdom of Israel. It is possible that such religious enthusiasm is not duplicated elsewhere. It seems remarkable that men and women can walk along a city street, suddenly halt before a stone wall, recite Jeremiah's lines for perhaps the ten-thousandth time, and follow them with sobbing and a flow of genuine tears. But as we look at these mourners they appear to suffer as tho they were undergoing corporal tortures.

Once I stood here for an hour and observed them. The personnel changed, but the emotional fervor did not. There were dignified exceptions. The ceremonial seemed a symbol to them, rather than a reality. They came and hesitated at the wall, solemnly kissed the stone, whispered a prayer, lighted a candle and left it on a ledge of stone as they went away. I was interested in a young Jew, evidently from Bokhara, who wore high leather boots, a cap of Astrakhan fur, and the long coat of the Cossacks—evidently a pilgrim in the city. His features were distinctly Chinese or Mongolian and there was no facial characteristic to indicate that he was a Jew—and yet here he was at the Wailing Place of his forefathers! He stood rigidly before the stone wall, recited his prayers, and then retired after making three deep

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

bows in the Oriental manner. An elderly lady came and placed a canvas stool close to the wall. She sat down and leaned one cheek against the stone, put on her spectacles, and deliberately read from a large copy of the Scriptures, which reposed in her lap. Occasionally she glanced up to observe newcomers, but her eyes returned to the page, her lips moved slowly, and apparently she found comfort in the thought that her face touched the actual stones of the temple.

During the reign of Hadrian all the Jews were expelled from Jerusalem, and for two hundred years thereafter they were not permitted to enter the city. Constantine then granted them permission to enter once a year—on the anniversary of the destruction of the city by Titus—when they might weep over the ruins of the temple. For this privilege they were forced to pay heavily. The payments became



ONE OF THE AMERICAN COLONY'S CLASSES IN EMBROIDERY

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

larger, the wailing more frequent, until it became the practise to indulge weekly in this same ceremony.

There are several gates to the ancient walls, one of which, the Golden Gate, near here, is walled up. It is the tradition that Jesus passed through this gate when He entered the city on Palm Sunday. If He should return, said the Moslems, He would attempt to do so through this portal, so they made it



MR. AND MRS. VESTER AND OTHER MEMBERS OF
THE AMERICAN COLONY IN JERUSALEM

impossible for anyone to pass it. We have seen the Jaffa Gate; another important entrance is known as the Damascus Gate. Outside of this gate there is a huge square where markets are held on certain days of the week. This gate also takes us out on the ancient road which leads to the north toward Damascus.

Nearby are Solomon's quarries, from which the stone was

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



A BUSY THOROUGHFARE OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM



JEWISH GIRLS LEARNING DIFFICULT HANDICRAFT WORK

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

taken for the building of the temple. They are of special interest to members of the Masonic fraternity, as Solomon is revered by the Masons as their founder and grand-master; and one of the chambers is especially dedicated to the Masonic order.

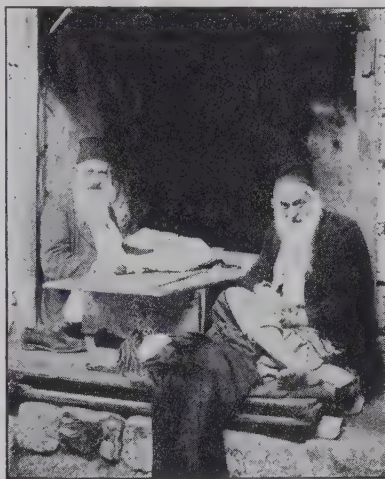
Projecting from the battlemented wall surrounding the city, there is a round column where, according to the Moslems, Mohammed will sit on the Day of Judgment. A line

finer than a hair and sharper than a razor will stretch from this wall to the tower on the Mount of Olives. Mohammed will superintend the passage over it, and the good will cross in safety while the bad will fall into Hades. That is the reason the Moslem, when praying, says: "Oh make my feet not to slip on that day when feet shall slip."

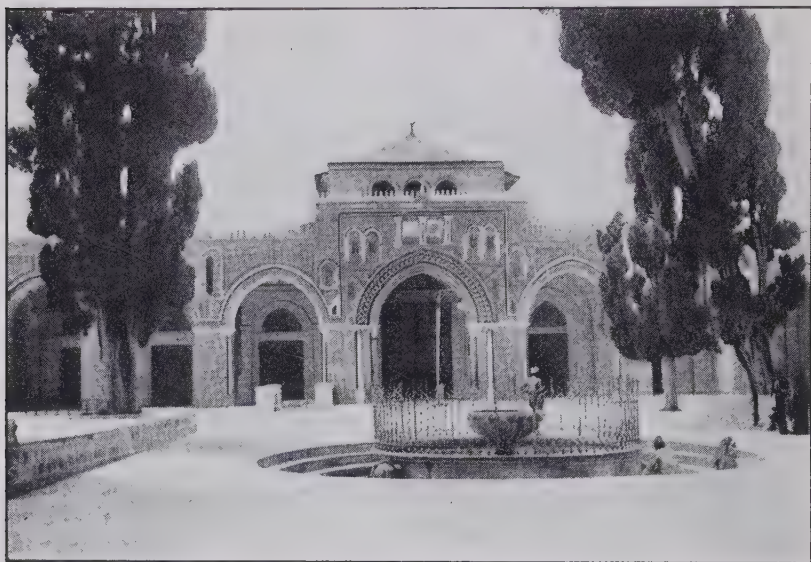
In our walks around the city, we come to a large stone enclosure, in which we see the famous pool of water that inspired the lines:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows."

This description is good, with the exceptions that it is not cool, certainly not shady, and no lily could grow here. Instead, the steps leading down to the Pool of Siloam are covered with mud and refuse. Women wash their clothes



JEWISH TAILORS AT THEIR PLACE
OF BUSINESS



AKSA MOSQUE AND THE WELL OF EL KAS, JERUSALEM

in it, and there is a constant procession of girls bearing on their heads Standard Oil cans filled with water.

We leave Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate and go outside the walls, down into the Valley of Jehosaphat, one of the celebrated spots of the earth and certainly the most famous cemetery in the world. The Moslems believe that hereabouts will take place the Last Judgment, and the Jews are just as certain that when the Last Trumpet sounds, it will be heard first in this valley. Consequently, more Jews are buried here than have been gathered in one place since the hosts of Israel left Egypt; and not only Jews, but Turks, Persians, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Americans, Egyptians and Syrians. The territory is controlled by several associations which always find room for all who come. Some arrive by express from distant countries with a brief note that gives necessary instructions concerning burial; others are brought

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

by friends and relatives. They arrive by cart, on camel-back, or by train from Jaffa, the seaport of the Holy City, and many are carried from Jerusalem by their brethren, after having come there for the express purpose of being close to Jehosaphat at the time of death.

There are several monuments scattered through the ravine that are fairly authentic and have, at least, an ancient lineage; likely enough they may be exactly what they are represented as being. They are no more interesting, however, than the thickly massed tombstones, many of which are centuries old, and some of which have crumbled to dust, while other bodies than those recorded have been buried on the sites occupied by the remains of the passing centuries. When there seems to be no more room, the older graves are opened to receive new coffins. Perhaps there is no territory



WHERE THE TOURIST MAY ABSORB THE LOCAL COLOR OF
JERUSALEM FROM HIS HOTEL WINDOW



TOMB OF ZACHARIAH, NEAR JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

on earth that has served as the repository for so many human bodies.

To me, the most striking monument of the valley, and one that is visible from a great distance, is known as the Tomb of Absalom and is called by the Arabs the "Cape of Pharaoh." It is a vase-like monolith cut out of the solid rock, and rises forty-eight feet above the surrounding ground. The lower part is a huge cube nineteen feet high and twenty-one feet long. Above this rises a square surmounted by a spire. It is customary for the Jews to throw stones at this pillar, as the Mohammedans do when they are participating in the ceremony known as "Stoning the Devil" outside of Mecca; but in the case of this tomb it is to show Jewish contempt for Absalom's disobedience, and when stones are not thrown it is indicative of the same feeling to spit in the direction of the pillar. The Bible declares that Absalom was buried in the woods where he fell; but it also says that "Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar which is in the King's Dale; for he said I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name, and it is called to this day Absalom's Place (II Samuel, xviii, 18). Some mention has been found of this pillar as far back as 33 A. D., but it was not until later centuries that it was connected with the man whose name it bears to-day. There is a tomb-chamber in the



SOUTH WALL OF JERUSALEM,
TOWARD ZION GATE

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



THE SIKH GUARDS ARE STRAPPING MOUNTAINEERS FROM INDIA



BAZALEL, THE ART SCHOOL ON RATISBONNE HILL, WEST OF
JERUSALEM

pillar, and it is the opinion of many historians that while this may be Absalom's Tomb, the ornate decorations and present form of the pillar were added at a much later date, as they show a mixture of the Egyptian and Grecian influence.

Near this monument is what is known as the Grotto of St. James, where, according to a tradition, the Apostle was concealed without food from the taking of Jesus Christ by the soldiers until after the Resurrection. Scholars believe that it has been called his tomb, also, since about the fifteenth century. It is a rock tomb with a vestibule sixteen feet long opening toward the valley. Doric embellishments, Hebrew inscriptions and several shaft-tombs are the principal features of the interior.

Nearby is the Pyramid of Zacharias, whose identity is a matter of controversy between Jews and Christians. The latter declare that the monument was erected to the Zacharias mentioned by St. Matthew (Matthew, xxiii, 35), while the former maintain that it was built for the man referred to in II Chronicles, xxiv, 20). The monument is about thirty feet high and is hewn from the solid rock. A little further on is a monument cut out of the rock, which is supposed to mark the resting-place of one of Solomon's Egyptian wives and is usually called the Tomb of Pharaoh's Daughter. It is Egyptian in character, and archeologists believe that the inscription dates from before the Exodus. Above this is the Mount of Offense, the scene of Solomon's idolatrous practises.

We ascend the hillside toward the east and visit the Garden of Gethsemane, in which there is a modern church with garish decorations. This particular place seemed much more impressive and more appropriately memorialized when it was without architectural monuments. In the older days,

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND



NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES OF PALESTINE, JUST OUTSIDE THE
DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM



GERMAN ORTHODOX CHURCH RECENTLY BUILT ON MOUNT ZION

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

the garden remained a garden, and it was tidily kept by the Franciscans, one of whom seemed always ready to receive visitors, walked and talked with them, and gathered fallen olive leaves which he gave as souvenirs. Here we are interested in the olive trees, which the botanists have said may very reasonably be two thousand years old. One, the Tree



HEBREW UNIVERSITY ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, VIEWED FROM
THE INNER COURT

of Agony, is said to be the identical tree under which Jesus suffered when he looked across the valley, saw the city of Jerusalem, and wept.

We ride to the top of the hill and just beyond, to the ruins of what is said to have been the town of Bethany. One cavern is pointed out as the house of Mary, Martha and Lazarus, where Jesus was a frequent guest.

We come back to the city by way of Mount Scopus and

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

visit the Hebrew University, which was conceived forty years ago by a professor at Heidelberg, but the cornerstone of which was not laid until 1918. With this, the idea of the Jewish revival in Palestine is inseparably linked, and it has attracted the attention of the scholastic world.

We come back by way of the Place of the Skull, which is called Gordon's Calvary, and which, many people believe, is the site of the Crucifixion. Two caves, which serve as eyes, and a protrusion like a nose, give the hill the curious appearance of a human skull.

The visitor may remain in Jerusalem one day, one week or one month; and he will never be at a loss for something to attract and absorb his attention. There are a hundred interesting excursions to churches, mosques, monasteries and convents, all of which have great historical interest. Jerusalem is experiencing another revival, another era of rebuilding—a repetition of what has transpired repeatedly throughout the centuries. It is not only the Golden, but the Eternal City.

INDEX

INDEX

- Abdullah, Tomb of, 61
 Abraham, 252, 265, 287, 310, 367
 Absalom's Place, 381; Tomb, 381
 Abu Sargah, Church of, 63
 Abu Simbel, Temple of, 139
 Abydos, Tablet of, 144; Temple of, 144
 Acre, 166
 Adam, Arab Legend, 251; Chapel of, 361
 Adonis, Temple of, 336; Tradition of, 272
 Adoration of the Magi, Site of, 339
 Agony, Chapel of, 357; Tree of, 385
 Akka, 166, 167
 Al-Azhar, 64
 Al-Badawi, 17
 Alexandria, 3, 5, 77; Hotels, 8; Monu-
 ments, 9; Patriarch of, 15, 17; Popula-
 tion, 6
 Al-Hasanen, Mosque of, 68
 Allenby, General, 351
 Amen at Karnak, Temple of, 107
 Amenophis II, Tomb of, 125; III, 115
 American Mission Hospital, 17
 Amman, 180
 Ammon, 109, 118, 141
 Amr, Mosque of, 57, 61; Son of, 61
 Animal Worship in Egypt, 144
 Annunciation, Chapel of, 307; Church of,
 173, 307
 Anubis, 98
 Apis, Mausoleums of, 86
 Apollonopolis, 143
 Apparition, Chapel of the, 360
 Arab-Egyptians, 15
 Arabian Desert, 177; Travel Across, 187-
 204; Nights, City of, 19
 Arab Legend Concerning Adam, 251; Mu-
 seum, 76; Songs, 237
 Arimathea, 289
 Ark of the Covenant, 370
 Armageddon, 303
 Assiut, 97
 Assuan, 126, 138; Dam, 129
 Athribis, 18
 Augustus, 5, 77
 Aurelius, Marcus, 272
 Automobile, Place in Promoting New Era,
 331
- Baalbek, 264-270
 Bab, 164
 Baba, 17
 Babel, Tower of, 265
 Bab-el-Azub, 69
 Babylon, Hanging Church of, 63
 Bacchus, Temple of, 268
 Bahaism, 165
 Baksbeesh, 95
 Baha, Abdul, 164, 171
 "Baring Dervishes," 71
 "Baron of the Holy Sepulcher," 361
 Basta, 195
 Bazars, 53-77, 261
 Beatitudes, Mount of the, 307
 Bedouins, 294, 347
 Beirut, 271
 Benha, 18
 Bethany, Ruins of, 385
 Bethlehem, 332-340; Changes Few, 340;
 Church Conditions, 336-338; Costumes,
 340; "Exact Spots," 332-335; Streets,
 340; Women, 340
 Bethsaida, 170
 Biblical Prophecy, Fulfilment, 321
 Bir Kadismu, 333
 Bishareen, 126
 Bouillon, Godfrey de, 361
 Brook Kerith, 331
 Burckhard, 139
 Burning Bush, Site of, 297
- Cairo, Bazars, 53; Citadel, 66; Dervishes,
 71; Egyptian Museum, 73; First Impres-
 sions, 19; Individuality, 32; Lemonade
 Sellers, 29; Magicians, 25; Mosques, 53,
 56; Old, 57; Parades, 27; People, 23;
 Polygamy, 32; Sights, 23, 53; Street
 Entertainers, 24
 Caliphs, 57; Tombs, 68, 76
 Camels, 41; Rides for Tourists, 43
 Cameras, Fee, 1, 156
 "Cape of Pharaoh," 381
 Capernaum, 170
 Carmelites, 164
 Carmel, Mount, 162, 307
 "Cathedral of Edom," 213

INDEX

- Cave of Elijah, 164; Machpelah, 287
 Chaldeon, Council of, 15
 Chapel of, Adam, 361; Agony, 361; Derision, 361; Invention, 361; St. Helena, 361; St. Longinus, 361; the Angel of Nazareth, 307; the Angels, 362; the Annunciation, 307; the Apparition, 360; the Holy Sepulcher, 363; the Innocents, 339; the Manger, 338; the Nailing to the Cross, 361; the Nativity, 338; the Raising of the Cross, 361; the Two Thieves, 360
 Cheops, Pyramid of, 45; Tomb of the Mother of, 48
 Chephren, 44; Pyramid of, 46
 Children of, Ed Deir, 229; Israel, 214; Petra, 229; Seir, 227
 Church, Condition in Jerusalem, 356; of Abu Sargah, 63; of Mt. Sinai, 297; of Santa Maria Maggiore, 339; of the Annunciation, 173, 307; of the Holy Sepulcher, 351-355; of the Nativity, 335
 Circassians, 180
 City of Arabian Nights, 19; the Dead, 5
 Cleopatra, 5, 102, 329
 Cleopatra's Needles, 9
 Colosseum, 107
 Colossi of Memnon, 114
 Columbian Exposition at Chicago, 97
 Constantine, 336, 355, 374
 Coptic Church, 15; Dedicated to St. Michael, 63; of Mar Mina, 61
 Coptic Funerals, 76; Language, 15
 Coptos, 135
 Copts, 15
 Council of Chalcedon, 15
 Crocodile Worshipers in Edfu, 143
 Crown of Thorns, 327, 360
 Crucifixion, Traditional Site of, 386
 Customs Examinations, 1
 Damascus, 251; Artisans, 261; Baths, 255; Bazars, 261; Gate, 375; Market, 261; Merchants, 253; Mosques, 258; Street Cries, 255
 Dancers, Dervishes at Cairo, 71-73
 David, 335; Tower of, 350
 Dead Sea, 329
 Deir-el-Bahri, Temple of, 119
 Dendera, Temple at, 99
 Deraa, 181
 Dervishes, 71-73
 Desert Dancing Girls, 94-97; Nomads, 126-129; Sand-Diviners, 46
 Disciples of Jesus, 170
 Divorce, in Egypt, 35
 Dome of the Chain, 368
 Donkey-drivers, 114
 Druses, 173, 174
 Ebal, Mount, 313
 Ecce Homo Arch, 365
 Ed Deir, 227; Children, 229
 Edfu, 141; Crocodile Worshipers, 143
 Edrei, 181
 Egypt, Agriculture, 103; Animal Worship, 144; Climate, 84; Divorce, 35; Feminism, 33; Reform in Marriage Customs, 35; Train Service, 11
 Egyptian, Antiquities, Museum of, 73; Mummies, 98; Museum at Cairo, 73; Women and Marriage, 33; Worship of Sacred Bull, 86
 Egyptians, Ancient, 15; Characteristics and Customs, 7; Life of Present-Day, 86-89
 Eighteenth Dynasty, Temple of the, 118
 Elijah, 333; at Carmel, 164, 165; Cave of, 164; Chapel, 298; Where He Lived, 331
 Elisha's Spring, 331
 El Ma'an, 177, 185-191, 239
 El Mazata, 94
 El Mualakah, 63, 263
 Embalming, 121
 Esdraelon, Plain of, 303
 Ezbekieh Gardens, 36
 Ezra, Law of, 63
 Fabri, Felix, 337
 Fatima, Tomb of, 257
 Feminism in Egypt, 33
Felucca, 130, 131
 Field of Peas, 333
 Fishermen of Galilee, 170
 Flavia Neapolis, 314
 Funerals, Coptic, 76; Moslem, 76
 Galilee, Fishermen, 170; Miracles of Jesus, 170; Sea of, 168
 Garden of Gethsemane, 351, 383
 Gate of, the Barbers, 64; the Prophets, 371
 Gerizim, Mount, 313, 314, 317
 Gizeh, 42; Pyramids, 40, 59, 66, 69
 Golconda, 74
 Golden, Calf, Hill of the, 298; Gate, 375
 Golgotha, 355
 "Good Samaritan," 331
 Gordon's Calvary, 386
 Grotto of St. James, 383
 Hadrian, 116, 213, 336, 374
 Haifa, 162
 Hall of Columns, 107
 Hama, 263

INDEX

- "Hamath the Great," 263
 "Hamlet," Possible Origin of Plot of, 137
 Hanging Church of Babylon, 63
 Hasan, 68; Tomb, 66
 Hatasu, 119
 Hathor, 19, 100, 143, 298
 Hebron, 287
 Hebrew, Spoken in Palestine, 162
 Hejaz Railway, 252
 Heliopolis, 77, 329
 Hermon, Mount, 307
 Herod, 168, 217, 329, 339; Palace, 321
 Herodias, 217
 Herodotus, 77, 86, 157
 High, Place of Petra, 213-215; Places, Worship, 215
 Hill of, the Golden Calf, 238; the Wolves, 97
 Hiram of Tyre, 161, 263
 Holy, Family, 333, 339; Land, Travel, 151;
 of Holies, 144, 362; Sepulcher, Church
 of, 351-355
 Horus, 135, 143
 Hot Springs of Tiberias, 168
 Hu, 71
 Husen, 68
 Hypostyle Hall, 118

 Isaac, 368; Grave, 189
 Ishmael, Ancestor of Bedouins, 295
 Isis, Temple of, 131
 Israel, Children of, 214

 "Jacob's Well," 319
 Jaffa, 275-277; Gate, 347
 Jehosaphat, Valley of, 378
 Jericho, 329
 Jerome, St., 321; Where He Lived, 339
 Jerusalem, 347-386; Allenby, 351; Changes,
 350, 352; "Exact Spots," 355, 360, 361;
 Expulsion of Jews, 374; First Impres-
 sions, 351; Monuments, 379; Mosques,
 367-369; Pilgrims, 353, 359, 360; Reli-
 gious Quarrels, 357-359; Rising Again,
 386
 Jesus, Apparition, 360; Boyhood at Naza-
 reth, 173, 304; Disciples, 170; Discovery
 of Tomb, 355; Legend of the Field of
 Peas, 333; Miracles, 170; Sepulcher, 362;
 Synagog, 170, 307; Spot Where Crucified
 and Buried, 352; "Stone of Uncion,"
 360; Tree of Agony, 385; Where He
 Met His Mother, 365; Where Sunk Be-
 neath Weight of the Cross, 365; Where
 He Was Baptised, 327
 Jews, in Palestine, 155, 159, 162
 John the Baptist, 217, 258, 321, 329

 Jonah and the Whale, 275
 Joppa, 275
 Jordan, 327
 Joseph, Carpenter Shop at Nazareth, 173,
 307; Citizen of Ramleh, 291; Honored
 by the Pharaoh, 77; Spot Where Com-
 manded to Flee to Egypt, 339; Tomb
 of, 319, 356, 363; Where He Was Sold,
 310
 Joshua's Altar, 317
 Judas, 332
 Judea, Mountains of, 294
 Justinian, 271, 297, 315, 369

 Ka, 121, 122
 Kaaba, 369
 Kait Bey, Tomb of, 76
 Kantara, 153
 Karnak, Temple of, 107, 267
 Khartoum, 130
 Khazneh, Treasure-house at Petra, 207,
 213, 226, 237
 Khedival Princesses, 31
 Khedive, 10
 King of Light, 124
 Kings, of Egypt, Chronology, 144; Tombs
 of the, 120; Valley of the, 74
 Kitchen of the Virgin, 307
 Kom Ombo, Temple of, 144
 Koran, Ancient Copies of, 76; Taught at
 Al-Azhar, 65

 Law, Mount of the, 297; of Ezra, 63;
 Plain of the, 298
 Lebanon Mountains, 263
 Lemonade Sellers in Cairo, 29
 Lesseps, Ferdinand de, 157
 Loaves and Fishes, 171
 Lud, 162
 Luxor, 84, 105; Temple, 106

 Machpelah, 287
 Magicians, 25
 Magi, Site of Adoration, 339; Where They
 Saw Guiding Star, 333
 Mahnudiye Canal, 6
 Mamelukes, 69, 70, 76
 Marriage Customs, Reform in Egypt, 35
 Mar Mina, Coptic Church of, 61
 Mar Saba, 341
 Mary of Magdala, 171
 Mary's Fountain, 304, 305; Well, 173
 Masons, 377
 Maspero, 44
 Mausoleums of Apis, 86
 Mecca, 177
 Medina, 177

INDEX

- Medinet Habu, Temple of, 118
 Mehemet Ali, Mosque of, 69
 Mejdol, 171
 Memnon, Colossi of, 114; of Sienitas, 117
 Memphis, 85
 Mena House, 50
 Merchants, Cairo, 37, 38; Damascus, 253, 255
 Minieh, 89
 Miracle of the Holy Fire, 363
 Miracles of Jesus, 170
 Mission Hospital, American, 17
 Mohammed, 18, 167, 251, 368
 Mokattan Hills, 145
 Monastery of St. Catherine, 297
 Moriah, Mt., 367
 Moses, 59, 137, 208, 297; Mountain of, 297; Ten Commandments, 298; Rock from Which Water Flowed, 299; Valley of, 206
 Moslem, Attitude Toward Prayer, 67; Ceremonial Parades, 27; Devotion, 70, 71; Funeral, 76; Pilgrims, Travel to Medina and Mecca, 177-180, 184
 Mosque, el Aksa, 368; of Al-Azhar, 64; of Al Hasanen, 68; of Amr, 57, 61; of Machpelah, 287; of Mehemet Ali, 69; of Omar, 351, 367; of Sultan Hasan, 66
 Mosques, 64, 258; Cairo, 53, 56; Visiting the, 56, 257
 Mountains of Judea, 294
 Mount of, the Beatitudes, the Law, 297
 Mud-Villages, 86, 92
 Muezzin, 68
 Mukawkis, the Copt, 18
 Mummies, 98; Crocodiles, 144; Tut-ankh-Amen, 74; of Seti I, Rameses II, 73
 Mummification, Art of, 120
 Munkar, 76
 Museum, Arab, 76; at Cairo, Egyptian, 73, 74; of Egyptian Antiquities, 73
 Mycerinus, Pyramid of, 46

 Nabataean Inscriptions, 213
 Nablus, 310
 Nakir, 76
 Napoleon, Repulsed at Acre, 166
 Nativity, Church of the, 335
 Nazareth, 172, 303-307; Boyhood of Jesus, 173, 304; Church of the Annunciation, 307; Joseph's Carpenter Shop, 173, 307; Laze, 308; Women, 173, 307, 308
 Necho, 157
 Necropolis, 5
 Nile, 59, 68, 74; Luxurious Travel up the, 81-83; Valley, 102
 Nilometer at Rhoda, 59

 Nimrod, 265
 Noah, Grave, 263, 264
 Nomads, Desert, 126-129
 Nubian Boys, 130

 Offense, Mount of, 383
 Old Cairo, 57; Testament, 180, 207
 Olives, Mount of, 351
 Omar, Mosque of, 351, 367
 Omri, 313
 Oriental Merchants, 54; Tiles, 76
 Osiris, 123, 133, 137

 Palestine, 341; American Jews, 155; Boom, 161; English in Control, 154; Hebrew Spoken, 162
 Papa, 17
 Parades, 27
 Parthenon, 107
 Parting of the Raiment, 360
 Passover, 317
 Pearl of Sinai, 297
 Petra, 139, 150, 187, 204-215; Children of, 229; Convent, 227; Destruction of, 219, 223; Rock Tombs, 217
 "Petran Appian Way," 222
 Pharaoh, 10; Cape of, 381
 Pharaoh's Bed, 131; Daughter, Tomb of, 383
 Pharos, 5
 Philæ, 130-133
 Phœnicians, 271; Possible Founders of, Baalbek, 266
 Pilate's, Hall of Judgment, 363; Prætorium, 365
 Place of the Skull, 386
 Plain of, Esdraelon, 303; Sharon, 281-283; the Law, 298
 Polygamy, 32
 Pompey's Pillar, 9
 Pool of Siloam, 377
 Pools of Solomon, 289
 Porta Judicaria, 366
 Port Said, 149
 Prayer, Moslem Attitude Toward, 67
 Precipitation, Mount of, 307
 Prophet's Tomb, 200
 Ptah, Temple of, 85
 Ptolemies, 5, 77
 Pyramid of, Cheops, 45; Chephren, 46; Mycerinus, 46; Zacharias, 383
 Pyramids, 45, 68, 107, 145; at Gizeh, 40, 59, 66, 69

 Ra, 123
 Rahmen, Abdul, 242-248
 Rameses II, 157, 272; Mummy of, 73; Statues of, 85, 107, 139

INDEX

Ramleh, 289, 291
 Rebecca, Grave of, 289
 Reis, 81
 Rhakotis, 3
 Rhoda, Nilometer, 59; Tradition, 59
 Rishon l'Zion, 283
 Rock of Sacrifice, 368
 Rose of Sharon, 281
 Rosetta, 17; Stone, 17
 Rothschild, Baron, Founder of Rishon l'Zion, 283
 Sacred, Bull, Egyptian Worship of, 86;
 Lake, 108; Mountain, 317
 Sabas, St., 341
 Safed, 173, 308
 Sais, 31
 Salesmen, Annoyance of, 37, 38
Sakiyehs, 86
 Samaria, 313, 319
 Samaritans, 311-313
 Sand-diviners, Desert, 46
 Scarabs, 38-40
 Scopus, Mt., University, 385
 Sea of Galilee, 168
 Seir, Children, 227
 "Sela," 207
 Sennacherib, 272
 Sepulcher of Jesus, 362
 Serapeum, 5, 10
 Sermon on the Mount, 307
 Set, 134, 137
 Seth, Tradition Concerning, 263
 Seti I, Mummy of, 73
 Sharon, 294; Plain of, 281-283; Rose of,
 281
 Shadoof Boys, 42
Shadoofs, 86
 Shechem, 310, 313, 314
 Shopkeepers, of Cairo, 53
 Sienitas, Memnon of, 117
 Sik, 207
 Siloam, Pool of, 377
 Simon, of Cyrene, 365; the Tanner, 276
 Sinai, Pearl of, 297; Peninsula, 295; Mount,
 294, 297; Mount, Church of, 297
 Snake-charmers of Cairo, 24
 Sneferu, 49
 Solomon, 263; Castle in Baalbek, 265;
 Pools of, 289; Scene of Idolatrous Prac-
 tises, 383
 Solomon's, Palace, Site of, 367, 368, 370;
 Quarries, 375; Temple, 154, 161, 263,
 275
 Sphinx, 40, 43, 44; Abuse, 44, 45
 Stanley, Dean, 222
 Stations of the Cross, 365

"Stone of Unction," 360
 "Stoning the Devil," 381
 Strabo, 77, 116, 208
 Street, Called Straight, 259; Cries in
 Damascus, 255; Entertainers of Cairo,
 24; of Columns, 181, 321
 Suez Canal, 157-159; Travel, 149
 Sun, Temple of the, 267
 Synagog of Jesus, 170, 307
 Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, 271
 Tablet of Abydos, 144
 Tabor, Mount, 307
 Tancred, 162
 Tanta, 17
 Tarboosh, 7
 Tel Aviv, New Zionist City, 277-279
 Temple, Lake, 108; of Abu Simbel, 139;
 of Abydos, 144; of Adonis, 336; of
 Amen at Karnak, 107; of Bacchus, 268;
 at Dendera, 99; of Deir-el-Bahri, 119;
 of Heaven, 361; of Isis, 131; of Karnak,
 107, 267; of Kom Ombo, 144; of
 Luxor, 106; of Medinet Habu, 118; of
 Ptah, 85; of the Eighteenth Dynasty,
 118; of the Three Stories, 221; of the
 Sun, 267; of the Urn, 221
 Temples, Philæ's, 131, 132
 Ten Commandments, 298
 Thebes, 84, 105
 Thoth, 123
 Tiberias, 168-171
 Titus, 353, 374
 Tomb, Aaron's, 234; Hasan's, 66; of Ab-
 dullah, 61; of Absalom, 381; of Amen-
 ophis II, 125; of Fatima, 257; of Jo-
 seph, 319, 356, 363; of Kait Bey, 76;
 of Pharaoh's Daughter, 383; of the
 Mother of Cheops, 48; of Tut-ankh-
 Amen, 49, 74; Prophet's, 200
 Tombs, Entrance to Royal, 124; of the
 Kings, 120; of the Mamelukes and
 Caliphs, 68, 76; of the Soldiers, 221
 Tower of Babel, 265; David, 350
 Tradition in the Near East, 355
 Train Service in Egypt, 11
 Travel, Across Arabian Desert, 187-204;
 in the Holy Land, Improvements, 151;
 on Suez Canal, 149
 Tree of Agony, 385
 Turkish Dancers, 72; Music for Religious
 Rites, 72
 Tut-ankh-Amen, 120; Mummies, 74;
 Tomb, 49, 74
 University of Mt. Scophus, 162, 385
 Urn, Temple of the, 221
 Uz, 252

INDEX

- Valley of, Jehosaphat, 378; Moses, 206;
Shechen, 310; the Kings, 74
Venus, Legend of, 272
Veronica, St., 366
Vespasian, 314
Via Dolorosa, 363
Virgin, 165, 173, 298; Church Dedicated
to, 63; Kitchen, 307; Traditional Rest at
Heliopolis, 77; Traditional Rest at Bir
Kadismu, 333; Where Angel Appeared,
307
Wadi, Firan, 297; Halfa, 139; Musa, 208
Wailing Place, 370
Way of the Cross, 365
Whirlers, Dervishes at Cairo, 71
Wilderness of Judea, 331; Sin, 297
Wolf City, 98
Wolves, Hill of the, 97
Women and Marriage, Egyptian, 33, 35;
of Bethlehem, 340; of Nazareth, 307,
308
Zacharias, Pyramid of, 383
Zammarin, 309
Zionism, 161

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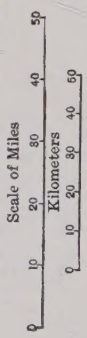
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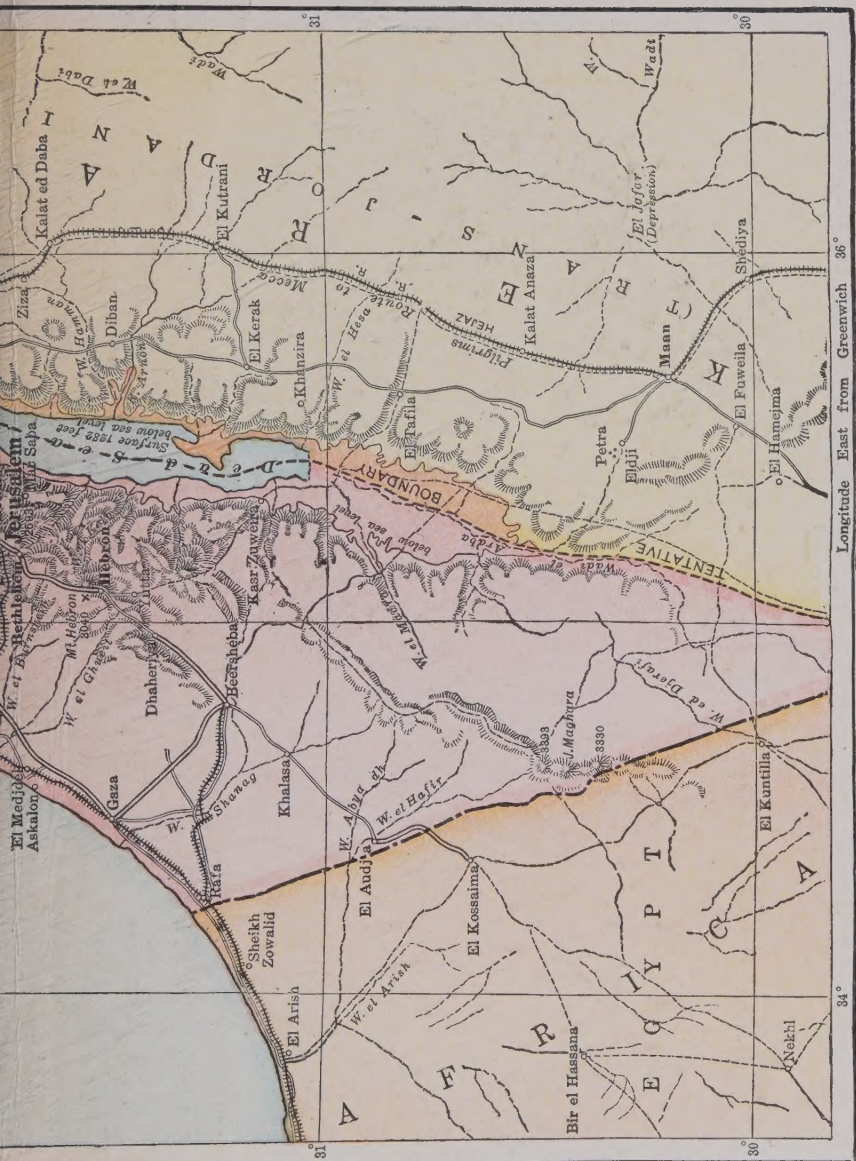
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- Principal Highways mostly 1st Class Roads
- 2nd Class Roads
- Trails

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- Limits of Palestine, tentative
- Lands below Sea Level



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